THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Il[illegible]eekly
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In This Number

Mary Roberts Rinehart
Norman Angell, Samuel G. Blythe, Edgar Franklin, Reginald Earle Looker
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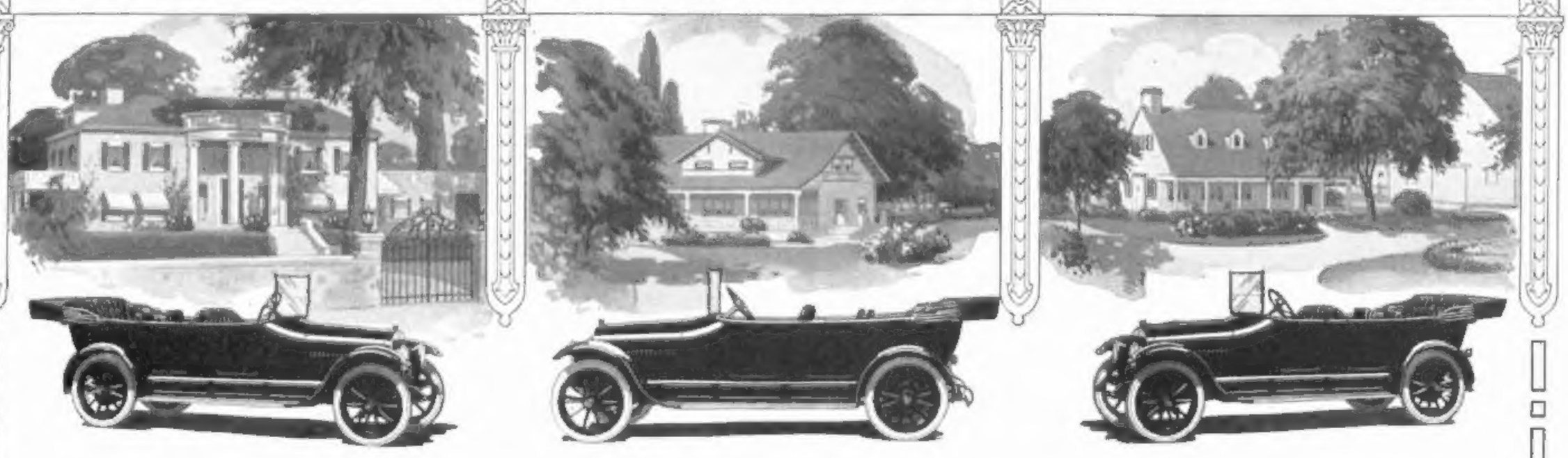

Everybody's Hudson

The Finest Type of a High-Class Car Has Now Come Within Reach of the Many

New Price, $1350

A little while ago, the quality price ranged from $3500 up.

And the quality car—which of course was a Six—weighed some 4500 pounds. The size was excessive. The room and power exceeded all demands. Tires and fuel gave enormous over-tax.

But those cars were crude cars compared with the HUDSON, which now sells at $1350. And their buyers in large part have become HUDSON owners. You see that everywhere.

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Ever-Lustre Finish
A Roomier Tonneau
Enameled Leather

The Yacht-Line is the streamline carried to perfection. Ever-Lustre is a finish that stays new. Each coat is forced on, then baked on in enormous ovens. We spent $100,000 on equipment to give you this brilliant, enduring finish.

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Yet the price, which once was $1750, is now $1350. And our output of this one type is 100 cars per day.

This is Your Car

This is your car if you seek fineness without excess.

It is your car if you want lightness combined with super-strength.

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If you want luxury and comfort in extreme. We have spent years on this car to attain them.

It is your car if you want the new-type Six, with its high-speed motor, continuous power, silence and flexibility.

If you want a proved-out car of this type. This HUDSON has covered, in owners' hands, at least 30 million miles.

It is your car if you want a Howard E. Coffin design. If you care for HUDSON standards.

It is yours if you want the latest lines, the most enduring finish.

The car is unique in a hundred ways. It occupies a class by itself. If it meets your ideals, there is no other car that will.

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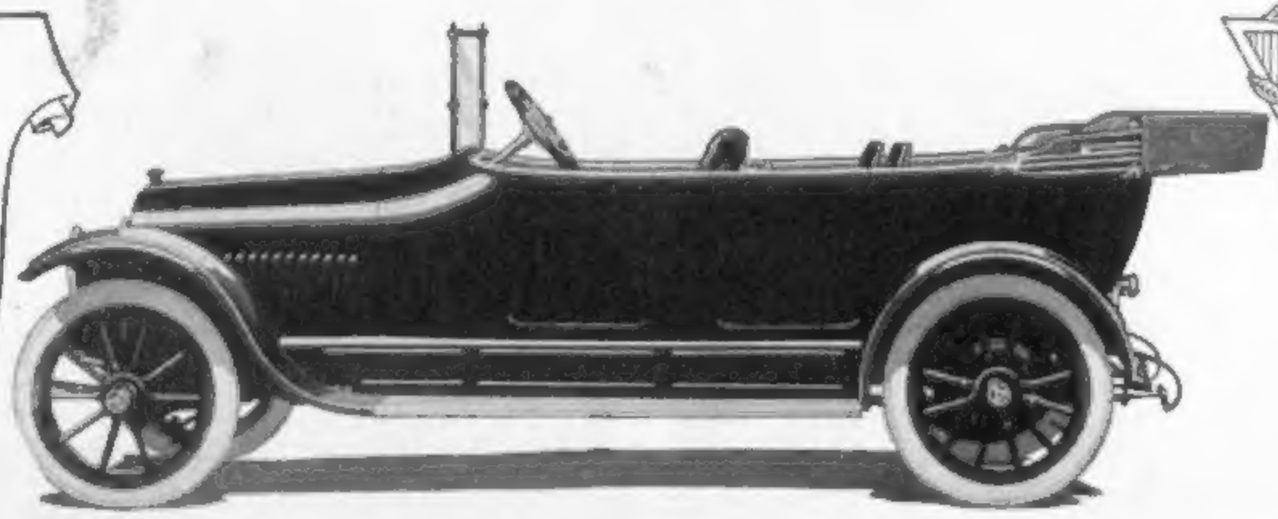
HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

The best HUDSON feature is the HUDSON service, rendered everywhere. Ask your HUDSON dealer about it.

For 1916

Yacht-Line Body
Ever-Lustre Finish
Roomier Tonneau
$200 Reduction



HUDSON
$1350
F. O. B.
DETROIT

W. C. K. CITY

A composite photograph of work done by a single firm of engineers and constructors

What W. C. K. *has done*

The buildings in this photograph were designed and constructed in their *entirety* by W. C. K. Grouped, they make a city of considerable size.

This W. C. K. City cost fifty million dollars—as much as the total assessed valuation of improvements in the whole city of Dayton, Ohio, or Worcester, Mass. The building material made over a million tons of freight. To haul all of this would require a solid train five hundred and ninety miles long.

The purpose of this picture is to suggest the extent and *variety* of W. C. K. services.

Nor is this all the work W. C. K. has done—big as it is.

Millions of dollars of work does not appear.

A big and important part of W. C. K. work is done as consulting engineers. In other instances, W. C. K. render engineering services, design and supervise construction under contracts which are let.

It is only where W. C. K. did it *all* that the plant is added to this picture of W. C. K. City.

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W. C. K. does not manufacture anything and has nothing to sell you but its services, as your employee, to do whatever needs to be done.

W. C. K. service varies with your need.

W. C. K. are engineers and also constructors accustomed to carrying out their own plans. In the W. C. K. organization are engineers for consultation, appraisal, investigation and report on special problems—experienced men in every branch of engineering design and construction—purchasing agents with a well-equipped shipping and traffic department; builders, steel and concrete workers, masons, carpenters, machinists, plumbers, steam fitters, inspectors, auditors—and all of these men are always and primarily *your agents*, working for your interest.

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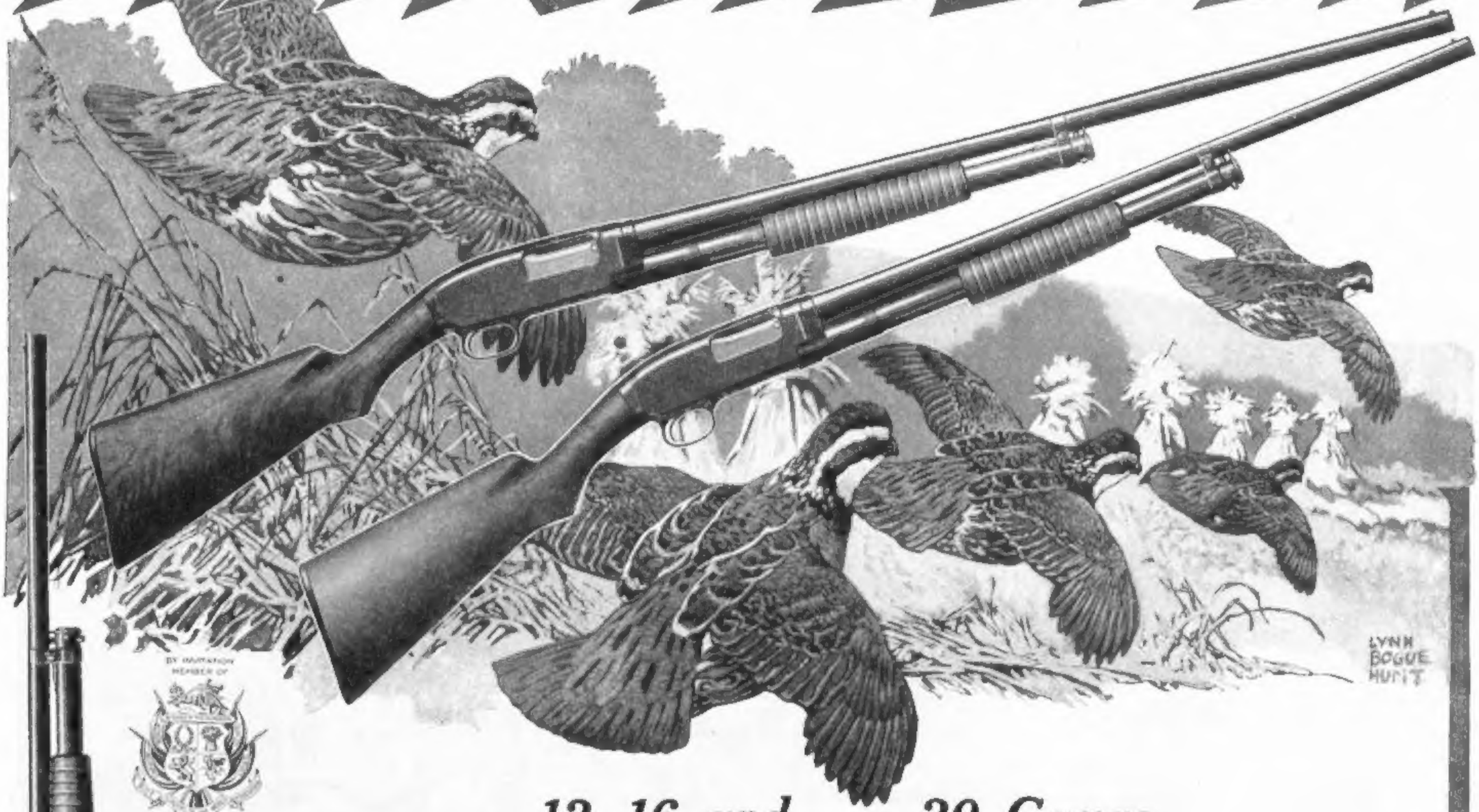

12, 16 and 20 Gauge

LIGHTWEIGHT HAMMERLESS REPEATING SHOTGUNS

Sportsmen differ as to whether a 12, 16 or 20 gauge is the best shotgun for field shooting, but the knowing ones agree that the Winchester Model 1912 lightweight, hammerless repeater is the one best bet in the shotgun line. This Winchester being made in 12, 16 and 20 gauges permits an advocate of the big, medium or small bore to indulge his fancy and be sure of getting a gun that is true to its gauge in design, outline, balance, weight and length.

All three gauges of this model are made according to the same design and of specially selected materials. Nickel steel, which is twice as strong as ordinary gun steel, is used throughout in this Winchester. This means a lightweight gun without the sacrifice of safety or strength. This gun has a cross-bolt trigger lock, a smooth, quick and easy action, and a simple Take-Down system. It loads and unloads easily and its shooting qualities are not excelled by the highest priced double guns. There are many other desirable and exclusive features of this Winchester that could be enumerated, but the gun itself is the best evidence of its quality and desirability.

The 12 gauge gun weighs about 7 1-4 pounds, and is made with a 30 inch full choke barrel chambered for 2 3-4 inch shells. The 16 gauge gun weighs about 6 pounds and is made with a 26 inch full choke barrel chambered for 2 9-16 inch shells. The 20 gauge gun weighs about 5 3-4 pounds and is made with a 25 inch full choke barrel chambered for 2 1-2 inch shells. The *list* price of these guns is $30.00. The retail price is less.

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CLARA'S LITTLE ESCAPADE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

We Walked for Miles and Miles, and Carrie Was Carrying Her Right Shoe When We Got Back

THE plain truth is," said Carrie Smith, "that, no matter how happy two people may be together, the time comes when they are bored to death with each other."

Nobody said anything. It was true and we knew it. Ida Elliott put down the scarf she was knitting for the Belgians and looked down over the hill to where a lot of husbands were playing in the swimming pool.

"It isn't just a matter of being bored, you know, Carrie," she said. "A good many of us have made mistakes." Then she sighed. Ida is not really unhappy, but she likes to think she is.

None of the rest made any comment. But one or two of the other girls put down their knitting and looked out over the hills.

"I hope you don't mind my saying it, Clara," Carrie said, turning to me; "but it's a mistake to have a week-end party like this. Last night when I played pool with your Bill after the rest of you had gone upstairs, Wallie refused to speak to me when I went to bed. He's still sulking."

I am not sensitive; but when they everyone turned on me and said it was a beautiful party, but why, in heaven's name, had I asked only husbands and not one extra man, it made me a trifle hot.

"As most of us see our husbands only during week-ends," I said tartly, "I should think this sort of family reunion would be good for us."

Carrie sniffed.

"See them!" she snapped. "They've been a part of the landscape since we came, and that's all. Either they're in the pool, or playing clock golf, or making caricatures of themselves on the tennis court. A good photograph would be as comforting, and wouldn't sulk."

Well, the whole thing really started from that. I made up my mind, somehow or other, to even up with them. I'd planned a really nice party, and even if they were bored they might have had the politeness to conceal it.

Even now, badly as things turned out, I maintain that the idea was a good one. I had a bad time, I'll admit that. But the rest of them were pretty unhappy for a while. The only thing I can't quite forgive is that Bill—but that comes later on.

There had been very little doing all spring. Everybody was poor, and laying up extra motors, and trying to side-step appeals for the Belgians, and hiding dressmakers' bills. There were hardly any dividends at all, and what with the styles completely changing from narrow skirts to wide ones, so that not a thing from last year would do, and the men talking nothing but retrenchment and staying at the table hours after every dinner party, fighting about the war, while we sat and knitted, I never remember a drearier spring.

"Although," Carrie Smith said with truth, "the knitting's rather good for us. No woman can enjoy a cigarette and knit at the same time."

The craze for dancing was dying away, too, and nothing came along to take its place. The débutantes were playing tennis, but no woman over twenty-two should ever play tennis, so most of us were out of that. Anyhow it's violent. And bridge, for anything worth while, was apt to be too expensive.

But to go back.

We sat and knitted and yawned, and the husbands put on dressing gowns and ambled up the hill and round to the shower baths in the basement. I looked at Bill. Bill is my husband and I'm fond of Bill. But there are times when he gets on my nerves. He has a faded old bathrobe that saw him through college and his honeymoon, and that he still refuses to part with, and he had it on.

It was rather short, and Bill's legs, though serviceable, are not beautiful.

He waved his hand to me.

"If you'd do a little of that sort of thing, Clara," he called, "you wouldn't need to have the fat rubbed off you by an expensive masseuse."

"Quite a typical husbandly speech!" said Carrie Smith. "Do they ever think of anything but exercise and expense?"

Well, the men bathed and dressed and had whisky-and-sodas, and came out patronizingly and joined us at tea on the terrace. But inside of ten minutes they were in a group round the war news and the financial page of the evening papers, and we were alone again.

Carrie Smith came over and sat down beside me, with her eyes narrowed to a slit.

"I didn't want to hurt your feelings, Clara," she said, "but you see what I mean. They're not interested in us. We manage their houses and bring up their children. That's all."

As Carrie was the only one who had any children, and as they were being reared by a trained nurse and a governess, and the baby yelled like an Apache if Carrie went near him, her air of virtue was rather out of place. However:

"What would you recommend?" I asked wearily. "They're all alike, aren't they?"

"Not all." Her eyes were still narrowed. And at that moment Wallie Smith came over and threw an envelope into her lap.

"It came to the office by mistake," he said grimly. "What made you have your necklace reset when I'm practically bankrupt?"

"I bought hardly any new stones," she flashed at him. "Anyhow, I intend to be decently clothed. Tear it up; nobody's paying any bills."

He stalked away, and Carrie looked at me.

"No," she said slowly, "they are not all alike. Thank heaven there are a few men who don't hoist the dollar mark as a flag. Clara, do you remember Harry Delaney?"

I looked at Carrie.

A little spot of red had come into each of her cheeks, and her eyes, mere slits by now, were fixed on the far-away hills.

She and Harry had been engaged years ago, and she threw him over because of his jealous nature. But of course she'd forgotten that.

"Of course," I said, rather startled.

"He was a dear. Sometimes I think he was the most generous soul in the world. I cannot imagine his fussing about a necklace, or sulking for hours over a bit of innocent pleasure like my playing a game of pool after a lot of sleepyheads had gone to bed."

"What time did you and Bill go upstairs?"

"Something after two. We got tired of playing and sat out here and talked. I knew you wouldn't mind, Clara. You've got too much sense. Surely a woman ought to be allowed friends, even if she is married."

"Oh, friends!" I retorted. "If she's going to keep her husband a friend she's got her hands full. Certainly I'm not jealous of you and Bill, Carrie. But it's not friends most of us want, if you're after the truth. We want passionate but perfectly respectable, commandment-keeping lovers!"

Carrie laughed, but her color died down.

"How silly you are!" she said, and got up. "Maybe we'd like to feel that we're not clear out of the game, but that's all. We're a little tired of being taken for granted. I don't want a lover; I want amusement, and if I'd married Harry Delaney I'd have had it."

"If you'd married him he would have been down there at the pool, showing off like a goldfish in a bowl, the same as the others."

"He would not. He can't swim," said Carrie, and sauntered away. Somehow I got the impression that she had been sounding me, and had got what she wanted. She looked very handsome that night, and wore the necklace. Someone commented on it at dinner, and Wallie glared across at it.

"It isn't paid for," he said, "and as far as I can see, it never will be."

Of course, even among old friends, that was going rather far.

Well, the usual thing happened after dinner. The men smoked and argued, and we sat on the terrace and yawned. When they did come out it was to say that golf and swimming had made them sleepy, and Jim Elliott went asleep in his chair. Carrie said very little, except once to lean over and ask me if I remembered the name of the man Alice Warrington had thrown over for Ted. When I told her she settled back into silence again.

The next morning all the husbands were up early and off to the club for a Sunday's golfing. At ten o'clock a note came in on my breakfast tray from Carrie.

"Slip on something and come to my room," it said.

When I got there Ida and Alice Warrington were there already, and Carrie was sitting up in bed, with the same spots of color I'd seen before. I curled up on the bed with my hands round my knees.

"Go to it, Carrie," I said. "If it's church, it's too late. If it's a picnic, it looks like rain."

"Close the door, Ida," said Carrie. "Girls, I'm getting pretty tired of this."

"Of what?"

"Of dragging the matrimonial ball and chain wherever I go, and having to hear it clank and swear and sulk, and—all the rest. I'm tired, and so are all of you. Only I'm more honest."

"It's all rather a mess," Ida said languidly. "But divorce is a mess too. And, anyhow, what's the use of changing? Just as one gets to know a man's pet stories, and needn't pretend to laugh at them any more, why take on a new bunch of stories—or habits?"

"The truth is," said Carrie, ignoring her, "that they have all the good times. They don't have to look pretty. Their clothes last forever. And they're utterly selfish socially. You girls know how much they dance with the married women when there are any débutantes about."

We knew.

"The thing to do," said Carrie, "is to bring them back to a sense of obligation. They've got us. We stay put. They take us to parties and get up a table of bridge for us, and go off to a corner with a chit just out of school, or dance through three handkerchiefs and two collars, and grumble at paying our bridge losses. Or else they stay at home, and nothing short of a high explosive would get them out of their chairs."

"Destructive criticism," said Alice Warrington, "never gets anywhere. We agree with you. There's no discussion. Are you recommending the high explosive?"

"I am," said Carrie calmly. "I propose to wake them up, and to have a good time doing it."

Well, as it turned out, it was I who wakened them up, and nobody had a very good time about it.

"There's just one man a husband is always jealous of," Carrie went on, and her eyes were slitted as usual. "That's the man his wife could have married and didn't."

I expect I colored, for Bill has always been insanely jealous of Roger Waite, although honestly I never really cared for Roger. We used to have good times together, of course. You know.

Carrie's plan came out by degrees.

"It will serve two purposes," she said. "It will bring the men to a sense of responsibility, and stop this silly nonsense about bills and all that sort of thing. And it will be rather fun. It's a sin to drop old friends. Does Wallie drop his? Not so you could notice it. Every time I'm out of town he lives at Grace Barnabee's."

Carrie had asked us all to spend the next week-end with her, but the husbands were going to New York for the polo game and she had called the party off. But now it was on again.

"Do you girls remember the house party I had when Wallie was in Cuba, before we were engaged? We had a gorgeous time. I'm going to repeat it. It's silly to say lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place. Of course it does, if one doesn't use lightning rods. Peter Arundel for Alice, and Roger for you, Clara. Ida, you were in Europe, but we'll let you in. Who'll you have?"

"Only one?" asked Ida.

"Only one."

Ida chose Wilbur Bayne, and Carrie wrote the notes right there in bed, with a pillow for a desk, and got ink on my best linen sheets.

"I'm sorry I never thought of it before," she said. "The house party is bound to be fun, and if it turns out well we'll do it regularly. I'll ask in a few people for dancing Saturday night, but we'll keep Sunday for ourselves. We'll have a deliciously sentimental day."

She sat back and threw out her arms.

"Good Lord," she said, "I'm just ripe for a bit of sentiment. I want about forty-eight hours without bills or butlers or bridge. I'm going to send my diamond necklace to a safe deposit, and get out my débutante pearls, and have the wave washed out of my hair, and fill in the necks of one or two gowns. I warn you fairly, there won't be a cigarette for any of you."

When I left them they were already talking clothes, and Carrie had a hand glass and was looking at herself intently in it.

"I've changed, of course," she sighed. "One can't have two children and not show the wear and tear of maternity. I could take off five pounds by going on a milk diet. I think I will."

She went on the diet at luncheon that day, and Wallie told her that if she would cut out heavy dinners and wine her stomach would be her friend, not her enemy. She glanced at me, but I ignored her. Somehow I was feeling blue.

The week-end had not been a success, and the girls had not been slow to tell me about it. The very eagerness with which they planned for the next week told me what a failure I'd had. Even then the idea of getting even somehow with Carrie was in the back of my mind.

The men did some trap shooting that afternoon, and during dinner Jim started a discussion about putting women on a clothes allowance and making them keep within it.

"I can systematize my business," he said, "but I can't systematize my home. I'm spending more now than I'm getting out of the mill."

Wallie Smith came up to scratch about that time by saying that his mother raised him with the assistance of a nursemaid, and no governess and trained nurse nonsense.

"That is why I insist on a trained nurse and a governess," said Carrie coldly, and took another sip of milk.

They went home that night, and Bill, having seen them into the motors, came up on the terrace.

"Bully party, old dear," he said enthusiastically. "Have 'em often, won't you?"

He sat down near me and put a hand over mine. All at once I was sorry I'd accepted Carrie's invitation. Not that there would be any harm in seeing Roger again, but because Bill wouldn't like it. The touch of his warm hand on mine, the quiet of the early summer night after the noise that had gone before, the scent of the honeysuckle over the pergola, all combined to soften me.

"I'm glad you had a good time, Bill," I said after a little silence. "I'm afraid the girls didn't enjoy it much. You men were either golfing or swimming or shooting, and there wasn't much to do but knit."

Bill said nothing. I thought he might be resentful, and I was in a softened mood.

"I didn't really mind your staying downstairs the other night with Carrie," I said. "Bill, do smell the honeysuckle. Doesn't it remind you of the night you asked me to marry you?"

Still Bill said nothing. I leaned over and looked at him. As usual he was asleep.

About the middle of the week Roger Waite called me up. We did not often meet—two or three times in the winter at a ball, or once in a season at a dinner. Ida Elliott always said he avoided me because it hurt him to see me. We had been rather spoons. He would dance once with me, saying very little, and go away as soon as he decently could directly the dance was over. Sometimes I had thought that it pleased him to fancy himself still in love with me, and it's perfectly true that he showed no signs of marrying. It was rather the thing for the débutantes to go crazy about Roger. He had an air of knowing such a lot and keeping it from them.

"Why don't you keep him round?" Ida asked me once. "He's so ornamental. I'm not strong for tame cats, but I wouldn't mind Roger on the hearthrug myself."

But up to this time I'd never really wanted anybody on the hearthrug but Bill. If I do say it, I was a perfectly contented wife until the time Carrie Smith made her historic effort to revive the past. "Let sleeping dogs lie" is my motto now—and tame cats too.

Well, Roger called me up, and there was the little thrill in his voice that I used to think he kept for me. I know better now.

"What's this about going out to Carrie Smith's?" he said over the phone.

"That's all," I replied. "You're invited and I'm going."

"Oh!" said Roger. And waited a moment. Then:

"I was going on to the polo," he said, "but of course—What's wrong with Bill and polo?"

"He's going."

"Oh!" said Roger. "Well, then, I think I'll go to Carrie's. It sounds too good to be true—you, and no scowling husband in the offing!"

"It's—it's rather a long time since you and I had a real talk."

"Too long," said Roger. "Too long by about three years."

That afternoon he sent me a great box of flowers. My conscience was troubling me rather, so I sent them down to the dinner table. Whatever happened I was not going to lie about them.

But Bill only frowned.

"I've just paid a florist's bill of two hundred dollars," he grumbled. "Cut out the American beauties, old dear."

It was not his tone that made me angry. It was his calm assumption that I had bought the things. As if no one would think of sending me flowers!

"If you would stop sending orchids to silly débutantes when they come out," I snapped, "there would be no such florist's bills."

One way or another Bill got on my nerves that week. He brought Wallie Smith home one night to dinner, and Wallie got on my nerves too. I could remember, when Wallie and Carrie were engaged and we were just married, how he used to come and talk us black in the face about Carrie.

"How's Carrie, Wallie?" I said during the soup.

"She's all right," he replied, and changed the subject. But later in the evening, while Bill was walking on the lawn with a cigar, he broke out for fair.

"Carrie's on a milk diet," he said apropos of nothing. "If she stays on it another week I'm going to Colorado. She's positively brutal, and she hasn't ordered a real dinner for anybody for a week."

"Really!" I said.

He got up and towered over me.

"Look here, Clara," he said; "you're a sensible woman. Am I fat? Am I bald? Am I a doddering and toothless venerable? To hear Carrie this past few days you'd think I need to wear overshoes when I go out in the grass."

I rather started, because I'd been looking at Bill at that minute and wondering if he was getting his feet wet. He had only pumps on.

"It isn't only that she's brutal," he said, "she has soft moments when she mothers me. Confound it, I don't want to be mothered! She's taken off eight pounds," he went on gloomily. "And that isn't the worst." He lowered his voice. "I found her crying over some old letters the other day. She isn't happy, Clara. You know she could have married a lot of fellows. She was the most popular girl I ever knew."

Well, I'd known Carrie longer than he had, and of course a lot of men used to hang round her house because there was always something to do. But I'd never known that such a lot of them made love to Carrie or wanted to marry her. She was clever enough to hesitate over Wallie, but, believe me, she knew she had him cinched before she ran any risk. However:

"I'm sure you've tried to make her happy," I said. "But of course she was awfully popular."

I'm not so very keen about Carrie, but the way I felt that week when it was a question between a husband and

Suddenly I Knew That I Hated Him With a Deadly Hatred

a wife, I was for the wife. "Of course," I said as Bill came within hearing distance, "it's not easy, when one's had a lot of attention, to settle down to one man, especially if the man is considerably older and—and settled."

That was a wrong move, as it turned out. For Bill, who never says much, got quieter than ever, and announced, just before he went to bed, that he'd given up the polo game. I was furious. I'd had one or two simple little frocks run up for Carrie's party, and by the greatest sort of luck I'd happened on a piece of flowered lawn almost exactly like one Roger used to be crazy about.

For twenty-four hours things hung in the balance. Bill has a hideous way of doing what he says he'll do. Roger had sent more flowers—not roses this time, but mignonette and valley lilies, with a few white orchids. It looked rather bridey. It would have been too maddening to have Bill queer the whole thing at the last minute.

But I fixed things at bridge one night by saying that I thought married people were always better off for short separations, and that I was never so fond of Bill as when he'd been away for a few days.

"Polo for me!" said Bill.

And I went out during my dummy and telephoned Carrie.

I hope I have been clear about the way the thing began. I feel that my situation should be explained. For one thing, all sorts of silly stories are going round, and it is stupid of people to think they cannot ask Roger and me to the same dinners. If Bill would only act like a Christian, and not roar the moment his name is mentioned, there would be a chance for the thing to die out. But you know what Bill is.

Well, the husbands left on Saturday morning, and by eleven o'clock Ida, Alice and I were all at Carrie's. The change in her was simply startling. She looked like a willow wand and she'd put her hair low on her neck. Except a touch of black on her eyelashes, and of course her lips colored, she hadn't a speck of make-up on. She'd taken the pearls out of her ears, too, and she wore tennis clothes and flat-heeled shoes that made her look like a child.

She was sending the children off in the car as we went up the drive.

"They're off to mother's," she said. "I'll miss them frightfully, but this is a real lark, girls, and I can't imagine anything more killing to romance than small children."

She kissed the top of the baby's head, and he yelled like a trooper. Then the motor drove off, and, as Alice Warrington said, the stage was set.

"Get your tennis things on," she said. "The men will be here for lunch."

We said with one voice that we wouldn't play tennis. It was too hot. She eyed us coldly.

"For heaven's sake," she said, "play up. Nobody asked you to play tennis. But if you are asked don't say it's too hot. Do any of the flappers at the club ever find it too hot to play? Sprain an ankle or break a racket, but don't talk about its being too violent, or that you've given it up the last few years. Try to remember that for two days you're in the game again and don't take on a handicap to begin with."

Well, things started off all right, I'll have to admit that, although Carrie looked a trifle queer when Harry Delaney, getting out of the motor that had brought them from the station, held out a baby's rattle to her.

"Found it in the car," he said. "How are the youngsters anyhow?"

"Adorable!" said Carrie, and flung the rattle into the house.

Roger came straight to me and took both my hands.

"Upon my word, Clara," he said, "this is more luck than I ever expected again. Do you remember the last time we were all here together?"

"Of course I do." He was still holding my hands and I felt rather silly. But the others had paired off instantly and no one was paying any attention.

"I was almost suicidal that last evening. You—you had just told me, you know."

I withdrew my hands. When a man is being sentimental I like him to be accurately sentimental. It had been a full month after that house party, at a dance Carrie gave, that I had told him of my engagement to Bill. However, I said nothing and took a good look at Roger. He was wonderful.

Why is it that married men lose their boyishness, and look smug and sleek and domesticated almost before the honeymoon is over? Roger stood there with his hat in his hand and the hot noon sun shining on him. And he hadn't changed a particle, except that his hair was gray over his ears and maybe a bit thinner. He was just as eager, just as boyish, just as lean as he'd ever been. And positively he was handsomer than ever.

I Sat in the Telephone Closet and Tried Not to Sneeze

Bill is plain. He is large and strong, of course, but he says himself his face must have been cut out with an ax. "Rugged and true," he used to call himself. But lately, in spite of golf, he had put on weight.

Well, to get on.

Luncheon was gay. Everyone sat beside the person he wanted to sit beside, and said idiotic things, and Peter Arundel insisted on feeding Alice's strawberries to her one by one. Nobody talked bills or the high cost of living. Roger is a capital *raconteur*, and we laughed until we wept over his stories. I told some of Bill's stock jokes and they went with a hurrah. At three o'clock we were still at the table, and when Carrie asked the men if they wanted to run over to the country club for a couple of hours of golf Wilbur Bayne put the question to a vote and they voted "No" with a roar.

I remember that Harry Delaney said a most satisfactory thing just as luncheon was over.

"It's what I call a real party," he said. "After a man is thirty or thereabouts he finds débutantes still thrilling, of course, but not restful. They're always wanting to go somewhere or do something. They're too blooming healthy. The last week-end I spent I danced until 4 A. M. and was wakened at seven-thirty by a fair young flower throwing gravel through my open window and inviting me to a walk before breakfast!"

"Anyone seen about the place before eleven to-morrow morning," said Carrie, "will be placed under restraint. For one thing, it would make the servants talk. They're not used to it."

So far, so good. I'll confess freely that if they'd let me alone I'd never have thought of getting even. But you know Carrie Smith. She has no reserves. And she had to tell about my party and the way the husbands behaved.

"Don't glare, Clara," she said. "Your house is nice and your food and drink all that could be desired. But it was not a hilarious party, and I'll put it up to the others."

Then and there she told about the swimming and the golf and the knitting. The men roared. She exaggerated, of course. Bill did not go to sleep at dinner. But she made a good story of it, and I caught Roger's eye fixed on me with a look that said plainly that he's always known I'd made a mistake, and here was the proof.

We went out into the garden and sat under a tree. But soon the others paired off and wandered about. Roger and I were left alone, and I was boiling.

"Don't look like that, little girl," said Roger, bending toward me. "It hurts me terribly to—to think you are not happy."

He put a hand over mine, and at that moment Alice Warrington turned from a rosebush she and Peter were pretending to examine, and saw me. She raised her eyebrows, and that gave me the idea. I put my free hand over Roger's and tried to put my soul into my eyes.

"Don't move," I said. "Hold the position for a moment, Roger, and look desperately unhappy."

"I am," he said. "Seeing you again brings it all back. Are they looking? Shall I kiss your hand?"

I looked over. Alice and Peter were still staring.

"Bend over," I said quickly, "and put your cheek against it. It's more significant and rather hopeless. I'll explain later."

He did extremely well. He bent over passionately until his head was almost in my lap, and I could see how carefully his hair was brushed over a thin place at the crown. Thank goodness, Bill keeps his hair anyhow!

"How's this?" he said in a muffled voice.

"That's plenty." I'd made up my mind, and I meant to go through with it. But I felt like a fool. There's something about broad daylight that makes even real sentiment look idiotic.

He sat up and looked into my eyes.

"I Didn't Think You Were Washing the Car. We'll be Drowned, That's All"

"There are times," he said, raising his voice, "when I feel I can't stand it. I'm desperately—desperately unhappy, Clara."

"We must make the best of things," I said, and let my eyes wander toward Alice and Peter. They had turned and were retreating swiftly through the garden.

"Now," said Roger, sitting back and smoothing his hair, "what's it all about?"

So I told him and explained my plan. Even now, when I never want to see him again, I must admit that Roger is a sport. He never turned a hair.

"Of course I'll do it. It isn't as hard as you imagine. Our meeting like this revives the old fire. I'm mad about you, recklessly mad, and you're crazy about me. All right so far. But a thing like that won't throw much of a crimp into Carrie. Probably she expects it."

"To-night," I explained, "we'll be together, but silent and moody. When we smile at their nonsense it is to be a forced smile. We're intent on ourselves. Do you see? And you might go to Carrie after dinner and tell her you think you'll go. You can't stand being near me. It's too painful. I'll talk to one of the men too."

He looked rather uncomfortable.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that, Clara. They wouldn't understand."

"Not about you," I retorted coldly. "I'll merely indicate that Bill and I aren't hitting it off, and that a woman has a right to be happy. Then, when things happen, they'll remember what I said."

He turned round his wicker chair so that he faced me.

"When things happen?" he said. "What things?"

"When we elope to-morrow night," I replied.

I'm not defending myself. Goodness knows I've gone through all that. I am merely explaining. And I think Roger deserves part of the blame, but of course the woman always suffers. If he had only been frank with me at the time it need never have happened. Besides, I've been back to that bridge again and again, and with ordinary intelligence and a hammer he could have repaired it. It is well enough for him to say he didn't have a hammer. He should have had a hammer.

At the mention of an elopement Roger changed color, but I did not remember that until afterward. He came up to scratch rather handsomely, when he was able to speak, but he insisted that I write the whole thing to Bill.

"I can tell him afterward," I protested.

"That won't help me if he has beaten me up first. You write him to the office, so he'll get it Monday morning when he gets back from the game. If anything should slip up you're protected, don't you see? Tell him it's a joke and why we're doing it. I—I hope Bill has kept his sense of humor."

Well, it looked simple enough. We were to act perfectly silly and moonstruck all the rest of that day and Sunday until we had them all thoroughly worried. Then on Sunday night we were to steal Wallie's car and run away in it. The through train stops at a station about four miles away, at eleven-fourteen at night, and we were to start that way and then turn round and go to mother's.

We planned it thoroughly, I must say. Roger said he'd get one of the fellows to cash a check for all the money he had about him. They'd be sure to think of that when Carrie got my note. And I made a draft of the note then and there on the back of an old envelope from Roger's pocket. We made it as vague as possible.

"Dear Carrie," it ran, "by the time you receive this I shall be on my way to happiness. Try to forgive me. I couldn't stand things another moment. We only live one life and we all make mistakes. Read Ellen Key and don't try to follow me. I'm old enough to know my own mind, and all you have been saying this last few days has convinced me that when a chance for happiness comes one is a fool not to take it. Had it not been for you I should never have had my eyes opened to what I've been missing all this time. I have wasted my best years, but at last I am being true to myself. CLARA."

"Now," I said, rather viciously I dare say, "let her read that and throw a fit. She'll never again be able to accuse me of making things dull for her."

Roger read it over.

"We'd better write Bill's letter," he said, "and get it off. We—it wouldn't do to have Bill worried, you know."

So we went into the house and wrote Bill's letter. We explained everything—how stupid they'd all found our party and that this was only a form of revenge.

"Suppose," Roger said as I sealed it, "suppose they get excited and send for the police?"

That stumped us. It was one thing to give them a bad night, and telephone them in the morning that it was a joke and that I'd gone direct from Carrie's to mother's, which was the arrangement. But Carrie was a great one for getting in detectives. You remember, the time her sister was married, that Carrie had a detective in the house for a week before the wedding watching the presents, and how at the last minute the sister wanted to marry the detective, who was a good-looking boy, and they had a dreadful time getting her to the church.

We both thought intently for quite a time.

"We must cut the telephone wire, Roger," I said at length.

Roger was not eager about cutting the telephone. He said he would probably be shocked to death, although if

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Suppose America Declared War on Germany?

By NORMAN ANGELL

WHAT would it mean, "a state of war" with a country whose army cannot touch us, whose battleships dare not take the high seas, and which we in our turn can reach only by coöperating with some six European nations, not all of which are fighting with the same purpose? Does a declaration of war by ourselves or Germany necessarily mean sending troops to France or Turkey, becoming one of the Allies in a military sense, and by that, later, at the peace, in a political sense, helping, whether we wished it or not, to make certain political and territorial changes that we might or might not approve; that is, an exchange of Russian for Austro-German influence in large areas?

Should we become the ally of Japan, constrained perhaps, like her other allies, to tolerate a very broad interpretation of obligations, such as those to respect the integrity of China? And if our weight in the final settlement is to be measured by our military contribution—the number of men who fight in the Allied ranks—and not by nonmilitary tactics, will not the demands of Servia—if not of Montenegro—by that standard get greater consideration?

And how far would our military action in these circumstances be effective in achieving what we desire: The future safety of our citizens, and the security of their established rights at sea; the respect of international agreements upon which those rights are based; freedom for ourselves and others from the menace of unscrupulous military ambitions and the barbarism that accompanies it? And how far would our military coöperation with the Continental Powers of Europe affect ultimately our place in the world and influence our future development as a nation with a special character of its own? Would it modify that "American purpose" for which our state is presumed to stand?

Now, these questions would be important if there were no difficulty with Germany, for in some form the issues that underlie them are going to be permanent issues of American politics in the future. Recent events have made it plain, even if it were not plain before, that America cannot achieve her purpose as a great society by an indifferent standing aloof from the life of the world as a whole. As our planet apparently becomes a smaller place, and our contacts with the rest of the world grow more numerous and frequent, the nation becomes more and more a part of the life of the universe. We should be concerned with what is going on in Europe though no Lusitania had been sunk. In some form or other we shall be obliged to coöperate with the other peoples of Christendom for the accomplishment of certain things necessary for our life in common. The question for America is whether she shall coöperate blunderingly, rendering still more remote what she and civilization as a whole desire to achieve, or coöperate to good purpose.

What this article considers, therefore, is whether, in the light of known experience, the fact of joining in the military operations of the Allies against the central Powers will achieve for America the ends that she has set before herself. It deliberately disregards all considerations as to the ethics of war, its cost, or cruelty, or justifiability. It assumes that the accomplishment of the ends in view—which so far as America is concerned are mainly moral ends—would constitute its justification.

I have used in the preceding paragraph the phrase "joining in the military operations of the Allies," instead of the word war because my final object in these articles will be to show that a state of war need not include military operations; that American statesmanship can—if it frees itself from the shackles of old conceptions that belong to what may be termed the classic statecraft—give a larger meaning to the term war and can employ for the enforcing of a general right or an international rule methods more effective than military means.

For, of course, we are now confronted by a situation which is not a choice between war on the one hand and arbitration or law on the other, but a choice between war and some other means for enforcing a law or an arbitral award.

It will be noted, therefore, that the present writer accepts the need for war in certain circumstances. The question he raises is: What kind of war shall we have? The old kind or a new kind that—he submits—certain forces, special to the modern world, enable a community to wage against a common enemy?

This present article will consider the effectiveness in the present circumstances of the old kind of war. A later article will describe and examine the possibilities of the new kind.

It is particularly important to realize just how far America can achieve her present ends in the old way, by conventional military methods, because the natural course for her—the course which precedent, tradition, established habit of thought, deeply grounded political conceptions, bureaucratic inertia, the momentum of diplomatic routine, all dictate—is military and coöperation of the old kind with the Allies. Only a general realization of the ineffectiveness of these means can present any check to those forces. An American ambassador, who happens also to be a scholar, has told us that in no field perhaps are men so much slaves of the past as they are in diplomacy and international statecraft. Whether in this matter American influence can give to international politics the imaginativeness and inventiveness that the American manages to apply to other things will depend first upon the realization of the need of so doing; and that will depend upon whether we deem the methods of the past satisfactory or efficient.

The essential facts are simple enough.

We want certain things and we propose to secure them in a certain way. What are those things and how, if we go to war, do we propose to secure them?

What we want, as we have seen, is that our citizens should be able to travel at sea without danger of being massacred or drowned. We want certain rights of neutral trade to be clearly defined and efficiently protected. And, more remotely, we want—if we can—to help in freeing the world from the danger of military aggression as the result

of megalomaniac political ambitions, and to find some means of enforcing agreements and treaties when we have framed them.

Now it will be noted that there is a suggestive difference in the nature of what we want and the respective demands of the Allies. With them the goods can be delivered on the spot at the peace settlement; with us they cannot. The Allies are demanding either the transfer of territory—Alsace-Lorraine, in the case of France; Trentino, and so on, in the case of Italy; Constantinople, say, in the case of Russia, and so on—or the evacuation of occupied territory, like Belgium or Northern France, which Britain is demanding, because she believes that its permanent German occupation might menace her. The execution of these demands can precede the signature of the peace treaty. The execution of American demands cannot precede the treaty, for what America demands is the future observance of certain international rules mainly concerned with rights at sea, the delivery of the goods, which in her case means the keeping of law. The Allies can have their respective situations on the spot. America can not.

Let us get the American issue in this war clear.

The issue is in its large conception the defense of neutral right in war time. Innocent people have been ruthlessly slain in a war that did not concern them. American rights there represent the general interest. But America will fail altogether in the vindication of those rights, and her efforts, military or otherwise, will be revealed as a monstrous futility, if she emerges from the situation having secured merely the assurance that "passenger ships shall not be sunk by submarines."

For to-morrow we may have an American ship destroyed at sea by a mine laid by one of her own allies, and by virtue of a right that belongs to international law, which some of those allies have in the past very strongly defended. In the year that followed the war between Russia and Japan (both of which countries would be our allies) some three hundred Chinese ships were destroyed by hitting mines in the Far Eastern seas. Are you going to tolerate that in future wars the combatants may sow the seas with mines? If not, is not this a question that we should settle with the Allies before we join them? Otherwise we might go into a war and incur its various risks, and then find that, though we had vindicated the immunity of Americans from death by torpedo, we had left it open for them to be blown up by mines. They would be just as dead!

Difficulties in Enforcing Our Sea Policies

TAKE another detail of neutral right in which we are in a special sense concerned: A merchant in America sells a shipload of goods to a merchant in Sweden, for purposes that both of them believe to be—and which may be—innocent and neutral. They are loaded on—say—an American ship. Both America and Sweden are sovereign and independent states, at peace with one another and the whole world. Have their citizens a right to trade together? Not in the least, as the law stands, if a war happens to be raging, because the belligerent who happens to be momentarily predominant at sea can absolutely forbid that trade on grounds of which he, and he alone, is the judge. If his prize court decides that, despite the declaration of the American and the Swedish citizens, the goods in question are destined for the enemy, or that they might ultimately by some roundabout process—of the nature and likelihood of which the foreign court is again alone the judge—find its way to his enemy the transaction is not permitted.

The American ship may be boarded a few miles outside New York by a foreign naval lieutenant, who would instruct that, instead of proceeding to Sweden, it go to some port at the other end of Europe. There it may be held up for months until the facts of the case can be examined and passed upon, not by a court representing either America or Sweden, but composed solely of the citizens of the nation that has an admitted bias against the contention of the two parties to the transaction.

In this matter America stands for the rights of the nations of the world to free passage on the highways of the world. As things now are, the gravest questions establishing precedents of international law are not settled by an international court but by a national court of the belligerent that has a special interest in direct conflict with neutral interest, which it should be the office of the international law to defend. These belligerent rights, which have won recognition mainly because those they injured were weak and powerless, may, and do, expose whole populations absolutely innocent of unneutrality to want and ruin.

Nor is this all. The possession of such rights by a momentarily predominant sea combatant enables him to compel all other nations to become his allies, whether they will or not. For so long as he has command of the sea he can use his credit to draw upon the resources of neutrals and to prevent his enemies from so doing. We may desire to help England in this war by furnishing her supplies and by refusing them to Germany, but England by virtue of her command of the sea and of accepted international law could have compelled that economic alliance with her against Germany, whether we had desired it or not. For it would have been unneutral, during the course of the war, for us to have changed international practice in respect to the export of arms and munition, or supplies.

Now the great danger for America, in this matter of the future vindication of neutral right, resides in the excellence of the Allied cause and in the integrity of British courts. It is because the British cause is good and her courts are impartial that we sanction action by Great Britain that we could never dream of sanctioning in the case of the belligerent fighting for a bad cause and possessing unreliable courts. But, if we allow present practice of the Allies to become the precedent for international law, we shall have to accept its operation when others apply that law, even though we may believe the cause for which they are fighting to be a bad and mischievous one. We must accept it even in the cause in which we do not believe, or place ourselves grievously in the wrong. Japan, for instance, at war with China, might, by virtue of rights that English precedent establishes, place us in a position in which our whole Pacific trade, whether with China or not, would be under the absolute veto of Japanese admirals and Japanese prize courts, and we might, by reason of the very law that we had previously sanctioned, become the economic ally of Japan in some war of subjugation that we might not approve. Again, we should be placed in the position either of accepting that situation or of making ourselves lawbreakers.

In brief: If we desire a just law that shall really protect neutral right, the existing sea law must be radically reformed in the direction of greater respect for neutral interest. But the most strenuous opponent of any reform in sea law in that direction is Great Britain. Opposition to the recognition of neutral right at sea has been for centuries her historic rôle. From the days when her admirals claimed salute from the ships of all nations, as recognition of England as sovereign of the seas—and, parenthetically, when British admirals fired upon and destroyed ships that would not give such salute—down through the later time of the wars of armed neutrality, she has withstood firmly all attempts to hamper belligerent privilege at sea. She has always claimed in justification that those privileges in naval war are vital to her national life. We may concede that; I am not attempting to make a case against Great Britain. In a lawless world I think she has been justified in acting as she has acted; but I state the facts. The point that concerns us is that, if American contentions as to neutral right are finally to be vindicated, it will only be by a reform of sea law which England has always resisted and—absurd as it makes the situation in the present circumstances—Germany has, on the whole, supported.

In the long and weary conflict about rights at sea America has on the whole taken one line and England on the whole has taken the contrary line. The conflict is really little nearer to solution to-day than it was when it led us into war with England a hundred years ago.

Why are these matters of such importance, which Americans are apt to dismiss as things concerning only lawyers? Because the American issue centers round just these problems, and logically and rightly so. The sea is the highway of the world, and to civilize sea law is to internationalize the world. And if that American issue—so much obscured by the circumstance of the present conflict—is really to be vindicated, America must get certain assurances from her allies before she joins them, since the future conditions of neutral right will depend more upon the Allies' future action than upon the mere defeat of Germany. This conclusion will, I know, be resisted. It will be said that, when militarist menace, represented by Germany, is disposed of, and the element in Europe that has been most hostile heretofore to international arrangements removed, it will not be difficult to secure radical reform of international law and some assurance of its future observance.

Now that contention implies three things: First, that the destruction of German military power can be made permanent or relatively permanent; secondly, that the military alliance now existing between Germany's enemies will also be permanent; and thirdly, that a means of enforcing international law that depends upon the combination of the enemies' military power will be dependable and efficient.

None of these assumptions can be accepted. The destruction of the German state is a mere phrase; nothing in history is more mutable than military alliances like those framed for the prosecution of this war, and the very incidents that have created our issues with Germany are themselves proof of how inefficient is military and naval power, even when predominant, for the protection of life and the enforcement of law.

Can Germany be Destroyed?

TO ESTABLISH the first point I shall be compelled to summarize certain historical facts that I have dealt with elsewhere, and to some extent to quote myself.

What does a destruction of Germany mean? Certainly not, of course, the slaying of her population. Does it mean the distribution of her territory among the victorious Allies? In that case you will permanently militarize every state in Europe, because each will be holding down unwilling populations and creating military forces for that purpose. You will have created not one Alsace-Lorraine—which by itself has been so fertile a cause among the various causes of this war—but you will have created five, or six, or seven Alsaces; centers of ferment scattered over the Continent. Obviously, that way peace cannot be, nor the permanence of any arrangement of which that way is a part.

If it is deemed that the mere destruction of the German army or navy would have any permanent effect, Germany herself has supplied a dramatic answer within the memory of fathers of men still living. In the early years of the nineteenth century Prussia was annihilated as a military power—at Jena and Auerstädt. The whole country was overrun by the French. By the Peace of Tilsit Prussia was deprived of her territory west of the Elbe and of the larger part of her Polish provinces; of the southern part of West Prussia, of Dantzic, thus losing nearly a half of her population and area; the French Army remained in occupation until heavy contributions demanded by France were paid; and by the subsequent treaty the Prussian Army was limited to not more than forty-two thousand men, and Prussia was forbidden to create a militia.

She was broken—apparently so completely that even some five years later she was compelled to furnish, at Napoleon's command, a contingent for the invasion of Russia. The German States were weakened and divided by all the statecraft that Napoleon could employ. He played upon their mutual jealousies, brought some of them into alliance with himself, created a buffer kingdom of Westphalia, Frenchified many of the German courts, endowed them with the Code Napoléon. Germany seemed so shattered that she was not even a "geographical expression." It seemed, indeed, as though the very soul of the people had been crushed, and that the moral resistance to the invader had been stamped out; for, as one writer has

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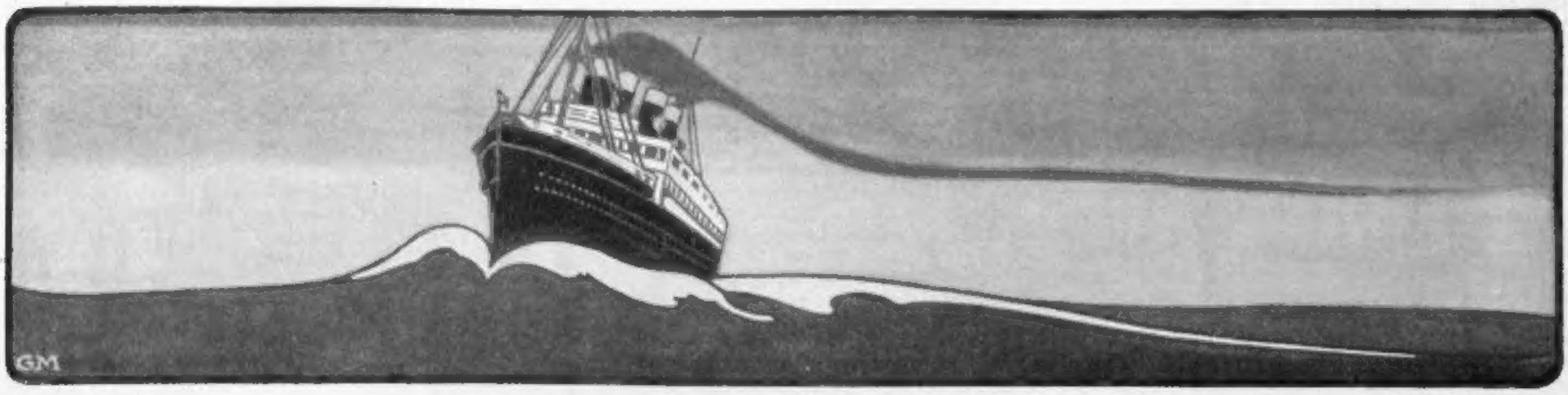

CHINA JAPANNED

By Samuel G. Blythe

AT HALF past one o'clock on the morning of Sunday, May 9, 1915, China, to all intents and purposes and as the forthcoming years will show, went on the dustheap of nations. After fifty centuries of identity as a sovereign Power, China handed over enough of her sovereignty to Japan to enable Japan, by reason of her well-known capabilities in such matters, as illustrated in Korea and Manchuria, to assume control of this tremendous country and its four hundred millions of yellow men. Japan, to be sure, did not get all she started for; but Japan, it is most likely, got more than she thought she would. And what Japan will get in the future, in addition and as the inevitable issue of her successes, can only be estimated in terms of Japan's insatiable ambition and lack of scruple in pressing advantage for herself and Japan's world-domination dream by a consolidation of the yellow races against the white.

Many tragedies were being played in the many-staged theater of the world when this was happening, but no tragedy with greater import. Here was a country, the oldest nation in the world, forced by her own colossal ineptitude, and by the aggressor's more than colossal ambition, to submit to the yoke without even firing a shot or taking a step to protect herself; without anything in the way of protest except the frightened squawks of men who, by centuries of deluding themselves that their cowardice and passivity were prudence and patience, had become such an easy prey to a nation like Japan that their predicament would have been ludicrous had it not been pathetic. No sympathy need be wasted on the bulk of the Chinese official class. They, with a few exceptions, deserve what they will inevitably get; but the great middle class of Chinese, the merchants, and the millions and millions of the lower class, had nothing to do with the governmental effeteness and incapacity, and worse. These nearly four hundred millions of innocent bystanders certainly should have condolence.

What Japan Got in China

NOT only did the Japanese get a firm foothold in China, and an unlimited and fertile field wherein to carry out their plans, increase their prestige, bolster up their finances, wipe out their poverty, magnify their commerce, and enlarge their military power to any point desirable, but it is more than likely they succeeded in creating the impression on the outside world that all this was a friendly move for China's own good, and in order to preserve peace in the Far East. They are a crafty people, these Japanese. They know full well the advantage of palaver and of the constant assumption of honorable design. A paragraph in the telegraphic dispatches this morning is illuminating. It is dated at Hankow, China, and says: "The authorities at the Japanese barracks have been officially instructed to demobilize, as everything is satisfactorily settled, the Japanese demands having been signed at one-thirty o'clock this morning." Unless Japan secured what she demanded, Japan intended to preserve the peace in the Far East by slaughtering a few thousands or tens of thousands of Chinese, which would have been about as difficult and dangerous for Japan as shooting fish in a barrel.

It so happened that I was in Peking during the last weeks of these negotiations, and that I was in Japan during the first weeks of them. I had unexceptional sources of information in both countries, and have been fully conversant with the inside proceedings—with the intrigue, the double-dealing, double-crossing, the so-called diplomacy, the designs and the desires of both sides. I have read all the public documents bearing on the demands, and many of the private ones. And the story is an astounding one of aggressive opportunism and world-dominating ambition, cloaked by the claim that geographical, commercial, political and neighborly considerations impelled Japan's action; and an equally amazing one of helpless and hopeless inefficiency, of conditions that admitted of no other recourse than the preserving of a little, here and there, of China's sovereignty. China "saved her face," which is the highest Chinese desideratum, to some small degree. Looking at it in an unprejudiced manner, I should say China saved her face to the extent of about one glass eye. Japan secured all the other features and will have that eye presently.

PUBLICATION PERMITTED BY THE CAMERA CRAFT COMPANY

The President's Bodyguard

In a previous article I described the first phase of the negotiations, which ended on May first by the Chinese answer to the so-called modified demands of Japan. The second and completing chapter covers the time between May first and May ninth, from three o'clock on May-day afternoon to half after one o'clock on the morning of Sunday, May ninth. Those were interesting days, in which comedy, tragedy, rapacity, inefficiency, aggression, helplessness, wild excitement, pitiful fear, tears, laughs, protestations, commands, threats, pleas, cunning, deceit, diplomacy, intrigue, suspicion, dishonesty, graft, and many other things Oriental, mixed in one helter-skelter procession of events—everything save one thing, and that one thing is frankness. There was not enough frankness or truth in the whole affair to wad a gun. And it all came under the head of diplomacy, which leads me to the further and revised remark that, instead of not enough frankness and truth to wad a gun, there was not enough to wad a pistol.

There has been a sort of general, albeit indefinite, understanding that the United States has a mild interest in the well-being of China. At least it was the United States that promulgated the policy of the open door and territorial integrity, and it was the Secretary of State of the United States who negotiated with the Imperial Japanese Ambassador the Root-Takahira Agreement. Also, there were some trade possibilities in China for the United States—not very intelligently sought after or conserved, but there none the less—and, further, of late years China has become a republic, modeling its struggle for democracy on our American patterns, which, it was assumed, gave us a sympathetic interest, a sort of a dilute big-brother feeling—attenuated, but existent. Therefore, proceeding on that basis, let me make an analogy before I tell this astonishing story, as nearly as an analogy can be drawn, in order that the people of the United States may understand in local terms just what has happened to China and just what Japan has in mind. There is only one China in the world—or was only one until May ninth—and there is only one Japan; but, assuming that there could by any possibility be another similar condition, let us suppose that it existed between the United States and some other militant and aggressive Power. Suppose the United States, a thickly populated country, great geographically and rich potentially, had a neighboring nation that was not so great geographically or so rich potentially, and even more crowded with people, but had built up an army and a navy. Suppose the United States had no army worth mentioning and no navy of any sort save a few barnacled tubs. Perhaps that is not so much of a supposition—but let it pass.

Now then, this neighbor, seeking an outlet for her surplus population and driven to a foreign field by her economic necessities, looking with envious and greedy eye on the vast natural resources of the United States, the military strength to be gained from a conscription of the young men of the United States, the places for living for her crowded people, perfected plans to make a protectorate of the United States, to get an advantage there that ultimately would make the United States a vassal of that other Power. The United States has friendly relations with the other Powers. Those Powers have told her she need fear nothing from any outside aggressor; they will protect her. But unfortunately most of those Powers get into a war that taxes their utmost strength to protect themselves. They are quite busy looking after their own.

The Japanese Program in Local Terms

PREVIOUSLY, through great good nature and in order to prevent trouble and to live at ease, the United States has given this neighbor certain privileges, allowed her to send her people into certain parts of the United States, and to build railroads and get concessions. Then, as this war of the other Powers develops, this neighbor walks over to the United States and says to the United States that, inasmuch as she has allowed the neighbor's people to settle in various places—in three states for example—these settlers must be given extraordinary advantages; they must, in fact and in short, be given that settled territory.

In addition the United States must pledge herself not to grant any other nation any concessions of territory along her coast, except to the neighbor and on the neighbor's say-so; must give that neighbor a monopoly of her richest coal and iron mines; must let that neighbor have fifty per cent of her police power; must buy fifty per cent of her war munitions from that neighbor; must allow her to build a naval base in a certain state; must let her build buildings wherever she chooses, propagate her religion where she likes and when, build strategic railroads, employ men from the neighbor to tell her how to run her internal affairs and assist her in running them—and do some several other things.

What would the people of the United States think of a program like that? To be sure, the neighbor would insist pleasantly that she contemplated all these things for the

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Inside the Presidential House

good of the United States, and for no other reason than great friendship and regard, and a pure and unselfish desire for the happiness and prosperity of the United States; but, in case the United States did not take this view of it and obdurately refused to recognize this spirit of friendship and our lack interest, the neighbor would be compelled sorrowfully to send her army to kill the citizens of the United States in sufficient numbers to make it evident to the United States that the neighbor must be allowed to be thus friendly, and to blockade the ports of the United States, and otherwise, by her transcendent military power, impose these acts of friendship on the United States, whether the United States wanted to be thus friendly or not.

And the United States, having no means of defense, would be exactly where China was between May 1, 1915, and May ninth of the same year.

How would the people of the United States look at a situation of that kind? Of course it is impossible, and all this is a parable, and so on; but, in order that the United States may understand just what has happened in China, I have set down the situation in terms of the United States. Having no adequate means of defense, China capitulated to threats made by Japan. Japan, having asked for more than she had any idea of getting, has secured all she was after, which is her firm foothold in China; and has left for future discussion—which means settlement in favor of Japan—some outstanding questions.

There is no doubt as to what has happened or what will happen. Japan is virtually the master and suzerain of China at this moment of writing, and Japan will so remain unless the Powers drive her out. That the Powers will drive her out is interesting as a speculation, but not very concrete as a possibility. There have been vague intimations to China that after the war in Europe is settled, and the Powers have made their own adjustments and have fixed themselves to meet new conditions, they may possibly have a look at what Japan is doing in China and see to it that Japan comports herself correctly. They may possibly do this; but by the time they get round to doing it Japan will have herself so strongly intrenched in China that the Powers will not be able to drive her out unless they fight her; and it is not at all likely the Powers will want any more fighting—or their subjects.

Japan shrewdly figured on all this when she took her opportunity and began to press China while this European war is in progress. Moreover, Japan knows what she can do in China. There will be short shrift for other nations in a trade way. Japan will grab it all. Japan has not taken over China for the benefit of any other country whatsoever. She wants China for herself; and all this fiction about the open door and territorial integrity can go to the limbo of discarded things. Japan will close the door as rapidly as she can, which will be with reasonable celerity; and though Japan will preserve the territorial integrity of China—as Japanese, which it will be—Japan is making no promises about the independence of China. The fact is, Yuan Shi Kai is at this minute practically a vassal of Japan, and Japan has taken the first steps for a protectorate over China, which will, in time, unless the Powers display more vigor than they have shown, come to annexation.

Jockeying With Group Five

THIS may seem an extravagant statement; but any person who feels disposed to question it need only read the history of the Japanese procedure in Korea, and study the trade statistics of Manchuria. The story of Korea, now a dependency of Japan, is familiar. Let me cite just one little set of trade figures:

In the trade in gray cotton shirtings and sheetings in Korea in 1907 Japan had forty-five per cent and Great Britain forty-nine per cent. In 1913 Japan had ninety per cent and Great Britain eight per cent. In the ten years between 1903 and 1913, in Manchuria, Japan's trade increased seventy-five per cent and the trade of Great Britain fell off twenty per cent, while the trade of America decreased seventy-five per cent.

Japan gained this ascendancy by special freight rebates to Japanese on the railroads; by special customs duties for Japanese at An-tung; by special rates of freight through Korea; and because the Yokohama Specie Bank, a Japanese institution, lent the Japanese money at four and a half per cent—much below the prevailing rates. Japan knows how to do these things. As she has done in Manchuria and in Korea, so she will do in China. America once had twenty-four million dollars in trade in cotton goods in Manchuria. Now America has less than three million dollars' worth.

The close of the first episode in this foray of Japan against China came at three o'clock on the afternoon of May first, when China presented her reply to the "modified" demands made by Japan. China conceded most of the demands, but stood out firmly against the demands in Group Five. These demands, coupled with the Fu-kien demand and the Hanyehping mine demands, were the crux of the situation for Japan. They clearly showed her desire and intention to dominate China. They were the part of the program insisted on by the Japanese military party and were held by China—and by everybody else save Japan—to infringe on the sovereignty of China. They were baldly stated in the original demands of January eighteenth, but, with excellent Japanese craft, were put in another form in the revised demands.

The President of China With a Group of Diplomats and Officers—Taken on the Day the United States Formally Recognized the New Republic

China agreed, in her reply of May first, to consent to the Hanyehping Company becoming a joint Sino-Japanese undertaking at a future date. She agreed not to convert the company into a state enterprise, or confiscate it, or permit it to borrow foreign capital other than Japanese. This sewed up Hanyehping for future operations by Japan. China agreed to an exchange of notes at a future date concerning Fu-kien, which was all Japan wanted. Her diplomacy will attend to that in the future, also, and get for Japan such military position as she desires in that province, facing the Philippines.

Then Japan, taking what Japan claimed were the agreements of Mr. Lu, the Chinese Foreign Minister, in the conferences, made the following propositions:

Mr. Lu, Chinese Minister for Foreign Affairs, makes the following statements:

"1. China will employ a large number of Japanese advisers when the necessity arises.

"2. If Japanese subjects desire to lease or purchase land in the interior of China, for the purpose of establishing schools or hospitals, China will give her consent.

"3. China will, at] suitable opportunity, send military officers to Japan to arrange for the purchase of arms and for the establishment of jointly worked arsenals."

The project of policing China with fifty per cent Japanese and fifty per cent Chinese police was dropped. That was too raw. But the following paragraph was inserted:

"Mr. Hioki, the Japanese Minister, states: 'The question of missionary propaganda will be taken up again in the future.'"

I repeat these paragraphs in the modified demands by Japan because they are the vital demands—the basis of the whole situation—and because it was clearly shown in the following negotiations between Japan and China that Japan, instead of having friendly plans only, has ideas of conquest. Imagine the independence of China, as regards Japan or any other country, with all her affairs directed by Japanese advisers; with the Japanese having unlimited rights, ostensibly for schools and hospitals and churches, to buy land anywhere in the interior of China; and with China wholly dependent on Japan for her military supplies—for that is what China would be, once the inept Chinese came to deal or manufacture jointly with Japan! It would be child's play for Japan to dominate the military affairs of China.

Putting the Screws on China

JAPAN endeavored, by the mere say-so, to prove that these demands had been agreed to by Mr. Lu, the Chinese Minister for Foreign Affairs. In this connection it is interesting to note that the Japanese, when the original conference began, refused to have a joint secretary or joint secretaries to record the statements made at the conferences. They insisted that each side must make its own notes. They dictated who should be at the conferences and refused to let one Chinese, Dr. Wellington Koo, of the Chinese Foreign Office, attend the conferences because he was too friendly with the American Minister. The Japanese fixed those conferences for just the trick they tried to work by making the claim that Mr. Lu had agreed to these several propositions.

The Chinese did not fall into this trap. They refused to admit that Mr. Lu had made these statements, and they refused to consider the claims in Group Five at all—except the Fu-kien demand. That brought the situation up to Sunday, May second. Mr. Hioki, the Japanese Minister, told the Chinese that their reply was not satisfactory and that they must await the consequences. Meantime unofficial representations were being made by attachés of the Japanese legation to the Chinese Foreign Office advising that China accept the revised demands of Japan in full, and urging such action to avoid war. These communications were taken to Yuan Shi Kai, the President of China, who refused them. It had not been specifically stated that there would be an ultimatum. Mr. Hioki said he had communicated with his government and was awaiting instructions. However, he assured China that her attitude was unsatisfactory. Then Tokio began to put on the screws. On Tuesday afternoon, about six o'clock, there came a news dispatch from the Japanese Government news agency, which said the reply of China was being considered by the Japanese Cabinet, and that there would be an ultimatum. It was stated that there was no possible doubt that the Elder Statesmen and the Emperor would sustain the Cabinet, and that the gravest consequences were feared.

This threw Chinese officialdom into a panic. Those on the inside knew the facts about the Chinese Army; but it was stated for public consumption that China must fight. There were many telegrams from the outside provinces, where various sections of the army are placed, urging resistance; and it was noted that the further away the generals were from Peking, the more anxious they were to fight. The Chinese officials held that they must resist these Group Five demands. They all knew that Japan would whip them instanter if it came to grips; but they felt—they said—that they must make such resistance as they could and throw themselves on the mercy of the Powers.

Yuan Shi Kai sent word to the General Staff on Wednesday that they should get the army into such a state of preparedness as was possible, and that he would notify the Staff within ten days whether there was to be war or peace. The Chinese Army is a large army on paper, but in reality it has about two hundred thousand equipped soldiers—equipped in the Chinese way; and of these there are effective troops—also in a Chinese way—numbering about one hundred and thirty thousand. The General Staff had information that Peking would be the objective of Japan, with the capture of Yuan Shi Kai. They planned to make such a fight as they could at Mukden, where they had about eighty thousand troops, they said, and then take the President and go west with him.

They figured—these Chinese generals—that by splitting into bands they might maintain a guerrilla warfare for a

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KEEPING IT DARK

By Edgar Franklin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WHEN the Saturday pay roll—a fat little bagful of fat little envelopes—had left for its taxi ride to disintegration in the factory of Bland & Brackett, Incorporated, gloom, thin and shivery, descended on Henry Trindel like an autumn mist. Oddly, though himself the impeccable—black diagonal and white starch—forty-five-hundred-dollar cashier of the concern, he found that he envied the line of tired citizens who would acquire those fat little envelopes.

Later, when the hundred of the office force had passed his own little wicket, accepting each an envelope or a perfectly protected check, the gloom settled in like a thick, chill murk. The strange envy grew, and in a measure Henry understood its source. To the last man, the last little giggling girl from the filing end, they smiled contentedly as they took their well-earned pay and were obviously happy; whereas Henry Trindel alone, gazing at the slip that represented his own eighty-six dollars and fifty-four cents, was full of sorrow!

It was not that he felt himself underpaid; sometimes Henry humbly wondered whether, reason notwithstanding, he really earned all of that forty-five hundred. It was not the knowledge that, by the week-end, the fifty-fourth cent itself would have gone toward the expenses of his superb apartment in Alturia Court and all that it entailed—it was not even the fact that after twenty-seven years of faithful service with Bland & Brackett he had been unable to save one shining dime, that saddened him. Henry Trindel's gloomy stare was born of the grim certainty that, for the very first time in his history, little bills were piling up with no decorative "Rec'd Pay't—Thank You!" scribbled under their respective totals.

In the empty hush of the early half holiday Henry sighed mightily and meditated on the strange things that can overtake even the most careful man. Given choice between debt and smallpox, he would have entered quarantine with a laugh on his lips and a song in his heart. All his forty-two years he had fought off debt successfully; but now—— He reached into a pigeonhole and spread the unsettled accounts on his desk. There was the bill for two new tires and the bill for the new motor robes; there was the bill for the fancy horn and the fancier back windshield, and the garage account, which, in addition to storage charges, demanded the cash equivalent of a lake of gasoline and oil enough to smooth a typhoon from the China Sea. Henry Trindel shuddered and thrust them out of sight again.

His trouble, all of it, hailed from the flitting dementia wherein he had provided the blue automobile for lovely Mrs. Henry Trindel; each wretched bill bridged the last month and connected him directly with that insane day. He who by temperament should have been grubbing together a substantial fortune was exceeding even his splendid salary to buy luxuries for beautiful, appreciative Gilda—and there was no hope! There could be no hope. Henry Trindel bowed his thinning black hair and rested his high, white forehead on his thin, white hands. He groaned and sagged more limply, a stricken being; in a dull way he wondered just what had become of the fortune that had sparkled through his boyhood dreams.

Somewhere in the big general office outside a door creaked and a snatch of melody floated into the domain of the morose cashier. Henry's spineless curve changed in rather less than one second to a flagpole rigidity. In twenty-seven years he had never heard that sound before; but he identified it at the second note. It was stern, flinty, terrible Brackett, who was in himself the whole firm—singing!

Briefly there came to Henry Trindel the awful thought that Brackett had gone mad; reflection, though, assured him that Brackett merely fancied himself quite alone in the establishment—and Henry smiled bitterly at the realization that Brackett very likely softened and turned almost human when alone. By himself, in all probability, or among his capitalistic intimates, Brackett could laugh and joke and chat just like any lesser being; but the jolly little ditty rang strangely on the terrorized air of his business home.

The Last Four or Five Hours Were a Mere Dizzy Jumble of Strange Sights and Sounds

"Remember, Trindel—Don't Get Excited and Let Out Even a Hint of the Affair"

Henry Trindel rubbed his hands nervously and mustered his own apologetic little smile. Whatever Brackett's seeming lightness for the moment, a suspicious nature was pointing his steps right in this direction: He meant, doubtless, to cast an eagle eye through Henry Trindel's books in his absence; he might not be entirely pleased to find their custodian still in evidence. Henry bobbed nimbly from his chair, closed his desk without a squeak, and had gained his sober felt hat before Brackett swung in.

The song had ceased at the turn of the knob, but there was an unfathomable, genial flicker in Brackett's eye. His cigar rolled automatically from its angle in the right corner of his mouth and came to rest at a corresponding angle in the left corner, which bespoke a cheerful frame of mind too; and it seemed to the startled Henry that Brackett actually chuckled as he said:

"In a hurry, Henry? No? That's good; I hoped I'd find you here. Sit down. I want to talk to you."

The cashier obeyed, cocking his head attentively. Mr. Brackett surveyed him with almost no trace of the usual faint contempt in his smile.

"Henry," said he, "it has been a rotten year for business, hasn't it?"

"Frightful!" his cashier agreed. "Frightful!"

"Huh? Not for our business!" Brackett exclaimed.

"No—no; not ours, of course," Henry Trindel corrected hastily. "I meant—er—other businesses."

Brackett, one of the few men living able to yawn with a cigar in his mouth, did it, stretching comfortably the while; then he settled back, crossed his legs, and puffed for a little before he continued:

"I don't know—you hear people howling everywhere—have for months and months now; but we—why, by George! Henry, we've never had a year like this one! We've never done the volume of business and we've never had collections coming in any better, it seems to me. Why, I don't believe we've lost twenty thousand dollars this year through bankruptcies!"

"Eighteen thousand two hundred and twenty-four dollars and thirty-seven cents," Henry said as though a spring had released the figures.

"Aha!—even better than I thought, then," Brackett mused pleasantly. "Of course the war has had something to do with keeping us busy, but we haven't fallen off in the regular markets either. We've been gaining steadily, and the best of it is that ninety per cent of it looks to me like permanent gain. Do you know, I'm beginning to feel that we're downright prosperous! And—— Say, Henry, I wish you wouldn't twiddle your thumbs like that!" said Mr. Brackett. "Are you nervous?"

"Me? Nervous? Ha-ha! No, no!" said Henry Trindel, twitching the hands apart and flushing faintly.

"Well, you look that way to me," the head of the firm informed him kindly. "I think you need more air, Henry. I'll finish what I started to say and then you'd better get out and take a good, brisk walk home—walk all the way." He flicked his ash into the wastebasket and set visions of clanging fire engines and roaring hook-and-ladder trucks to dancing in Henry Trindel's brain—and he smiled again! "Henry," said he, "it is rarely that I do the heavy employer stunt; but you have been about as faithful, hard-working, conscientious a mortal as ever invaded the business world, and I think you've been drawing that forty-five-hundred-dollar salary long enough. I've been waiting a year or more to see definite signs of improved business before I mentioned the matter, but the signs are here now and I'm ready to talk. Hereafter, unless you have some original objection to offer, you will consider your salary raised just about twenty-five hundred dollars a year, to take effect immediately. Is there a good sound to that, Henry?"

For three tremendous seconds there was silence. Blood, lately congealed to a cool, sickly paste in Henry Trindel's veins, bubbled suddenly and boiled into his brain, all but causing an explosion of that organ. The white hands, clutching his chair-arms, drew him bodily to his feet; his lips worked loosely for an instant before Henry's thin:

"Seven—seven thousand a year!"

"Well—good Lord, Henry! Don't get hysterical over it." Brackett laughed, albeit with some concern. "Yes; seven thousand, of course. You're earning it—have been earning it for a year or two, I'm afraid, though I haven't felt justified in paying it. I—— Henry, don't you feel well?"

"I have never felt better!" Henry Trindel said hoarsely. "Never! And I thank you very, very much, Mr. Brackett. I am more grateful than ——"

"Bosh!" said the firm, rising briskly. "Now get out of here and walk some color into your face; and—— Oh, one thing more, Henry. This is bare justice to you, you know; but let it be a sort of personal matter between us. It isn't the first gun of a general raise hereabout, by any manner of means; so—just keep it dark."

He laid a heavy, friendly hand on the shoulder of his abbreviated cashier and Henry looked up at him. He was really a very big business man, this Brackett; his words, as a rule, were priceless pearls of wisdom and people rode across the continent now and then to hear his advice.

"Just keep it dark!" Brackett repeated impressively.

"I will!" cried Henry Trindel suddenly from the depths of his suffering heart.

Through Sunday morning, as one of his few prerogatives, he sat apart and scanned the papers, seeing no single word of all their print, but thinking—thinking. Through dinner, too, he was unusually silent, permitting Gilda to

ramble on happily about the people who interested her and could not interest Henry Trindel. Then, dinner over, he drew apart once more to his den, which overlooked sunshiny upper Broadway; and in the solitude his strange new thoughts piled on, taking definite, amazing shape here, crystallizing suddenly there—until at last Henry Trindel smiled grimly and with a cynical mirthlessness that had no natural place between his mild little side whiskers. For he had the answer!

During all these twelve years of his married life his cardinal error had been unflinching frankness—frankness of the kind that brooked concealment of not a solitary minor detail. Stumbling originally over the fallacy that utter candor was the first essential to marital happiness, he had been falling ever since. Precepts concocted for a former generation had taught him that bald, wide-open honesty alone could pave the way to success; but Henry Trindel knew better now.

Not a hint had he breathed to Gilda of that hallowed twenty-five hundred dollars. As a consequence Gilda was singing softly, two rooms beyond, instead of wrinkling her pretty forehead over pencil and paper while she planned to spend just twenty-five hundred dollars more. That was the immediate case in point, of course; groping into the dismal past, he could set finger on twenty similar cases in half as many minutes, but this big one proved the whole proposition and justified exquisitely the route he planned to travel for the rest of life.

Heretofore he had shunned falsehood as a pestilence and the shunning had brought him nothing. Hereafter, whenever necessary, he would embrace falsehood with the fervor of a lover returned from the wars and he fancied that in the long run it might bring him quite a little. Moreover, when lying seemed the judicious thing he would lie with a finished art that might rouse the envy of Satan himself. Having failed in one extreme, he would leap to the other and, fortified by his reputation for steel-sheathed truth, succeed!

Henry Trindel smiled again, cynically serene; the end eventually would justify the means, for the end should be the gathering of that delayed fortune. Then, queerly enough, the smile faded out as another thought crossed the devious paths of Henry's brain: he wondered why Gilda had stopped singing. Usually when Gilda was quite happy, this being most of the time, some little manifestation of her nearness was audible—a hummed tune or a tinkle of the piano, or a laugh as she chatted in the drawing-room; but heavy stillness gripped the suite just now.

Through it a light step came to his door and Henry Trindel turned to see the dainty Gilda, in motor coat and hat. Bright-eyed, high-colored, adorable, there was a certain wistfulness in her smile as she asked:

"You're coming, Henry dear?"

"Where, sweetheart?" Henry Trindel asked blandly.

"Just up to Clythebourne—you and myself and Myra, and that sailorman cousin of hers. He's on furlough—or something. We'll let somebody give us dinner and then come back in the early evening. Myra wants ——" said Gilda, and permitted her liquid tone to trail ever so gently away and away.

"What does Mrs. Merriweather want?" Henry asked politely.

"What, dear?" Gilda woke. "Why, just to look at the new music room in their new house up there. The men finished it yesterday. Bradbury Forbes himself suggested the scheme and even helped develop it—and they say that in his regular work he wouldn't touch a room like that for less than a thousand dollars. Wasn't it sweet of him?"

"Doubtless," smiled her husband.

"He did it partly, I think, because they'll be his neighbors—up there," Gilda sighed artlessly; and, since that brought no response, she added: "Come, dear! The car's downstairs. I'm going to call for them."

Henry Trindel shook his head. "Not to-day," he said. "I have several things to do here."

Gilda pouted and examined him with some curiosity.

"Aren't you frightfully unpleasant this afternoon?" she asked. "You've never even seen Clythebourne, and two-thirds of our own particular crowd have either gone there or are moving out this spring. . . . Really, Henry, don't you like our friends? I do."

"I like them well enough; but I'm glad to see them moving to the suburbs, because the less we entertain the more chance we shall have of saving something."

He spoke very distinctly, yet Gilda seemed hardly to hear. There was a broad arm to Henry Trindel's chair, and on it she perched lightly, gazing into the glorious vault of the afternoon sky and resting her soft cheek against his temple. He thrilled, as ever, at her touch; but this particular thrill he caught sternly while it was no more than the most incipient of quivers.

"Oh, it is so beautiful up there in the springtime, Henry!" Gilda said dreamily. "All the little green things are showing their heads and the buds are bursting on the trees, and that scent of new earth everywhere gives one such a wonderful feeling of life and freedom! And if you stop the car in the woods and keep very still for a minute you can hear the birds whistling and singing and fluttering about up in the high branches. It seems like really living, Henry! . . . And it would cost us so little more to have a house at Clythebourne "

The Wild, Adventurous Spirit Had Taken Full Possession of Henry Trindel

"But it would cost more?" Henry Trindel interrupted.

"A little, perhaps; but ——"

"Gilda," her husband broke in for the second time, "do you quite realize that this has been industrially one of the worst years this country has ever known? Do you quite understand how lucky I am to be employed even? Our business—Bland & Brackett, that is—has never been at so low an ebb," lied Henry Trindel.

"Really?"

"Emphatically! Only yesterday we had to lay off thirty of our office force—faithful fellows, too, who have given their best years to the firm. One—Parker—burst into tears as I handed him the last envelope he will ever draw from us," Henry Trindel pursued. "You see ——"

"Oh, but you're not in any danger," Gilda assured him cheerfully. "The last time Mr. Brackett was here—two years ago—he said the firm couldn't run without you, Henry. And I—I wish we could do more of the things that other people do—people with incomes like yours, I mean. Merriweather's is no larger; you've told me that yourself, Henry. But they'll have the loveliest home at Clythebourne!"

"And spend more?"

"I suppose so."

"It's beyond me, Gilda," Henry said sadly. "I have never met a dollar that was not limited to one hundred cents. Why envy your friend Myra?"

"Because I'm human, I suppose," Gilda sighed. "Won't you come?"

"Not to-day," said Henry Trindel. "I shall be busy here."

Leaning forward presently for a view of the sidewalk below, he saw his wife move gracefully to the curb, with the liveried attendant of Alturia Court hurrying ahead to open the foredoor; saw Gilda slip into her cherished driver's seat; saw her gauntlet pump something and press something else. The blue automobile moved slowly to the corner and out of sight, and Henry Trindel sat back and smiled.

He adored her heaven only knew how he worshiped her!—but this Clythebourne proposition was the veriest tommyrot. Henry Trindel chuckled, complacent in his wickedness. That practice lie or two had hit the mark nicely, he fancied; Gilda had seemed impressed, though mildly. When conditions indicated the need for more lies he would fire them with the same accuracy and promptness; and incidentally the time for the first batch might well be coincident with Gilda's return from the paradisaic suburb. Following an afternoon with Mrs. Merriweather Gilda frequently developed ideas beyond her means; but there were quiet hours before Henry Trindel in which to plan the way to his fortune.

He folded his thin hands and groped for a starting point; he attained no more than a query, which for the first time struck him with its full force: How under the sun did Merriweather finance his extravagant spouse? Frequently Henry had wondered at the phenomenon without ever attempting its analysis; but now, after a bare five minutes of adding up tentative totals, he stared blankly from the window. The man who, on Merriweather's salary, could keep a wife like that out of the debtors' prison was nothing less than a magician. Why, an individual with such a trick in his collection must know more about quick money-making than Brackett himself! Henry Trindel frowned; armed with the power of hypnotism, he would have liked to interview Merriweather for an hour in some lonely spot.

From the doorway Gilda's perfect maid said:

"Mr. Merriweather, sir!"

Henry Trindel started violently. He was always glad to see Merriweather, but there seemed more than a touch of destiny in his appearing just now. He wrung a large hand and wondered just why Merriweather, who was merely somebody's advertising manager downtown, gave one the impression of being the head of a Canadian railroad system or possibly a grain magnate from the Middle West. There was a vast armchair in the den which engulfed Henry Trindel so completely that he had learned to avoid it; Merriweather, however, occupied, even adorned, it and reached for a match.

"Myra ordered me to finish my stroll here and have a bite with you," he said.

"You didn't go up there either?" Henry asked thoughtfully.

"After the tenth I shall see all the Clythebourne I need—thanks," grinned the visitor. "How's business?"

He appeared utterly calm and cheerful, this man with a relatively small salary who was about to shoulder a tremendous house rent and the cost of country-club membership, and all that sort of thing. Henry Trindel cast aside the shrinking tendency that had crowded so much color from his life.

"About as usual," said he. "Merriweather!"

"Eh?"

"We have been friends for quite a long time, haven't we?"

"Eight or ten years. Why?"

"Do you mind my asking an—an extremely personal question?"

"Shoot!" smiled Mr. Merriweather. "My life is an open book."

"Then—I ask your pardon in advance, of course," said Henry; "but how in the name of common sense can you go on increasing your living expenses?"

Astonishment caused Merriweather's lips to part and his eyes to open.

"Are you troubled that way too?" he asked. "I thought you made about a million a year, Trindel?'

"I don't!" said Bland & Brackett's cashier with a force that surprised himself. "I spend every penny now as it comes in; but in the course of a year I shall have a couple of thousand to spare—that's a secret, by the way—and if I could invest it as you must be investing ——"

"Just who said I was investing anything?" Merriweather asked sharply.

"Nobody; but I—I deduced as much; and—well, of course, I—I don't want to pry, but ——" said Henry Trindel; and the force slacked before Merriweather's slow, enigmatic smile, because in all his life Henry had given conscious offense to no living soul.

The smile persisted, though, as Merriweather considered him. This small Trindel person, of course, was the husband of his wife's dearest friend and a decent enough sort at that; but, to save himself, Merriweather had never been able to regard him as more significant than the ordinary gnat, albeit he lacked the convincing bite of that interesting insect. Still, Henry was unquestionably human and much perturbed just now, and Merriweather chanced to be quite familiar with that kind of perturbation.

In his broad bosom a great, benevolent impulse rose most unexpectedly. He strove to stifle it and failed completely—not that benevolent impulses were rare in Merriweather's bosom, but the sheer, foolish altruism of this one startled him. It may have been that thrice this last week his own beautiful Myra had turned gloomy, almost pathetic, at the idea of leaving behind Gilda Trindel, who felt unable to afford Clythebourne.

"Trindel," he said suddenly, "if I let my better nature take possession of me and put you wise, do you really believe that I'll wring your neck if you ever breathe a word?"

"You're able to do it," Henry conceded. "Go on."

The caller rose and closed the door. He returned to Henry's side, dragging the big chair with him; and he spoke in a sibilant undertone.

"The movies!" said Mr. Merriweather.

"What?"

"Take your couple of thousand dollars," the visitor pursued in the same melodramatic whisper, "and get yourself a little six-hundred-seat house in a rotten but populous neighborhood. Hire a dependable strong-arm youth to run the whole shooting match for fifteen dollars a week. Drop round unexpectedly every now and then to make sure that the other fellows in the neighborhood aren't switching the extra-priced features, and so on. Bear in mind that you can get the big stuff cheap when it's a year old, and that that particular crowd doesn't care a cuss about release dates so long as it gets plenty of action and a lot of swushy romance. Kid the pianist judiciously; buy her an occasional pair of gloves or perhaps a five-pound box of real candy, and thus have an added fount of information as to what happens when you're not about. And watch the bank account swell—watch it swell even in the face of this bunko society game!"

Eyes glowing, he clutched Henry Trindel's knee and nodded. Obviously his soul was bare.

"You—you have a motion-picture theater, Merriweather?" Henry asked thickly.

"I've got two of 'em!" the caller confessed. "I borrowed the price of the little one and it paid for itself before I'd ever got the hang of the business. Then I got the larger one at a bargain, and—understand, I'm not tempting Providence by tooting my own horn, Trindel! But it's like having a couple of printing presses tucked away in the cellar, just striking off the bank notes as you need 'em! . . . And Myra hasn't even a suspicion that I'm in the business!"

"No; and if I had 'em neither would ——" Henry giggled feverishly before he caught himself.

Hot enthusiasm carried Mr. Merriweather quite away from his usual massive calm.

"See here, Trindel," said he, "I've no right to put you on to this, but I can find something else just as good, I suppose. Away over on the East Side, near my two places, there's a gem for sale—and it is a gem! It's the Avonola, Trindel. D'ye know it?"

"I never heard of it."

"Well, the man who owned it died last month and his sister's willing to sell out for next to nothing—and the place isn't even on the market yet! If you want to duck into this thing quick I believe you could take that house for twenty-five hundred dollars."

"You—you mean immediately?" asked Henry.

"Oh, inside of forty-eight hours!" Merriweather said swiftly. "They tell me it has fallen off a little; but two weeks of good management'll pack her to the doors again—and these little dens with the sliding roofs stay jammed all summer too. She'll do better than a hundred a week, net profit, and I had meant to buy her myself; but if you want to come in, Trindel, I'll pass her along to you."

For a moment, looking at his friend and feeling his friend's perfect sincerity, Henry Trindel strangled over his own bitter grief.

"I couldn't touch it for a year," said he—"not until I've laid aside the twenty-five hundred, Merriweather. I suppose that—that chances like this are frequent?"

Merriweather laughed shortly.

"You won't spot another thing like this Avonola proposition in the next ten years!" he said candidly.

Henry Trindel essayed a brave smile and succeeded only in crumpling forlornly in his chair. He had probed straight to the secret of the Merriweather prosperity, and the secret had been snatched from his eager fingers just as they were ready to close. He gazed at Merriweather with the hurt eyes of a disappointed child, and Merriweather felt an actual pang.

"Well, Trindel ——" He hesitated.

"Yes?"

"Suppose you liked the looks of the thing—suppose you could—well, borrow the money to put it through at once. How fast could you pay it back?"

Henry Trindel's mathematical brain responded with lightning promptness.

"Why, if the house paid four hundred a month I could add two hundred more and make it six; but ——"

"And that would clean it all up in less than five months—four if business was good," Merriweather mused; and then he startled Henry Trindel by rising and beckoning. "I don't know what's wrong with me to-day," he said, "but now that I've worked you all up over this thing I'm going to see you through it, Trindel. On my word of honor, not a soul in this world knows it—except the bank, of course; but I've got nearly three thousand dollars buried in a quiet corner that I can lend you. Come on!"

"Why, where?" faltered Henry Trindel.

"Just to see how good the Avonola looks on Sunday afternoon, Trindel. Get your hat!" said the angel of light.

The wild, adventurous spirit had taken full possession of Henry Trindel. He insisted on supper in an expensive uptown restaurant and Merriweather assented, and grew rather thoughtful as the meal progressed. At eight o'clock they parted, in the glass-canopied entrance of the place, with an air of mystery so marked that the hat-check boy within decided to watch the morning papers for the murder

"I Wish We Could Do More of the Things That Other People Do—People With Incomes Like Yours"

that might have been planned at the little corner table. Benevolent impulses have the queerest way of developing their full force at the beginning and dwindling thereafter; there was a suggestion of regret in Merriweather's voice as he said:

"Well, the Avonola's yours now, Trindel."

"Thanks to you alone, Merriweather," Henry Trindel said, very gratefully indeed. "It was mighty fine of you!"

"Oh, that part's all right," the big man responded somewhat unenthusiastically. "You phone me in the morning as to what time you can get away and we'll come up together and take title immediately. There's no use in waiting for that option to expire. Only—see here, Trindel: After you have thought this all over, to-night or to-morrow, if you change your mind about it don't hesitate one second about letting me know. I'm willing to take the whole thing off your hands and buy it myself; in fact, I almost wish now—well, you let me know quick if you do change your mind."

"I'm not going to change it," Henry Trindel said blithely, for he was in no mood to sense delicate shades of regret.

"Well, all right, then," Merriweather sighed. "And remember, Trindel—don't get excited and let out even a hint of the affair. It's one of the black secrets of my life, you know—this moving-picture business."

He held Henry Trindel's hand in parting and looked down at him so intently that the hat-check boy opened the door an inch to listen.

"And of mine too—now," Henry Trindel said gravely, returning the pressure with all the strength he owned. "I'll -er—keep it dark, Merriweather."

"Do just that!" his benefactor cautioned "Good night, Trindel."

"Good night—and bless you!" Henry Trindel said with deep feeling.

In the quiet of his Alturia Court apartment, ten minutes passed before his mad heart slowed down to anything approximating normal. Among all the afternoons of his life this had been the one afternoon! Sitting alone, forcing his fluttering brain back to reluctant calm, Henry Trindel tried to review the afternoon placidly, just as Merriweather would have done; but it was effort wasted on an impossible task.

As yet, the last four or five hours were a mere dizzy jumble of strange sights and sounds in a strange tenement neighborhood; of strange jargon talked by Merriweather and a plump, weary-looking lady, with big earrings and some paint, in an unventilated coop that lived up to its title of box office.

He retained, too, a hazy impression of the packed theater, with darkness and the backs of many heads, and a rich, volatilized disinfectant that one breathed instead of air. Mistily, also, he recalled the quaint comedy on the screen just then—a happy, unrestrained bit wherein a rather pretty young woman distributed a pie over the countenance of a large man and was herself hurled into a bed of mortar by way of reprisal. Momentarily the sight had sent a shuddering shock through Henry Trindel; but the audience had laughed mightily, and for every laugh a dime reposed in the till that would belong to Henry Trindel as soon as the papers had been signed the next day.

Through all the confusion, however, two luminous certainties shone sharp and clear: For one, Merriweather, above all men, was a prince! Nay, the title of emperor seemed cheap for Merriweather. History told of great hearts, but could cite none to compare with Merriweather's. And there had been more than mere kindness in that big, noble deed: it had held pure self-sacrifice, rarest of all qualities, because Merriweather himself had meant to own the Avonola.

Involuntarily Henry halted his silent pæan for a while; the thought might seem traitorous, but it was as well that Merriweather had missed the jewel! Given another hundred dollars weekly, Myra might have managed a real butler or a man to drive their car, or conceivably both; and the effect of such a cataclysm on Gilda—Henry shifted uneasily and turned to the other certainty, which was uglier: Duplicity paid dividends!

But for the new secretiveness Henry Trindel would have had no clear twenty-five hundred in prospect at the end of the year. But for that prospective capital Merriweather would hardly have made his magnificent offer. Yes, indeed; duplicity was a very profitable thing, but it were better to keep in mind that he had only entered the game. Hereafter he must be alert in every waking moment to guard the splendid, hidden enterprise that had been born that afternoon. He would become, he decided quite comfortably, a biped liar; he would insist on cutting minor expenses here and there; he would even throw out a few dark hints of greater financial stringency impending, by way of covering his tracks on the road to prosperity.

If questioned directly by Gilda he would turn loose a flood of finished mendacity to callous the fingers of the Recording Angel! Because, after all, it was for

(Continued on Page 49)

The Red Record of Courage

By Leavitt Ashley Knight

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"It's All Well Enough to be Sore on the White Race, but Don't Cut Loose From Them—Especially From the Women"

ON THE strand below the lighthouse of Zamboanga Mississippi and I were slashing up a big sea turtle for supper when from the blue water of Basilan Strait beside us came the shrill cry:

"Ahi! Master Higgins! It is you? A word!"

I looked up and cursed as I beheld the leering, leathery face of my old enemy, the Dato of Tawi-Tawi, known to the world as Djimbangan, but known to me as the cleverest master of pirates who ever slit the throats of pearl fishers round Sulu Sea. Djimbangan it was who had been leading Uncle Sam and James Higgins—that's me—on a heart-breaking, hate-breeding chase ever since, fourteen years ago, Uncle Sam had said to me, up at Manila:

"Jim, just run down to Zamboanga to-morrow and spend the rest of your life curing those Moros of piracy. Better take your valise along and a couple of books. We'll send you the fastest gasoline launch on the Pacific; and you're to use such powers of persuasion as a decent human might approve—for, don't forget, Jim: Uncle Sam is down in the Philippines to uplift. Treat the devils white, so far as white'll go."

And that was what I did, and that was how we cleaned up Sulu Sea—all except the Dato Djimbangan and his four-hundred-odd pearl pirates, ship scuttlers, Chinese gamblers, Hong-Kong usurers, kris swingers and opium peddlers. This bunch was the scummiest of the scum—so bad, most of them, that the China Coast had spewed them out; and naturally they spattered into Sulu Sea, which is the cuspidor of Asia.

"Well," said Uncle Sam at last, "we've put up free hospitals and they've used them. We've built roads and they've traveled over them, lugging loot. We've sent their kids to Yankee schools, and that only gives their mas and pas more free time to sail round in their proas, raising hell. So, Jim, you'll have to pack Djimbangan and Company into a nice little concentration camp."

So pack them I did, and into the loveliest camp that ever the Lord laid out for the uplift of the lower races. It was the coral-hemmed island of Little Palangao, westward of Basilan and three points south after you've cleared the fifth reef off Basilan Light.

"'Tis a model suburb of Mindanao," said I to Djimbangan as I dumped him and his four wives ashore there. "Good water; lots of air; quiet; healthful; and near enough to me at Zamboanga so that I can drop over once a month for a friendly chat. Also, 'tis burglar-proof. You can leave your diamond shirt studs on your dresser and your front door unlocked all night, Djimbangan. None will come to molest. Back in the States we charge extra for these advantages; but Uncle Sam throws them in to show you he wants to be your friend."

All of which was a polite way of saying that Little Palangao was set about with sheer cliffs except at one narrow beach; and that to this beach there led an ugly channel as deep as old Djimbangan himself and as narrow as a Mohammedan bigot. It was as crooked as two Z's and an X, and the eddies in it were never twice the same.

Not even the proas of Djimbangan, which can almost sail over heavy dew, could dodge the fourteen off-lying coral reefs on a moonless night. And at all other times they might, for all I cared. Why? Because I put a supervisor on the island and the supervisor put a sentry on the beach. And between them they kept a record of the comings and goings of the Little Palangaoans. Forty-eight hours a man might be gone from the island and no longer; and, going, he had to tell the supervisor why and whither.

Did Djimbangan slash me with a kris when I dumped him on Little Palangao beach? No; confound it! He only smirked and gazed rapturously at a piece of clear, level ground near the beach.

"What a beautiful place for our houses!" he crooned to his wives, who were lugging his forty gamecocks out of his proa. "We shall be very happy here. We thank you for the island."

"Glad you like it," I answered foolishly, for the old scoundrel had me guessing.

Bluffing is not the Malay's long suit; in fact, he is a bungler at it. And as for clever trickery, he is a child at it. He is a straight-from-the-shoulder savage, who does not mind telling you he hates you and will slit you open the first time you go for a stroll without your automatic. Now, what could old Djimbangan be driving at?

I found out soon enough. I sent down as supervisor a wily Ifugao as sober as a lady missionary and as shrewd as a circus agent. Six weeks went by; and up to me, at Zamboanga, came paddling in a *banca*, Piang, son of Djimbangan, wearing a breechclout and a long face, and saying that my nice Ifugao man had fallen over a cliff of Little Palangao; and, as there was a shark at the bottom of it, there would be no funeral services.

I sent Supervisor Number Two, a native ex-sergeant from Iloilo who purred Malay to perfection and knew all Malay ways backward and forward. Two months of him, and back came another son of Djimbangan, wailing that a little snake had bitten the Boss of Little Palangao—bitten him in bed; and asking whether Djimbangan should send the remains to Zamboanga—or would Master Higgins come after them?

Right then and there James Higgins saw a great light; and, also, he saw red. I chugged over to Djimbangan and said:

"If you devils kill another supervisor I'll string you and your wives up with the choicest Manila hemp. Get me, dato?"

He did, though he beat his breast and swore by Allah that those were cruel words and most unjust. Supervisor Number Three was a half-caste missionary who wanted to break into island politics—a smart youth and seasoned. He set out for Little Palangao and for smashing all records of up-to-the-minute administration; and he smashed them, too, after a fashion. In nine weeks a rascally henchman of Djimbangan pulled up to Zamboanga dock and tossed my nice young half-caste supervisor out on it. And the nice little supervisor stared up at the brazen midday sky and screamed:

"Oh! Please take the little yellow spider out of my head! There he is, back of my left eye! See him? He's eating my brains up. Stop it, spider!"

Said the messenger:

"Master, thus has he talked these two weeks. My Lord Djimbangan begs that the American doctors make him well and hurry him back to us; for we all love him very much."

While I raved the hospital physicians labored over the poor devil; but he died soon after sundown, and I went tramping up and down Zamboanga, cursing the hellhole that had been his undoing and asking every man I met to be his successor. Zamboanga, however, had a prejudice against the job of supervising Djimbangan—queer, wasn't it? A week long I hunted; and while I hunted somebody sneaked out from Little Palangao and overhauled a British tramp steamer off Palawan while the crew was helping the engineer mend a broken shaft; and somebody made off with the captain's strong-box.

Meantime the hospital had been post-morteming; and they proved, even to my satisfaction, that my nice young supervisor had been on an opium drunk. They even produced dope wrappings from his pockets.

"Of course," said they, "Old Djimbangan did it—probably started by filling the kid's rice pudding with the dope; but there's no way of proving it. You can't string the old devil up. You haven't any case."

Over to Little Palangao I went and to that big, sin-stained dato I said:

"Djimbangan, Uncle Sam and James Higgins hereby lay down Rule Number Two: If any supervisor suffers any bodily injury I shall introduce you to a palm tree and a coil of Manila hemp, and ask you to boost home industries higher than Haman. Up you'll go—d'ye hear?"

"Master Higgins is most unjust to a peaceable man," the ugly old murderer ducked and wailed.

"Cut that out, Djimbangan!" I shot back quietly. "I know you! You're the most terrible critter God ever let loose on His footstool—a Malay with the brains of a white and the lust of a brown. You're trying to beat the game. You think to win by trickery what Uncle Sam and James Higgins won't let you get by old-time force. You've succeeded pretty well so far, Djimbangan—killed three nice supervisors, and so slick that their own soldiers couldn't show you up; looted a British tramp off Palawan, too, dato. But it's no use. Listen!"

And slowly, so that he could catch the English well, I recited, like a priest intoning:

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

"That's by an Indiana poet, Djimbangan. D'ye know what it means? I'll tell you. The Moving Finger is Uncle Sam's. He's a-writing laws for the uplifting of miserable old sinners like you. You're a pious old follower of the Prophet and you've wit to throw away, but—take it from me—you can't lure me or Uncle Sam to cancel half a line of our uplift program. We're going to uplift Sulu Sea or bust. And I guess the Pacific will turn to pink lemonade long before Uncle Sam busts.

"Hear me, Djimbangan! I'm going to send another supervisor soon. And if any man on Little Palangao so much as gives him a headache, you decorate the lower end of the hemp."

"I shall look after him as a father looks after his eldest son," Djimbangan vowed pathetically.

Supervisor Number Four was a trim American-schooled Filipino from Cavite—no man round Mindanao would take the job, you know. Under his rule Little Palangao jogged along righteously for three months. Twice I scooted over to inspect and everything was booming—booming quite remarkably, in fact. I spied a number of strange faces along the beach, and among them half a dozen stunning Java girls—the clever sort that follow the gamblers and master pirates and white adventurers up and down Malaysia.

"What are these women doing here?" I sternly asked old Djimbangan.

"They are wives of my men," he explained; and to that there was no answer—at least, not then; but some five weeks later there was. It came when Djimbangan himself came up in his proa to the beach of Zamboanga, on the day when Mississippi, my Moro boy, was helping me cut up the big sea turtle for supper.

"Ahi! A word with you, good master," the dato grinned and yelled across the water.

"May Allah wither you!" I cursed. "Every word from you is an evil word. Now what's wrong?"

"Much! Much!" he whined as he shot his proa inshore; and, with a leap like a sergeant fish, he dived into the flattish surf and rose squarely before me out of a breaker. "I come to explain. It is on behalf of my good servant, Ali."

"What's wrong?" I asked. "Did somebody swipe his game cocks?"

"Ah, master"—Djimbangan wagged his dolorous head, "do not mock a man in misery! Ali's favorite wife, Ayesha, is run away—gone home to Java—in Rembang. The wicked supervisor has fled with her and a large bag of my good, hard-earned money, master. He stole Ali's proa yesterday and caught a British freighter bound for Rembang—the old Orion; you know ——"

"One minute!" I yelled, and ran at top speed to our new wireless station.

In half an hour the operator had picked up the Orion, and back hurtled the word that my supervisor was indeed on board, with a Java girl. Then back to the shore I marched, cold as ice inside me; and I snapped my fingers at Djimbangan, who was squatting beside our sea turtle and licking his chops over it.

"Listen to me!" said I. "You downed my Ifugao. You put the snake in my Ilolo man's bed. You doped my half-caste missionary with opium. And you put the arms of that Java girl round my Filipino's neck. But there you stop! I've tried the men of the East and they've all failed. Now I'm going to try a man of the West. The man of the West can outwit the man of the East just so sure as the woman of the West outshines the woman of the East, Mister Djimbangan! I'm going to get one of Uncle Sam's own breakfast-food-raised boys to boss Little Palangao. And if you want to keep your health, Djimbangan, don't monkey with him. He's a human buzz saw!"

Then back I went to the wireless and sent this message to Captain Ralston, Insular Appointments Office, Manila:

Number Four gone. Send me a husky from the States. Must be a combination strong-arm man, Anti-Saloon-League president, statesman, and master of Malay lingo; bullet proof, dope proof, loot proof, and a girl-proof gent above all. U. S. A. per HIGGINS.

Before I had quit cursing Little Palangao that night, back came crackling the reply out of the everlasting ether:

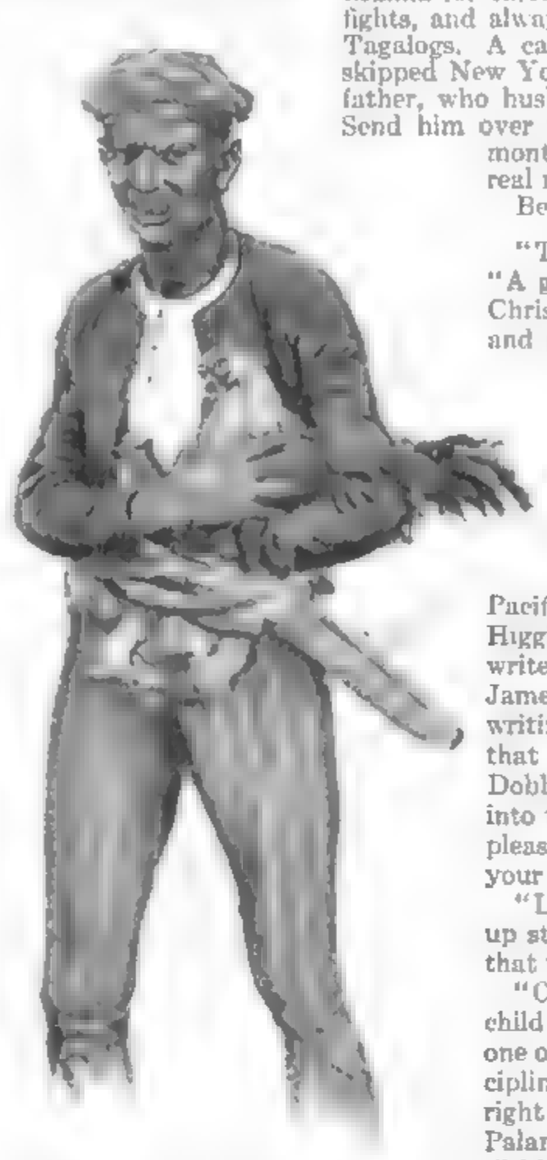
Southbound mail boat to-morrow carries Harvey Dobbs, Supervisor of Little Palangao. Do not let him see letter inclosed with credentials. RALSTON.

"Aha!" I crooned as I read this last. "This Dobbs must be a real wild one—a reformed strong-arm man probably. And now, Mr. Djimbangan, look out! The Moving Finger writes! And this Harvey Dobbs is its stenographer."

And, over the straggling line of stilted Moro huts along the beach beneath my house, I shook my fist at the southwest and the silvered blue under its tremulous starlight. Somewhere over there a man was prowling round in a proa, the first brown man in Sulu Sea who had mastered the white man's black art of corrupting public officials.

"Djimbangan," said I to the southwest, "I'm onto your curves! You're figuring that you can bribe my supervisor to let you slip out from Little Palangao now and then and gut a ship. And if you can't bribe him you'll bring in your wonderful Java girls to kiss him loose from his job. You've discovered a great game, Djimbangan; but Uncle Sam and James Higgins are going to beat you at it—beat you, even if we have to import a revivalist to Little Palangao!"

Day the third, and into Zamboanga dock comes whistling the Manila mail boat; and while I am looking through the crowd for my new supervisor over the side bounces a young man, square jawed, thick wristed, and about as large as four Filipinos. I looked at his clothes; and, as sure as Moros love murder, the tailor who cut them never lived more than five blocks from Fifth Avenue. The sight of them gave me a quick twinge of the Back-to-God's-Country colic, which is the ordinary homesickness raised to the boiling point by the Mindanao sun. I looked at the young man's neck and saw it to be heavy, but very soft and very plump. Now that means one of two things down Mindanao way—it means greenness in the tropics or else it means booze.



I Beheld the Leering, Leathery Face of My Old Enemy, Djimbangan

For an instant I sized the chap up as a tourist; but I overheard him reel off a streak of Luzon Spanish to the boatman who was hauling his dingy, well-scratched valise ashore. And I caught in his eyes, as he spied me, a nasty, hard glint. It was the look and the glibness of a China Coast gambler. Before he had come three strides in my direction I had read his whole history.

"I know your pigeonhole, son!" said James Higgins to himself. "I've seen a thousand like you in the fourteen years I've been out here. You used to be a near-pugilist in Chicago. A third-rater knocked you out for a two-hundred-dollar purse and you took to running red-and-black and Klondike for a living. The reformers closed your joint; so you had to fill your belly by doing odd jobs of strong-arm work for your alderman. One night you clipped a thin-skulled citizen an ounce too vehemently, and before the coroner heaved in sight your boss had slipped you a second-class, no-stop-over ticket through to Yokohama. You tried opening a fan-tan parlor, but a yellow boy cleaned you out. You peddled dope, and the consul got after you. Dead broke, you stoked your way over to Manila, trusting to your lingo to keep you afloat. You turned guide for American tourists and made a little on the side off cockfights. You picked up the native chatter; and one night you got into a knifing affair and beat the police to the wharf. Hence your little visit to Zamboanga."

Not having yet discovered the new supervisor in the crowd coming off the boat, and not being in a great hurry to see him, I decided to attend to this young man. For, be it known, Uncle Sam expected me to shoo all China Coasters and God's-Country grafters out of Sulu Sea, inasmuch as such parties separate our Moros from everything except their *parangs* and their bad tempers; then the Moros get peevish and the Government's troubles breed like frogs in the rainy season. So up I sauntered to the young fellow and murmured into his ear: "This isn't your station. Aren't you looking for Bilibid?"

Bilibid, you probably do not know, is our lovely big prison up at Manila—and the nicest thug hotel on earth, I may add. I believe in breaking bad news gently. The young man wrinkled his forehead.

"Bilibid? Where's that?" he asked. "Isn't this Zamboanga?"

"It is," said I. "Go to the head of the class. Now guess who I am."

"Really, I don't get you," he said, laughing as innocently as a baby.

"I'm Higgins!" I scowled at him. "And Uncle Sam has put me here to shoo tinhorns and three-card-monte men, and like fish, away from our nice little Moros. Aren't you really looking for Borneo or New Zealand? Or maybe Valparaiso?"

"What!" He opened two hard blue eyes wide. "James Higgins? Well, well! Here!"

And out he whipped a big official envelope and jammed it at me. Next thing I was regarding the credentials of Harvey Dobbs, new Supervisor of Little Palangao.

"Good Lord!" I whistled feebly; and then my eye caught the confidential letter Ralston had inclosed.

What did Ralston say? Here you are:

Rotten mess, Jim! Somebody Higher Up has pushed this crook off on us. I tried to find out why, but everybody ducked. Some of us guess that the Governor-General knows he is hooking up with a native insurrection and wants to get him away from Luzon, preferably into some hellhole where the natives will give him his for fair.

Dobbs has been loafing round the native quarters at Manila for three months. He played fan-tan and cockfights, and always was hobnobbing with a bad bunch of Tagalogs. A cable from the State Department says he skipped New York a year ago—stole a big wad from his father, who hushed things up and then kicked kid out. Send him over to Little Palangao. He may last three months there. Meantime I'll be looking up a real man for the job.

Best regards to Djimbangan. RALSTON.

"This is too raw!" I howled at the letter. "A gin graduate and China Coaster to instil Christian morals into those four hundred pirates and gamblers of Little Palangao! Say, son! Is this April Fool's Day? Or did the Government go outdoors bareheaded and get sunstruck?"

"What's the matter?" asked Dobbs unsteadily.

"The matter," I yelled, "is beyond your perspicacity, bo! It's a question of international psychology and trans-Pacific ethics. It's Uncle Sam versus James Higgins. The Moving Finger of Uncle Sam writes that you're to be Boss of Little Palangao. James Higgins is proof reader of the Handwriting on the Wall. And James Higgins rules that this here appointment of yours, Mr. Dobbs, is a typographical error. Climb back into the steamer, son. The back trip is right pleasant. There's a stiff northeast breeze in your face all the way."

"Look here"—the young fellow drew himself up stiff and menacing—"you can't chuck me that way."

"Oh, can't I?" I sneered. "Guess again, child! That Dato Djimbangan has been putting one over on me too long. It's bad for the discipline of the Archipelago and it's going to stop right now. I'm going to move over to Little Palangao myself, and I'll run the gang there until Manila can find a Real Man to relieve me."

"Say, Mr. Higgins"—the fellow went pale and the look of a whipped dog crept into his face—"can't I go anywhere in this hellish world without being kicked round like a stray mongrel? Won't you give a man a chance to make good down here in Mindanao? I'm willing to do anything—or go anywhere—to get on my feet."

"Cut that Sunday-school drivel out, you China Coaster!" I turned away from him in disgust.

"Somebody's been filling you with lies about me," Dobbs cried fiercely, and he clutched my arm with a grip that might have torn my muscles if I had not been steel and leather. "I'm no China Coaster, whatever that may be. I'm from New York. And I've been kicked all the way from there to here, inch by inch—and why? Just because I made—well, one bad mistake and was fool enough to admit it. If you knew what I've been through this past year, Mr. Higgins, you'd give me a show." He choked, and the hand that had a grip on my arm shook like a palm trunk in a typhoon. If it was acting it was mighty good acting.

"I can't take chances with that Djimbangan," I began.

"Must a man's past ruin his whole future?" Dobbs cried bitterly. "By heaven, I'm going to put it straight up to you!" And he dragged me down the dock away from the other people. "You don't look like the brutes who have kicked me along and along. You may understand—and maybe believe that I'm not so black as my record ——"

"It's a pretty black record, as it comes to me." I eyed him hard.

"And the farther from home I go, the blacker it gets—thanks to the damnable chatter of nice, white, civilized people," Dobbs muttered viciously. "But what did I do? Took five thousand dollars from my father's safe because he wouldn't advance me the money out of an inheritance of mine that he held in trust. He got the police after me and they nabbed me. I didn't try to lie out of it. I told them straight. When the old man found it was me who took the money he went crazy; tried to hush the affair up; bailed me out—and then told me to get out and stay out."

"And so here you are!" I commented, still a little skeptical.

"Not yet!" His smile was gall. "I went to Philadelphia and tried to get into business there with some old college friends. They showed me the door. I went to Pittsburgh to connect with an uncle in the steel mills. He showed me the door. I went to Chicago too." Back went his head and he laughed with a snakish hiss. "What's the use of going on with details? There were always a million doors to go out and never a door to get into anything. Even the women weren't at home to me when I called to explain that the trouble back home wasn't so black as it

looked to outsiders. He had money of mine and wouldn't give it to me when I wanted it badly. I got mad and took what was within reach. Silly, of course; but, see here, Mr. Higgins, you don't think what I did was bad enough to make me a damned outcast, do you?"

"Well," I answered judicially. "After my dealings with Djimbangan, I'm inclined to say that your taking that wad off pa was about one degree wickeder than slapping pa's wrist."

"You're a—a human being!" the youngster breathed; and he turned on me two eyes that had the look of flowers after rain. "I thought I might find one if I got far enough away from New York."

"But"—I knitted my brows—"how about your running mains up in Manila? And playing fan-tan? And hanging out with a bad gang of natives?"

"I did it to pick up the lingo," he declared stoutly. "Maybe I didn't work at it too! I've got it down cold."

"Huh!" I shot back. "I suppose you came all the way to the Philippines just to pick up mongrel Spanish and Malay—eh? Tut!"

"I'll tell you why I came to the Philippines!" He glittered furiously. "I came here to get away from white people. They've played me dirty and I'm sick of the sight of them. They've kicked me when I was down. The more I see of their kind the better I like Moros. The Moro is honest anyhow. If he loves you he says so; and if he hates you he announces that he'll be pleased to stick his kris between your ribs the first time you're looking the other way."

"That's true," I nodded, "barring Djimbangan."

"And the Malay's no coward," he stormed on; "but those dear relations and friends of mine! Bah! What a pack of hypocrites and cowards! My name got into the papers under police news and the miserable curs were afraid to be seen with me on the street. And they were afraid to tell me honestly why they cut me. Look here!" He drew forth a long leather wallet and from it a dirty, much-thumbed letter. "Read that! That's from a girl I thought I'd marry some day. God! What a fool I was!"

I opened the sheet and read:

Dear Harvey: Please go away. I don't want to see you. It would be very hard for both of us and it would do no good. You have been foolish, Harvey, and you must leave town for good. Make a fresh start somewhere. It is the only way. It would take ten years to live down the bad name that one minute of foolishness has brought you. That would be too great a sacrifice, wouldn't it? Especially when you can make good so quickly where nobody knows you.

Let me know where you go, Harvey. Let me know all your troubles too. If I can help you, without betraying you, I shall do it. Some day you will be standing on your own feet; and then, won't you come to see me? Or, better yet, let me come to see you. MARY.

"Young man," I remarked as I handed the letter back to Dobbs, "do I understand you to say that these remarks are hypocritical and cowardly?"

"From first to last!" he sneered. "She was afraid of what the gossips might say if she let me in to see her. I went to her home to explain my side of the story; and her maid came to the door and said Miss Serviss had a headache and couldn't see me but was writing me a note. This is the note. Ha! I've good reason for having a grudge against the white race!"

"I'm not so sure of it." I shook my head. "Maybe she did have a headache."

"Then she ought to have asked me to call the next day."

"That's so. I'm getting rusty on etiquette, ain't I? Fourteen years of Mindanao's done it, son. But, anyhow, she might have been angry—people do lose their tempers sometimes, you know. What's more, her advice ain't so bad. It's a hard punch, but a fair one; in fact, pretty shrewd. By the way, if you think that letter's all hypocrisy, what are you lugging it round for?"

Harvey Dobbs stared foolishly at the document for a minute and then stammered: "Why! It is foolish, isn't it? I guess it was just habit—stuck it in my pocket and left it there." And he tore it up as fine as chaff and flung it all over Zamboanga dock. "There's good-by to you, Mary Serviss!" he laughed wildly. "And may I never have to do with another white woman!"

"She wants to know where you settle down," I observed. "Have you informed her that you're going to be the Boss of Little Palangao?"

"Mr. Higgins," the boy—he wasn't more than a hulking boy—breathed in quick jerks, "do you mean it? Are you going to give me my chance in life?"

"That's my launch. Chuck your bag into it." I pointed across the dock to where Mississippi was pouring gasoline into the boat's tank. "But you didn't understand me. Did you ever write to her that you're over here."

"Do you think I'd give her the fun of thinking that she had fooled me with that letter? Well, I guess not!" Harvey Dobbs showed his handsome white teeth wickedly.

"Bright youth!" I grinned. "Now climb into that launch. I'll be along in a few minutes. I've got to run up and file your credentials at the Capitol, and so on."

Into my boat he leaped, with the first clean, jolly laugh I had heard from him. As for me, I hustled back to my office in the Capitol and dashed off the following:

MARY SERVISS, New York, U. S. A.

Dear Madam: You had the right idea about him, but you put it too straight and stiff in that note. He was on edge—like a collie dog that is being broke. You know how collie dogs are—one hard word at the wrong minute and either they turn cowards for life or else they get surly and leave you. You ought to have had a word with him. Great is the power of the spoken word, lady; and there's nothing more dangerous than saying important things in ink. A five-minute speech will do more than forty libraries of disquisition. Take it from me, who have been running Sulu Sea these fourteen years on nothing but chin music: Sometimes Uncle Sam sends down a bunch of printed proclamations for the Moro public. I use them for shaving paper, though they are a little stiff; and then I jog round the islands and talk the message over with my brown boys.

I wish there was a phone from New York to Zamboanga, so that you could let him hear your voice. It would do him good. He's got an awful grouch against the Western Hemisphere—swears he is through with the white race, and all that. And he's got a job ahead of him that will use up all his visible supply of good nature and backbone. He's President of the Uplift Club of Little Palangao and at present there's more lift than up in the job. He'll need all the encouraging he can get; so please drop him a letter full of nice things—if you feel that way. If you can make him stick with the Djimbangan gang and make good, Manila will make him governor of a province, or else I'll eat cold-boiled dog. Respectfully,

J. HIGGINS,
Zamboanga, Philippine Islands.

One hour later Mississippi was driving Harvey Dobbs and myself, with a swish, out of Basilan Strait, while I was telling Harvey all about Djimbangan and his little attentions to previous supervisors.

"I'll feel myself to be quite a superior person among that bunch," he grinned. "I bet I'll get along with them better than with people back home." And, of course, I encouraged him to keep on thinking that.

We rounded the dizzy white coral cliffs of Little Palangao. We squirmed round the glimmering reefs and over the shimmering reefs of the entrance, and splashed up on the pure-gold beach. All the inhabitants came down to greet the new boss and I led the parade up to the Official Residence. I climbed up on the front steps—real steps, and not the ordinary bamboo ladder, mind you!—and delivered an Address From the Throne, setting forth the merits of the new boss.

The crowd cheered, Yankee fashion, as I had taught them to, Djimbangan leading. The new boss blushed appropriately and made a little reply in very decent Malay. Then down I marched him to shake paws with the gang of cutthroats. Old Djimbangan took me aside and asked for more soldiers to protect property. The old demon! I laughed at him; but he was so insistent that pretty soon I grew suspicious.

"What new game is this, dato?" I frowned at him.

He babbled away so steadily that I guessed he was trying to hold my attention from something else. In a hurry I looked round—and what did I see? I saw Harvey Dobbs talking away to the loveliest, meltingest white girl I had set eyes on in many a year. The siren's nut-brown orbs were meeting his; and as she spoke to him in a low voice she made a gesture with her hands and her body like wind-swayed mountain ferns.

"What the devil!" I muttered as I strode up to her. And as I drew near I noticed the unmistakable tinge that betrayed the Malay in her blood.

"Who are you, little one?" I snapped at her; and visions haunted me as I spoke—visions of another supervisor running away with another lady and leaving Old Djimbangan free to slip off for a week's raiding off Palawan.

"I am the wife of Mengo, the friend of Djimbangan," the glorious creature answered in purest London English.

"And where did you pick up that Piccadilly accent, my dear?" I narrowed my lids at her.

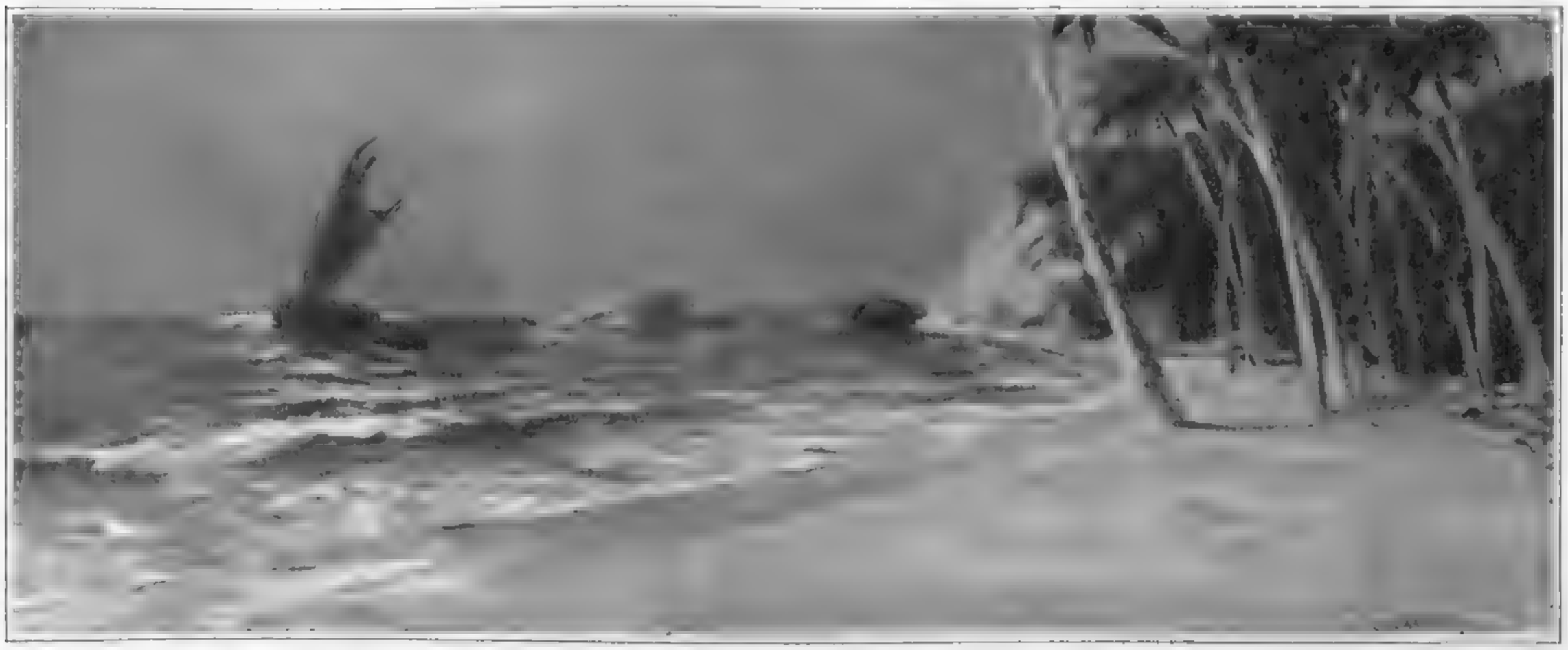
"In Singapore, sir. I used to live there—before I wedded Mengo." She dropped her gaze and a tremulous quality sounded in her purring voice.

"Very interesting! I'll look into this."

I turned away and dragged Harvey with me.

"Look here, young man," I said as soon as I got him alone, "remember the rules. The Boss of Little Palangao must be rum proof, bullet proof, dope proof, loot proof and—girl proof. If he isn't, that evil old Dato Djimbangan will win out."

"I'm not going to do anything foolish." Harvey shook his head—but glanced over my shoulder to where the Singapore girl was standing. "But, you know, Mr. Higgins, I'm here in the Philippines for good. I'm through with white people. And—well, you know, I'm not a monk. Some day, when the right woman comes along, I'm going to marry. I'm twenty-six now; and if I make good here and I could persuade her to live in this God-forsaken paradise ——" *(Continued on Page 34)*



To This Beach There Led an Ugly Channel as Deep as Old Djimbangan Himself

MADE IN AMERICA

Crater Lake—The Oregon Caves—Mount Rainier

By EMERSON HOUGH

DOWN in Louisiana there once existed the custom of giving to all purchasers in shops something by way of lagniappe—that is to say, something to boot; something to induce the customer to come again. It was a pleasant, large-handed fashion in business, and so flourished that sometimes the lagniappe was expected to be about as large as the purchase itself.

Of all countries in the world this little old republic of ours offers not only the best bargains to the tourist but also the biggest sort of lagniappe. Not only are all the National Parks beautiful and interesting of themselves, but as much may be said of vast extents of country seen en route between them. The Amalfi Drive of Italy would be lost and forgotten in California. The Blue Grotto of Capri would be a tub of washday bluing water compared with Crater Lake.

The Trossachs of Scotland are surpassed in comparison with Spring Valley, just south of San Francisco. Kern River—the King River country—there is nothing by which such districts can be measured. The Santa Clara Valley is matched by nothing in La Belle France. Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, San José, the famous Seventeen-Mile Drive—the Riviera has not their like. The Camino Real of the Pacific Slope is the world's greatest motor highway—there is no room for such a road anywhere else. And all these things are but lagniappe. Your bargains are to be found in the nation's parks themselves—the especially selected beauty spots that have been set apart for the enjoyment of the world.

After you have seen the splendid parks of the Sierras and have traveled up the two great central valleys of the Golden State—through a country one day to be the seat of a mighty population and the battleground of mighty human problems—you pass on to the upper portions of the great Pacific country; and you never lack either bargains or lagniappe.

Thus far you have traveled between two mountain ranges—the low Coast Range on the left, the lofty Sierras on the right. Now you come to a rugged mountain system lying like an arch between those two ranges, across the upper portion of California—the Siskiyous, something of a range themselves. Above this arch lie Oregon and Washington, and their valleys. The Coast Range runs on up toward the Olympics; but the Cascades, to the east, now replace the Sierras. It is just across the Siskiyous, after a wonderful winding journey up the Sacramento River, which has given you a thousand entrancing views of white-crowned Mount Shasta, that you come to Oregon's most boasted point of scenic interest—Crater Lake, two hundred and forty-nine square miles of a beauty spot, set apart as the property of the American people.

Bad Medicine to Gaze at the Lake

THERE are two entry points to Crater Lake—Medford on the southwest; Klamath Falls and Chiloquin on the south. You may choose your point at the junction known as Weed—a mill town where, if you like, you may see the busy wheels of industry ripping half a million feet of boards each day out of giant logs brought by rail perhaps forty miles; and may be assured that the company, in its artless way, has accumulated timberlands sufficient to last for the next fifty years at this same rate. If you do not especially care for sawmills you may be bored at Weed, for you have to wait there for five hours—the whole afternoon—before you can get on toward Chiloquin; at least, that was the schedule prevailing at the time of our visit, though it was said another train was to be added in 1915.

Under existing conditions during the year 1914 Crater Lake was found to be the most difficult of access of any of the National Parks visited, and surrounded with conditions more annoying than any other. Thus, though a wait of five hours going in is bad enough, we were informed that anyone entering at Medford and coming out by Chiloquin and Klamath Falls would incur a lay-over at Weed of ten hours. No American tourist will like such delays and setbacks when in pursuit of pleasure. Without question, they handicap the development of this National Park.

Wizard Island, Crater Lake

Well, anyway, in time you leave Weed after five hours of *far niente* which is not so very *dolce*, and in late evening arrive at Klamath Falls, pleasantly located hard by one of the most wonderful lakes of the West, famous for giant rainbow trout and famous also for wild fowl. The United States Government has set apart near here a vast refuge, sacred to wild fowl alone.

Necessarily, since you must now spend the night at Klamath Falls—in a very good hotel, however—you lose additional action in getting into Crater Lake Park; but in the morning, not going farther by rail, you may, if you like, take a motor car and set sail for eighty-six miles of valley-and-mountain trail. This road goes up the west side of the lake, the railroad continuing up the east side to Chiloquin, toward what will soon be a new entrance to the park.

You are in the lava country now, not so far from where Captain Jack and his tribesmen took refuge in years gone by; but along the western lake shore you come into heavy timber—yellow pine and firs. Here lumbering wagons as well as motor cars use the roads, to the discomfort of the tourist. In part the roads are rough and in whole they are very, very dusty.

None the less, the ride up Klamath Valley is a magnificent one. Late in the afternoon—after a pleasant break of the journey for lunch at Harriman Lodge, now a public concern—you strike the Government roads and end your journey at the crest of a crooked fourteen-per-cent grade, done by Government engineers. It is early evening when you pull up at a little open space, edged by snowbanks and rocks. Just beyond there seems to be an absence of the firs that have marked the last few miles of your trail.

"Where is the lake?" you ask your obliging guide; and, grinning, he waves a hand on ahead.

You pass forward a few paces—and shrink back, animated by something of the same feeling you had when you saw your first sequoia; when you had your first view of the Grand Cañon. You are not welcomed, but repelled by what you see. Crater Lake is not *intime*, as the French say.

What you see now is a deep cup or bowl, with almost vertical sides. In the bottom of that bowl there is some strange liquid, distilled by the alchemy of Nature, a liquid of baleful blue—a strange color, as indescribable as that of El Capitan; as that of a sequoia tree. It is blue, but such a blue! It is bluer than Como, bluer than Superior, bluer than Tahoe. It lies there now under the evening sun, without a ripple, as though metal; as though the flux of some strange, poisonous, high-colored minerals had filled it up. It is a repellent and yet a fascinating thing.

It is no wonder the Indians feared this lake and never visited it. To this day, if you take an Indian there he will sit down with his back to the brim and never once look out over the lake. It will stir some primeval, superstitious streak down in your own heart, where you did not know it lived. You almost have to force yourself to go to the rim and look into the lake again. It is not *intime*.

The Weeping Widow

IT SEEMS to be about half a mile across this shallow cup filled with something that cannot possibly be water; it is more than five miles. The walls seem a hundred feet high; they are a thousand. The water looks as though stained a deep blue; but it is as clear as crystal. You are looking now on one of the most wonderful sights of the world.

Every great geologist of this country or Europe has seen Crater Lake—sometimes they go out a couple of hundred strong to visit it. What you see is the crater of a great volcano, which for an unknown time spouted out more lava than Vesuvius ever held—lava that flowed down eighty miles in one direction, as you may prove; how much farther you cannot tell.

Then, at last, this whole vast mountain top sank down—the bottom fell out of the crater. The giant fires cooled and were drawn. A ragged cavern two thousand feet deep was formed at the summit of the mountain, below the rim of the crater, which had been built up—after the great explosion—by flood after flood of ultimately cooling lava. Then came the snows; and so came Crater Lake. It has a pulse of four feet every year; but it has no inlet and no outlet—though there are some who have fanciful theories about a subterranean drainage. Both lava and water run back and away from the rim—not into the crater.

The strange color of this lake is not the blue of water holding the reflection of the sky, not the blue of the sea or of the Great Lakes; but an ultramarine blue, which scientists admit must be due, in part, to some mineral coloring matter as well as to its great depth. Fill a glass tube twenty feet long and you may see this blue in the contents. Take a cupful of it and it is as colorless as crystal, the sweetest drinking water in the world, always cold. You will find something of this color in some of the hot springs in Yellowstone Park. There is nothing inviting in the look of either, but it is fascinating. You will get an idea of this blue if you will poke a snowshoe pole down eight feet into the snow and look into the hole.

This tremendous body of water lies here like a great baleful jewel of some sort in a sunken setting—here on top of the mountains. The wind comes over it at dusk, cool, and, breaking over the rim, flaps your tent front all the night. A dozen times you wake up with a feeling that the lake is after you! It is a fearsome feeling you get. You recall the Indian theory of the lake—that it was made by the tears of a widow whose husband fell into the crater some years ago. Some widow, it would appear!

None the less, Crater Lake is approachable and ought to be approached. It may not take more than fifteen minutes to see it from the brink, but a couple of days can now very nicely be spent in seeing it as it should be seen. Soon it will take a week or more to do Crater Lake as it should be done. There is a good launch on the lake and another will soon be placed there; and there are half a dozen rowboats. Eighty miles up these terrible curves all these boats came, to be let down the one feasible gulch on all the shore line, on pulley ropes that smoked. The wonder is that any boat got through unsmashed.

It will take you twenty-five minutes to descend the ingenious, zigzag trail down the gulch in front of the hotel—and will require from thirty-five minutes to an hour and a quarter to get back if you have not sound health and lungs and limbs. No horse or vehicle of any kind can be employed here.

There are trout in Crater Lake—rainbows—up to seven pounds, they say; up to two pounds, as I know. They are an artificial feature, for not one ameliorating attraction of civilization existed here naturally. All through Oregon you will find men running for Congress, each on the strength of having been the first man to put trout in Crater Lake. Almost everyone in Oregon is running for Congress on one platform or another.

As a matter of fact, the superintendent of the park, Mr. Will J. Steel, really put in the first trout, though he has never run for Congress. He carried the can of fingerlings forty-nine miles on his own back, and at last got thirty-seven live little ones down that appalling gulch to the surface of the lake. Later a Methodist preacher put in additional trout from Klamath Lake. Then Mr. Parkhurst, the hotel concessioner, put in fifty thousand, and the Government another fifty thousand; and yet more will be planted. They must find food, for they surely have thrived handsomely.

The superintendent strictly enforces the basket limit of five trout a day to each angler, but says it is not often that an angler fails to take his limit of five fish. With able guidance, it required only half an hour or so in our case to take the limit—of course on the artificial fly. The trout is always a beautiful fish and belongs in beautiful surroundings. I have taken them in many beautiful countries; but never, in all my fishing, has there been anything equaling in strange charm that of fishing for trout a thousand feet deep in the heart of a mountain where once molten lava seethed. They struck like gentlemen, those rainbows, and fought like gentlemen.

The Islands in the Lake

IN THAT ethereally clear water you could see, far below, the brilliant-hued fish that was throwing the rod up into so strong an arch. Time and again—six and eight times, often—the fish would leap clear into the air, only to dart down once more, apparently into the very heart of the

The Phantom Ship, Crater Lake

sunken mountain. A bit of broken plate can be seen in a hundred feet of water here. More than once a trout took fifty feet of line off the reel, and yet was plainly visible. It was an extraordinary angling experience.

At the time of our visit, Dr. J. S. Diller, of the United States Geological Survey, was present, and was the guide of our party on a voyage round the lake; so that the hieroglyphics of Nature were more fully legible for us all. We learned that the accepted soundings of the lake are nineteen hundred and ninety-six feet—figures which terrified some of the ladies of the party when they looked down, though they were assured there was no danger of drowning where we were, since the water was only a hundred feet deep thereabout!

There are one or two rugged cones which project from the bottom of the lake, coming within six hundred feet of the top. Two islands of lava—Wizard Island, and the freak rock known as the Battleship—rise above the surface. There is a blue grotto and there are two caves—not enormous affairs, but large enough for the delight of piratically minded boys.

Now and then long dikes run down from the rim to the water level; or, again, one may see fold after fold of lava, cooled into layers as it ran back over the country from the volcano's rim. There are two deep U-shaped notches on the southern side, showing two great glaciated valleys, which dropped down before the mountain ceased to erupt; but there is only one place on the entire shore line where any lava ever ran down into the cavity proper—the locality as plainly evident as though it had happened but yesterday.

It is a dry country, that about Crater Lake. The game animals go down these walls on trails of their own to drink at the lake. We saw one deer within a hundred feet of the lake; and once, while ashore, we came near being caught by falling rocks dislodged by some fleeing animal, which we supposed to be a bear.

The best view of the inner walls of the lake is to be had in the morning; and the boat journey should be made to the left, as the sun at that hour gives the best lighting to the shores. If the lake is quiet one sees the most extraordinary reflections. If it is ruffled by a breeze the wave crests are not blue, of course, but white; though you expect them to be blue.

All the time, as you pass round the shore of the lake and look up the steep walls, you have a curious sensation as you realize that you are afloat in the heart of a mountain. Eight thousand feet above where your boat passes once towered the top of this volcano—perhaps it was fifteen thousand feet high, this mountain now bearing the weak name of Mazama, which surely ought to be changed to the strong and descriptive one of Crater Mountain. Two thousand feet below you the water lies—deeper than deep Tahoe—and below that no one knows what.

You are six thousand one hundred and seventy-seven feet above the sea. The sky is very blue; the air very clear, crisp and cool. The moon is still visible above the flat-shaped front of Llao Rock. Sharp light and shade mark the walls. The shadow of a passing hawk, sailing high above, crosses the rock front before you. No; you cannot blame Joseph le Conte, geologist and scientist, who returned from Yosemite and the Yellowstone and many mountains, and said: "There is only one Crater Lake."

The rim of a wilderness lake in a country in part broken mountain tops, part fir forest, and part a desert of lava and pumice—the whole located six thousand feet in the air and eighty miles from the nearest railroad—is not, in one manner of speaking, the best place in the world to start a paying hotel property. The total number of visitors at Crater Lake during the 1914 season was 7096, of which the hotels and camps entertained 2085. This was a gain of sixty per cent over the preceding year; and it is thought that the travel of 1915 will mark a somewhat greater increase.

The Hotels of the Region

THERE were seven hundred and sixty automobile permits issued last year, and this year should show very many more, not to mention passengers handled by the transportation companies. These figures are not yet sufficient to carry a large hotel proposition, operated for a season of only two or three months, in a country where hay costs forty dollars a ton, mostly for freight.

The new stone hotel, erected by the Crater Lake Hotel Company, is a well-planned and well-built structure. A second hotel will be built farther to the east, near the point where a new entrance to the park will be established before long. A splendid rim road, following the crest of the mountain entirely round the lake, is in course of construction.

Rogue River Rapids

The Rogue River Valley is Especially Famous for its Beauty

Medford—Crater Lake Road

The survey for this road required two years on the part of the United States engineers, and it is estimated that the completed road will cost about seven hundred thousand dollars.

Granted this, and as much more to open trails to other points of interest, and to clear away the enormous amounts of unsightly dead-and-down timber, and the Crater Lake region should and will invite a much larger tourist element.

The hotel enterprise, heretofore operated largely as a matter of pride and loyalty, should ultimately recoup itself handsomely. There will be cottages built to replace the less comfortable tents, and in furnishing, all the hotels will follow a scheme suggested by the general superintendent. Over to the east of the present hotel site it is purposed to establish golf links, so that Crater Lake may claim the pastime of golf above the clouds. In short, there is ground for the boast of the superintendent:

"This certainly is going to be one of the greatest parks in all the world."

All these mountain parks face the question of extremely difficult and expensive roads. The road on the west side of Klamath Lake is nothing of which to boast. The county shrugs its shoulders and suggests that it would be an excellent thing for the United States Government to build and take care of a road which runs between an Indian reservation on one side and a Forest Reserve on the other, through a country which, therefore, pays no taxes to the county. The county frankly confesses it is broke. In some way or other, of course, these roads must be kept up to the requirements of motor-car travel, else the park must suffer. The support comes mostly from Oregon and California, and not ten per cent of the traffic is developed east of the Mississippi River.

As to the cost, Crater Lake is not counting it so much, because she is confident that, whatever the cost, the funds will go into wise outlay. The superintendent, moreover, is something of a politician himself; and when Mr. Fitzgerald, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, down in Washington, sees him coming he throws up his hands and shrieks for mercy—Mr. Fitzgerald would not willingly give a child two bits for candy unless the child had a river or harbor secreted about its person.

"You'll be wanting a million dollars next!" he wails.

"Sure I will," says Steel; "and I'll get it!"

At any rate, Steel and Jonathan Bourne, Junior, late representative for Oregon, got a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in the last appropriation for Crater Lake Park. You can very well see for yourself how it has been expended. Every park that we have owes its success to the enthusiasm and loyalty of some one man.

The Discovery of Crater Lake

SUPERINTENDENT STEEL is well entitled to the name of father of Crater Lake Park; but he was not the original discoverer of the lake. That honor belongs to John W. Hillman and a little party of prospectors, who, in June, 1853, followed back into the mountains a party of Californians who were supposed to be on a search for the famous Lost Cabin Mine—which has never yet been found. Awed and impressed by this sudden apparition of a lake on the top of a mountain, Hillman's party called it Mystery Lake; then altered the name to Deep Blue Lake. Obviously the strange color of the lake impressed them, as it does every man, red or white, who ever looks on it.

In August, 1885, Mr. Steel, who knew the country well, started in to get a Government park established there. In January, 1886, President Cleveland did set aside ten townships, and Senator Dolph, of Oregon, introduced a bill for the creation of a National Park. Such opposition developed, however, that it was not until 1902 that the park was actually created, seventeen years after Mr. Steel first started the fight for it. The final campaign was won by circulars and speeches. Each member of Congress had a printed description of the country placed before him. Mr. Steel gave lectures in the East. It was a campaign of enlightenment. All that is needed now for Crater Lake Park is a yet wider enlightenment of the people as to one of their choice possessions. The railroads can help by using the park properly. The Government can help by developing it properly. You and I can help by knowing and loving it properly.

The Crevasses of the Stevens Glacier, Mt. Rainier

The Crater Lake region is sure to come more into notice in the near future. The Southern Pacific has laid rails from Chiloquin to Kirk, within twenty-two miles of the new hotel site on the east rim. There will, before long, be trains to an eastern entrance, on what is known as the Natron cut-off. Perhaps, also, the Hill railroad management may eventually extend a branch from Bend and the Deschutes country through to Medford. This would mean a station near the north rim of Crater Lake. With a couple of new railroad entrances at feasible distances, a rim road entirely about the lake for motor tourists, and a completely developed hotel system, this park will be one of the best examples of how a country ought to handle a region of great popular appeal.

The so-called Pinnacle Creek Road, for automobile use, is finished now from the southeastern entrance as far as Kerr Notch, six and a half miles, and the rim trail is under construction both ways from that point. The United States Government says it will take seven years to do all these things. Superintendent Steel says three or four years is plenty. The great transcontinental lines do not as yet fully list this as one of the transcontinental attractions. In time they will; and by that time, let us hope, the trip thither may be made in comfort, and with less lost time.

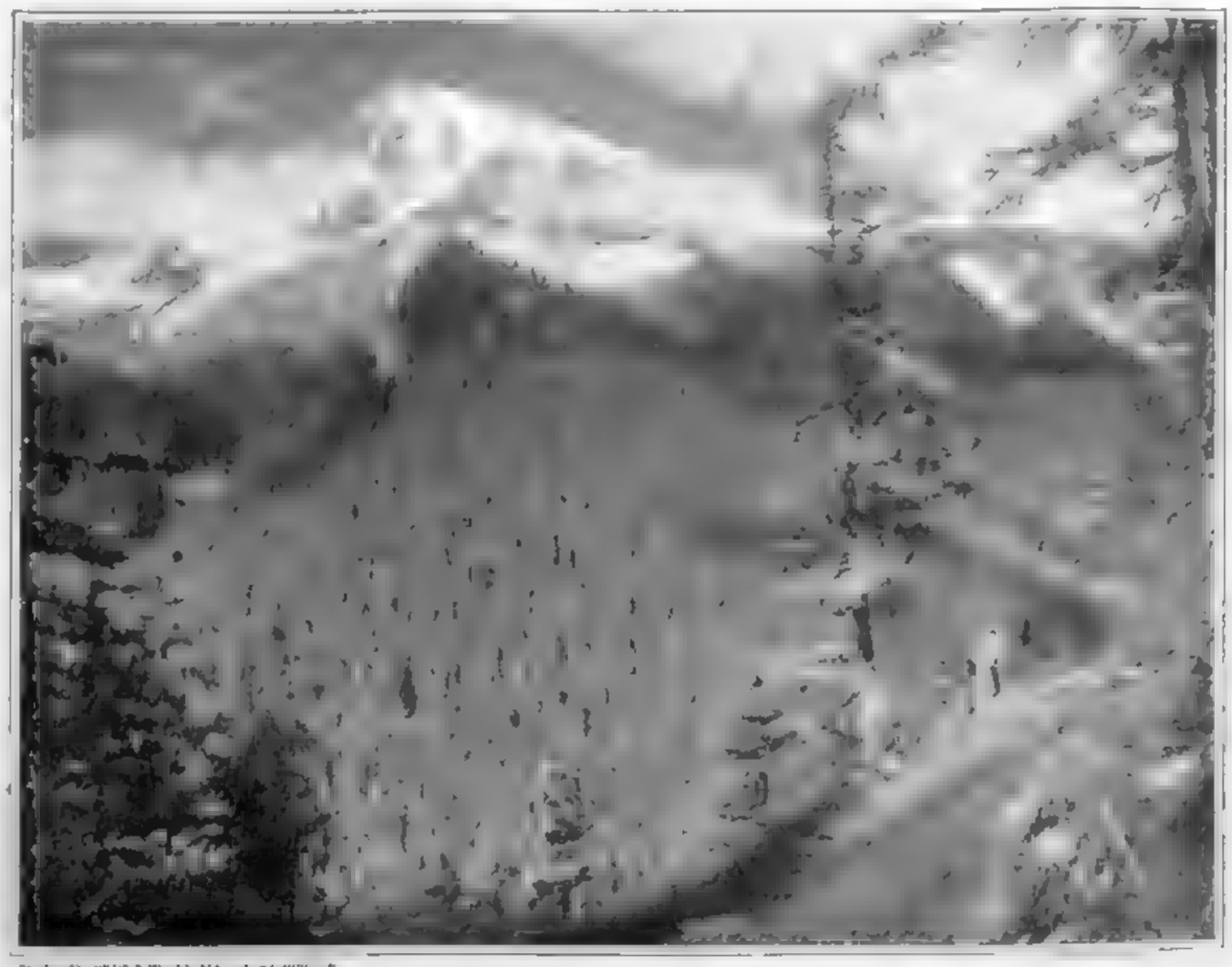
The tourist visiting Crater Lake Park should bear in mind that the automobile service is only triweekly, whether from Medford or from Chiloquin, the rail terminus beyond Klamath Falls. From Medford autos depart Monday, Wednesday and Friday, reaching the lake for six-o'clock dinner. The Chiloquin service is for Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. It is a fair day's ride in each case. The round-trip fare from Medford is eighteen dollars; that from Chiloquin is nine dollars. From Medford to Crater Lake, and out to Chiloquin, the toll is thirteen dollars and a half.

Our departure was by private automobile late in the evening, and we had the curious experience of an eighty-five-mile mountain ride at night by motor. Much of the time the sharply curving road—a magnificently built, though very dusty, thoroughfare—hangs on a sheer rock face, whence, a thousand feet below, you may hear or see the roaring mountain stream. At times the road passes through heavy forests, the headlights boring a tunnel into a wall of blackness.

Strange beings—quadrupeds and winged things—fly through the shaft of light. A little bad steering, anything wrong with the mechanism—and there would be a fine story for some newspaper. It takes good driving to run a car on those roads and no novice ought ever to be allowed to undertake it.

Southern Oregon is one of the show places of the world and the Rogue River Valley is especially famous for its beauty. Medford, bustling and active with its new commercial growth; Ashland, beautiful and quiet, a place of comfort, with its brawling mountain stream running directly through the town and its many mineral springs close by—a veritable dream of a resting place, such as you would prize if you found it in the Old World; Grants Pass, yet farther down in the defile of the Rogue—these are all towns that need only removal to Europe to be well known and well patronized. There is history here, too, dating back to the wild mining days before the peaceful time of ranch and orchard. And all these things you have simply as lagniappe—boot money—in your shopping for scenery.

Editor's Note—The final article in this series will appear in an early number.



Mt. Rainier From Government Road

Land and Labor

ONE is always meeting a facile assumption that several important difficulties might be solved by simply sending labor out into the country—for example, that we should need to bother little about immigration if the immigrants, instead of herding in industrial centers, would only distribute themselves on farms; that high cost of living might be speedily remedied by redressing the balance between urban and rural population. Of course the capacity of the country to absorb additional labor without additional capital is very limited. There is no place for it except as some farmer has a job to offer, and hardly any farmer in the North does have a job to offer in winter; in winter, in fact, there is almost always unemployment in the country itself. Much of the farm work is seasonal. We doubt that there are many rural districts where all the really available labor is fully employed for more than half of the year. If the rural districts had employment to offer which, on the whole, was more attractive than that offered in the industrial centers, we may be sure immigrants would have found it out and gone there.

The average farm hand works long hours for small wages. To set up for himself, even as a renter, requires as much capital as to establish a little business in town. It is exceedingly doubtful whether the condition of the laborer is any better in the country than in the city.

If these difficulties could have been solved by simply turning a lot of unfurnished men loose on the land, that solution would have been resorted to long ago.

SOMETHING NEW

V—(Continued)

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

On Oath, Before a Notary, the Efficient Baxter Would Have Declared That J. Preston Peters Was About to Try to Purloin the Scarab

IN ORDER that their gayety might not be diminished and the food turned to ashes in their mouths by the absence from the festive board of Mr. Beach, it was the custom for the upper servants at Blandings to postpone the start of their evening meal until dinner was nearly over abovestairs. This enabled the butler to take his place at the head of the table without fear of interruption, except for the few moments when coffee was being served.

Every night shortly before half past eight—at which hour Mr. Beach felt that he might safely withdraw from the dining room and leave Lord Emsworth and his guests to the care of Merridew, the underbutler, and James and Alfred, the footmen, returning only for a few minutes to lend tone and distinction to the distribution of cigars and liqueurs those whose rank entitled them to do so made their way to the housekeeper's room, to pass in desultory conversation the interval before Mr. Beach should arrive. And a kitchen maid, with the appearance of one who has been straining at the leash and has at last managed to get free, opened the door, with the announcement: "Mr. Beach, if you please, dinner is served." On which Mr. Beach, extending a crooked elbow toward the housekeeper, would say, "Mrs. Twemlow!" and lead the way, high and disposedly, down the passage, followed in order of rank by the rest of the company, in couples, to the steward's room.

For Blandings was not one of those houses—or shall we say hovels?—where the upper servants are expected not only to feed but to congregate before feeding in the steward's room. Under the auspices of Mr. Beach and of Mrs. Twemlow, who saw eye to eye with him in these matters, things were done properly at the castle, with the correct solemnity. To Mr. Beach and Mrs. Twemlow the suggestion that they and their peers should gather together in the same room in which they were to dine would have been as repellent as an announcement from Lady Ann Warblington, the chatelaine, that the house party would eat in the drawing-room.

When Ashe, returning from his interview with Mr. Peters, was intercepted by a respectful small boy and conducted to the housekeeper's room, he was conscious of a sensation of shrinking inferiority akin to his emotions on his first day at school. The room was full and apparently on very cordial terms with itself. Everybody seemed to know everybody and conversation was proceeding in a manner reminiscent of an Old-Home Week.

As a matter of fact, the house party at Blandings being in the main a gathering together of the Emsworth clan by way of honor and as a means of introduction to Mr. Peters and his daughter, the bride-to-be of the house, most of the occupants of the housekeeper's room were old acquaintances and were renewing interrupted friendships at the top of their voices.

A lull followed Ashe's arrival and all eyes, to his great discomfort, were turned in his direction. His embarrassment was relieved by Mrs. Twemlow, who advanced to do the honors. Of Mrs. Twemlow little need be attempted in the way of pen portraiture beyond the statement that she went as harmoniously with Mr. Beach as one of a pair of vases or one of a brace of pheasants goes with its fellow. She had the same appearance of imminent apoplexy, the same air of belonging to some dignified and haughty branch of the vegetable kingdom.

"Mr. Marson, welcome to Blandings Castle!"

Ashe had been waiting for somebody to say this, and had been a little surprised that Mr. Beach had not done so. He was also surprised at the housekeeper's ready recognition of his identity until he saw Joan in the throng.

He envied Joan. In some amazing way she contrived to look not out of place in this gathering. He himself, he felt, had impostor stamped in large characters all over him.

Mrs. Twemlow began to make the introductions—a long and tedious process, which she performed relentlessly, without haste and without scamping her work. With each member of the aristocracy of his new profession Ashe shook hands, and on each member he smiled, until his facial and dorsal muscles were like to crack under the strain. It was amazing that so many high-class domestics could be collected into one moderate-sized room.

"Miss Simpson you know," said Mrs. Twemlow, and Ashe was about to deny the charge when he perceived that Joan was the individual referred to. "Mr. Judson, Mr. Marson. Mr. Judson is the Honorable Frederick's gentleman."

"You have not the pleasure of our Freddie's acquaintance as yet, I take it, Mr. Marson?" observed Mr. Judson genially, a smooth-faced, lazy-looking young man. "Freddie repays inspection."

"Mr. Marson, permit me to introduce you to Mr. Ferris, Lord Stockheath's gentleman."

Mr. Ferris, a dark, cynical man, with a high forehead, shook Ashe by the hand.

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Marson."

"Miss Willoughby, this is Mr. Marson, who will take you in to dinner. Miss Willoughby is Lady Mildred Mant's lady. As of course you are aware, Lady Mildred, our eldest daughter, married Colonel Horace Mant, of the Scots Guards."

Ashe was not aware, and he was rather surprised that Mrs. Twemlow should have a daughter whose name was Lady Mildred; but reason, coming to his rescue, suggested that by "our" she meant the offspring of the Earl of Emsworth and his late countess. Miss Willoughby was a light-hearted damsel, with a smiling face and chestnut hair done low over her forehead.

Since etiquette forbade that he should take Joan in to dinner, Ashe was glad that at least an apparently pleasant substitute had been provided. He had just been introduced to an appallingly statuesque lady of the name of Chester, Lady Ann Warblington's own maid, and his somewhat hazy recollections of Joan's lecture on below-stairs precedence had left him with the impression that this was his destined partner. He had frankly quailed at the prospect of being linked to so much aristocratic hauteur.

When the final introduction had been made conversation broke out again. It dealt almost exclusively, so far as Ashe could follow it, with the idiosyncrasies of the employers of those present. He took it that this happened down the entire social scale below stairs. Probably the lower servants in the servants' hall discussed the upper servants in the Room, and the still-lower servants in the housemaids' sitting room discussed their superiors of the servants' hall, and the stillroom gossiped about the housemaids.

He wondered which was the bottom circle of all, and came to the conclusion that it was probably represented by the small, respectful boy who had acted as his guide a short while before. This boy, having nobody to discuss anybody with, presumably sat in solitary meditation, brooding on the odd-job man.

He thought of mentioning this theory to Miss Willoughby, but decided that it was too abstruse for her, and contented himself with speaking of some of the plays he had seen before leaving London. Miss Willoughby was an enthusiast on the drama; and, Colonel Mant's military duties keeping him much in town, she had had wide opportunities of indulging her tastes. Miss Willoughby did not like the country.

"Don't you think the country dull, Mr. Marson?"

"I shan't find it dull here," said Ashe; and he was surprised to discover, through the medium of a pleased giggle, that he was considered to have perpetrated a compliment.

Mr. Beach had appeared in due season, a little distrait, as becomes a man who has just been engaged on important and responsible duties.

"Alfred spilled the 'ock!" Ashe heard him announce to Mrs. Twemlow in a bitter undertone. "Within half an inch of his lordship's arm he spilled it."

Mrs. Twemlow murmured condolences. Mr. Beach's set expression was of one who is wondering how long the strain of existence can be supported.

"Mr. Beach, if you please, dinner is served."

The butler crushed down sad thoughts and crooked his elbow.

"Mrs. Twemlow!"

Ashe, miscalculating degrees of rank in spite of all his caution, was within a step of leaving the room out of his proper turn; but the startled pressure of Miss Willoughby's hand on his arm warned him in time. He stopped, to allow the statuesque Miss Chester to sail out under escort of a wizened little man with a horseshoe pin in his tie, whose name, in company with nearly all the others that had been spoken to him since he came into the room, had escaped Ashe's memory.

"You were nearly making a bloomer!" said Miss Willoughby brightly. "You must be absent-minded, Mr. Marson—like his lordship."

"Is Lord Emsworth absent-minded?"

Miss Willoughby laughed.

"Why, he forgets his own name sometimes! If it wasn't for Mr. Baxter, goodness knows what would happen to him."

"I don't think I know Mr. Baxter."

"You will if you stay here long. You can't get away from him if you're in the same house. Don't tell anyone I said so; but he's the real master here. His lordship's secretary, he calls himself; but he's really everything rolled into one—like the man in the play."

Ashe, searching in his dramatic memories for such a person in a play, inquired whether Miss Willoughby meant Pooh-Bah, in The Mikado, of which there had been a revival in London recently. Miss Willoughby did mean Pooh-Bah.

"But Nosey Parker is what I call him," she said. "He minds everybody's business as well as his own."

The last of the procession trickled into the steward's room. Mr. Beach said grace somewhat patronizingly. The meal began.

"You've seen Miss Peters, of course, Mr. Marson?" said Miss Willoughby, resuming conversation with the soup.

"Just for a few minutes at Paddington."

"You Have Not the Pleasure of Our Freddie's Acquaintance as Yet, I Take It, Mr. Marson?"

"Oh! You haven't been with Mr. Peters long, then?"

Ashe began to wonder whether everybody he met was going to ask him this dangerous question.

"Only a day or so."

"Where were you before that?"

Ashe was conscious of a prickly sensation. A little more of this and he might as well reveal his true mission at the castle and have done with it.

"Oh, I was—that is to say ——"

"How are you feeling after the journey, Mr. Marson?" said a voice from the other side of the table; and Ashe, looking up gratefully, found Joan's eyes looking into his with a curiously amused expression.

He was too grateful for the interruption to try to account for this. He replied that he was feeling very well, which was not the case. Miss Willoughby's interest was diverted to a discussion of the defects of the various railroad systems of Great Britain.

At the head of the table Mr. Beach had started an intimate conversation with Mr. Ferris, the valet of Lord Stockheath, the Honorable Freddie's "poor old Percy"—a cousin, Ashe had gathered, of Aline Peters' husband-to-be. The butler spoke in more measured tones even than usual, for he was speaking of tragedy.

"We were all extremely sorry, Mr. Ferris, to read of your misfortune."

Ashe wondered what had been happening to Mr. Ferris.

"Yes, Mr. Beach," replied the valet, "it's a fact we made a pretty poor show." He took a sip from his glass. "There is no concealing the fact—I have never tried to conceal it—that poor Percy is not bright."

Miss Chester entered the conversation.

"I couldn't see where the girl—what's her name?—was so very pretty. All the papers had pieces where it was said she was attractive, and what not; but she didn't look anything special to me from her photograph in the Mirror. What his lordship could see in her I can't understand."

"The photo didn't quite do her justice, Miss Chester. I was present in court, and I must admit she was *svelte*—decidedly *svelte*. And you must recollect that Percy, from childhood up, has always been a highly susceptible young nut. I speak as one who knows him."

Mr. Beach turned to Joan.

"We are speaking of the Stockheath breach-of-promise case, Miss Simpson, of which you doubtless read in the newspapers. Lord Stockheath is a nephew of ours. I fancy his lordship was greatly shocked at the occurrence."

"He was," chimed in Mr. Judson from down the table. "I happened to overhear him speaking of it to young Freddie. It was in the library on the morning when the judge made his final summing up and slipped into Lord Stockheath so proper. 'If ever anything of this sort happens to you, you young scalawag,' he says to Freddie——"

Mr. Beach coughed.

"Mr. Judson!"

"Oh, it's all right, Mr. Beach; we're all in the family here, in a manner of speaking. It isn't as though I was telling it to a lot of outsiders. I'm sure none of these ladies or gentlemen will let it go beyond this room?"

The company murmured virtuous acquiescence.

"He says to Freddie: 'You young scalawag, if ever anything of this sort happens to you, you can pack up and go off to Canada, for I'll have nothing more to do with you!'—or words to that effect. And Freddie says: 'Oh, dash it all, gov'nor, you know—what?'"

However short Mr. Judson's imitation of his master's voice may have fallen of histrionic perfection, it pleased the company. The room shook with mirth.

"Mr. Judson is clever, isn't he, Mr. Marson?" whispered Miss Willoughby, gazing with adoring eyes at the speaker.

Mr. Beach thought it expedient to deflect the conversation. By the unwritten law of the room every individual had the right to speak as freely as he wished about his own personal employer; but Judson, in his opinion, sometimes went a trifle too far.

"Tell me, Mr. Ferris," he said, "does his lordship seem to bear it well?"

"Oh, Percy is bearing it well enough."

Ashe noted as a curious fact that, though the actual valet of any person under discussion spoke of him almost affectionately by his Christian name, the rest of the company used the greatest ceremony and gave him his title with all respect. Lord Stockheath was Percy to Mr. Ferris, and the Honorable Frederick Threepwood was Freddie to Mr. Judson; but to Ferris Mr. Judson's Freddie was the Honorable Frederick, and to Judson Mr. Ferris' Percy was Lord Stockheath. It was rather a pleasant form of etiquette, and struck Ashe as somehow vaguely feudal.

"Percy," went on Mr. Ferris, "is bearing it like a little Briton—the damages not having come out of his pocket! It's his old father—who had to pay them—that's taking it to heart. You might say he's doing himself proud. He says it's brought on his gout again, and that's why he's gone to Droitwich instead of coming here. I dare say Percy isn't sorry."

"It has been," said Mr. Beach, summing up, "a most unfortunate occurrence. The modern tendency of the lower classes to get above themselves is becoming more marked every day. The young female in this case was a barmaid. It is deplorable that our young men should allow themselves to get into such entanglements."

"The wonder to me," said the irrepressible Mr. Judson, "is that more of these young chaps don't get put through it. His lordship wasn't so wide of the mark when he spoke like that to Freddie in the library that time. I give you my word, it's a mercy young Freddie hasn't been up against it! When we were in London, Freddie and I," he went on, cutting through Mr. Beach's disapproving cough, "before what you might call the crash, when his lordship cut off supplies and had him come back and live here, Freddie was asking for it—believe me! Fell in love with a girl in the chorus of one of the theaters. Used to send me to the stage door with notes and flowers every night for weeks, as regular as clockwork.

"What was her name? It's on the tip of my tongue. Funny how you forget these things! Freddie was pretty far gone. I recollect once, happening to be looking round his room in his absence, coming on a poem he had written to her. It was hot stuff—very hot! If that girl has kept those letters it's my belief we shall see Freddie following in Lord Stockheath's footsteps."

There was a hush of delighted horror round the table.

"Goo'!" said Miss Chester's escort with unction. "You don't say so, Mr. Judson! It wouldn't half make them look silly if the Honorable Frederick was sued for breach just now, with the wedding coming on!"

"There is no danger of that."

It was Joan's voice, and she had spoken with such decision that she had the ear of the table immediately. All eyes looked in her direction. Ashe was struck with her expression. Her eyes were shining as though she were angry; and there was a flush on her face. A phrase he had used in the train came back to him. She looked like a princess in disguise.

"What makes you say that, Miss Simpson?" inquired Judson, annoyed. He had been at pains to make the company's flesh creep, and it appeared to be Joan's aim to undo his work.

It seemed to Ashe that Joan made an effort of some sort, as though she were pulling herself together and remembering where she was.

"Well," she said, almost lamely, "I don't think it at all likely that he proposed marriage to this girl."

"You never can tell," said Judson. "My impression is that Freddie did. It's my belief that there's something on his mind these days. Before he went to London with his lordship the other day he was behaving very strange. And since he came back it's my belief that he has been brooding. And I happen to know he followed the affair of Lord Stockheath pretty closely, for he clipped the clippings out of the paper. I found them myself one day when I happened to be going through his things."

Beach cleared his throat—his mode of indicating that he was about to monopolize the conversation.

"And in any case, Miss Simpson," he said solemnly, "with things come to the pass they 'ave come to, and the juries—drawn from the lower classes—in the nasty mood they're in, it don't seem hardly necessary in these affairs for there to have been any definite promise of marriage. What with all this socialism rampant, they seem so 'appy at the idea of being able to do one of us an injury that they give heavy damages without it. A few ardent expressions, and that's enough for them. You recollect the Havant case, and when young Lord Mount Anville was sued? What it comes to is that anarchy is getting the upper hand, and the lower classes are getting above themselves. It's all these 'ere cheap newspapers that does it. They tempt the lower classes to get above themselves.

"Only this morning I had to speak severe to that young fellow, James, the footman. He was a good young fellow once and did his work well, and had a proper respect for people; but now he's gone all to pieces. And why? Because six months ago he had the rheumatism, and had the audacity to send his picture and a testimonial, saying that it 'ad cured 'im of awful agonies, to Watkinshaw's Supreme Ointment, and they printed it in half a dozen papers; and it 'as been the ruin of James. He 'as got above himself and don't care for nobody."

"Well, all I can say is," resumed Judson, "that I 'ope to goodness nothing won't happen to Freddie of that kind; for it's not every girl that would have him."

There was a murmur of assent to this truth.

"Now your Miss Peters," said Judson tolerantly—"she seems a nice little thing."

"She would be pleased to hear you say so," said Joan.

"Joan Valentine!" cried Judson, bringing his hands down on the tablecloth with a bang. "I've just remembered it. That was the name of the girl Freddie used to

Mr. Peters' Twitching Fingers Were About to Close on His Treasure

write the letters and poems to; and that's who it is I've been trying all along to think you reminded me of, Miss Simpson. You're the living image of Freddie's Miss Joan Valentine."

Ashe was not normally a young man of particularly ready wit; but on this occasion it may have been that the shock of this revelation, added to the fact that something must be done speedily if Joan's discomfiture was not to become obvious to all present, quickened his intelligence. Joan, usually so sure of herself, so ready of resource, had gone temporarily to pieces. She was quite white, and her eyes met Ashe's with almost a hunted expression.

If the attention of the company was to be diverted, something drastic must be done. A mere verbal attempt to change the conversation would be useless. Inspiration descended on Ashe.

In the days of his childhood in Hayling, Massachusetts, he had played truant from Sunday school again and again in order to frequent the society of one Eddie Waffles, the official bad boy of the locality. It was not so much Eddie's charm of conversation which had attracted him though that had been great—as the fact that Eddie, among his other accomplishments, could give a lifelike imitation of two cats fighting in a back yard; and Ashe felt that he could never be happy until he had acquired this gift from the master.

In course of time he had done so. It might be that his absences from Sunday school in the cause of art had left him in later years a trifle shaky on the subject of the Kings of Judah, but his hard-won accomplishment had made him in request at every smoking concert at Oxford; and it saved the situation now.

"Have you ever heard two cats fighting in a backyard?" he inquired casually of his neighbor, Miss Willoughby.

The next moment the performance was in full swing. Young Master Waffles, who had devoted considerable study to his subject, had conceived the combat of his imaginary cats in a broad, almost Homeric, vein. The unpleasantness opened with a low gurgling sound, answered by another a shade louder and possibly querulous. A momentary silence was followed by a long-drawn note, like rising wind, cut off abruptly and succeeded by a grumbling mutter. The response to this was a couple of sharp howls. Both parties to the contest then indulged in a discontented whining, growing louder and louder until the air was full of electric menace. And then, after another sharp silence, came war, noisy and overwhelming.

Standing at Master Waffles' side, you could follow almost every movement of that intricate fray, and mark how now one and now the other of the battlers gained a short-lived advantage. Shrewd blows were taken and given, and with the eye of the imagination you could see the air thick with flying fur. Louder and louder grew the din; and then, at its height, it ceased in one crescendo of tumult, and all was still, save for a faint, angry moaning.

Such was the cat fight of Master Eddie Waffles; and Ashe, though falling short of the master, as a pupil must, rendered it faithfully and with energy.

To say that the attention of the company was diverted from Mr. Judson and his remarks by the extraordinary noises which proceeded from Ashe's lips would be to offer a mere shadowy suggestion of the sensation caused by his efforts. At first, stunned surprise, then consternation, greeted him. Beach, the butler, was staring as one watching a miracle, nearer apparently to apoplexy than ever. On the faces of the others every shade of emotion was to be seen.

That this should be happening in the steward's room at Blandings Castle was scarcely less amazing than if it had taken place in a cathedral. The upper servants, rigid in their seats, looked at each other, like Cortés' soldiers—"with a wild surmise."

The last faint moan of feline defiance died away and silence fell on the room. Ashe turned to Miss Willoughby.

"Just like that!" he said. "I was telling Miss Willoughby," he added apologetically to Mrs. Twemlow, "about the cats in London. They were a great trial."

For perhaps three seconds his social reputation swayed to and fro in the balance, while the company pondered on what he had done. It was new; but was it humorous or was it vulgar? There is nothing the English upper servant so abhors as vulgarity. That was what the steward's room was trying to make up its mind about.

Then Miss Willoughby threw her shapely head back and the squeal of her laughter smote the ceiling. And at that the company made its decision. Everybody laughed. Everybody urged Ashe to give an encore. Everybody was his friend and admirer—everybody but Beach, the butler. Beach, the butler, was shocked to his very core. His heavy-lidded eyes rested on Ashe with disapproval. It seemed to Beach, the butler, that this young man Marson had got above himself.

Ashe found Joan at his side. Dinner was over and the diners were making for the housekeeper's room.

"Thank you, Mr. Marson. That was very good of you and very clever." Her eyes twinkled. "But what a terrible chance you took! You have made yourself a popular success, but you might just as easily have become a social outcast. As it is, I am afraid Mr. Beach did not approve."

"I'm afraid he didn't. In a minute or so I'm going to fawn on him and make all well."

Joan lowered her voice.

"It was quite true, what that odious little man said. Freddie Threepwood did write me letters. Of course I destroyed them long ago."

"But weren't you running the risk in coming here that he might recognize you? Wouldn't that make it rather unpleasant for you?"

"I never met him, you see. He only wrote to me. When he came to the station to meet us this evening he looked startled to see me; so I suppose he remembers my appearance. But Aline will have told him that my name is Simpson."

"That fellow Judson said he was brooding. I think you ought to put him out of his misery."

"Mr. Judson must have been letting his imagination run away with him. He is out of his misery. He sent a horrid fat man named Jones to see me in London about the letters, and I told him I had destroyed them. He must have let Threepwood know that by this time."

"I see."

They went into the housekeeper's room. Mr. Beach was standing before the fire. Ashe went up to him. It was not an easy matter to mollify Mr. Beach. Ashe tried the most tempting topics. He mentioned swollen feet—he dangled the lining of Mr. Beach's stomach temptingly before his eyes; but the butler was not to be softened. Only when Ashe turned the conversation to the subject of the museum did a flicker of animation stir him.

Mr. Beach was fond and proud of the Blandings Castle museum. It had been the means of getting him into print for the first and only time in his life. A year before, a representative of the Intelligencer and Echo, from the neighboring town of Blatchford, had come to visit the castle on behalf of his paper; and he had begun one section of his article with the words: "Under the auspices of Mr. Beach, my genial cicerone, I then visited his lordship's museum——" Mr. Beach treasured the clipping.

He responded almost amiably to Ashe's questions. Yes; he had seen the scarab—he pronounced it scayrub—which Mr. Peters had presented to his lordship. He understood that his lordship thought very highly of Mr. Peters' scayrub. He had overheard Mr. Baxter telling his lordship that it was extremely valuable.

"Mr. Beach," said Ashe, "I wonder whether you would take me to see Lord Emsworth's museum?"

Mr. Beach regarded him heavily.

"I shall be pleased to take you to see 'is lordship's museum," he replied.

One can attribute only to the nervous mental condition following the interview he had had with Ashe in his bedroom the rash act Mr. Peters attempted shortly after dinner.

Mr. Peters, shortly after dinner, was in a dangerous and reckless mood. He had had a wretched time all through the meal. The Blandings *chef* had extended himself in honor of the house party, and had produced a succession of dishes, which in happier days Mr. Peters would have devoured eagerly. To be compelled by considerations of health to pass these by was enough to damp the liveliest optimist. Mr. Peters had suffered terribly. Occasions of feasting and revelry like the present were for him so many battlefields, on which greed fought with prudence.

All through dinner he brooded on Ashe's defiance and the horrors which were to result from that defiance. One of Mr. Peters' most painful memories was of a two weeks' visit he had once paid to Mr. Muldoon's interesting establishment. He had been persuaded to go there by a brother millionaire whom, until then, he had always regarded as a friend. The memory of Mr. Muldoon's cold shower baths and brisk system of physical exercise still lingered.

The thought that under Ashe's rule he was to go through privately very much what he had gone through in the company of a gang of other dyspeptic millionaires at Muldoon's froze him with horror. He knew those health cranks who believed that all mortal ailments could be cured by cold showers and brisk walks. They were all alike and they nearly killed you. His worst nightmare was the one where he dreamed he was back at Muldoon's, leading his horse up that endless hill outside the village.

He would not stand it! He would be hanged if he'd stand it! He would defy Ashe. But if he defied Ashe, Ashe would go away; and then whom could he find to recover his lost scarab?

Mr. Peters began to appreciate the true meaning of the phrase about the horns of a dilemma. The horns of this dilemma occupied his attention until the end of the dinner. He shifted uneasily from one to the other and back again. He rose from the table in a thoroughly overwrought condition of mind. And then, somehow, in the course of the evening, he found himself alone in the hall, not a dozen feet from the unlocked museum door.

It was not immediately that he appreciated the significance of this fact. He had come to the hall because its solitude suited his mood. It was only after he had finished

(Continued on Page 44)

"Lord Emsworth's Private Secretary Suspects Us. He's the Man We—I Mean You—Have Got to Look Out For"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 17, 1915

American Shipping

PROBABLY the La Follette Seaman's Act will come up for reconsideration at the next session of Congress. It already costs more to operate a ship under American registry than under foreign registry. That the first effect of the La Follette Act—when it goes into operation next November—will be to increase the American cost, especially on the Pacific, seems quite certain.

We already have a handicap under which our ships cannot compete on even terms with foreign ships. To increase that handicap does not promise much for American competition on the seas.

To be sure, the act contemplates imposing our ideas as to how sailors should be treated on every other nation. In compliance with its terms our State Department has already denounced shipping clauses in treaties with twenty-one nations—which may leave us by November without a treaty with any important nation on earth. If we could impose our ideas as to the treatment of seamen on every other nation it would be a fine thing; but that so relatively small a tail can wag such a comparatively big dog seems very doubtful.

We rather expect that England, Germany, France, Italy, Japan, and so on, will reply that, since our maritime ideas have so far resulted in pretty complete failure, they will beg to continue relying on their own ideas.

In that case really four courses are open to us: By giving shipowners a free hand we can largely or wholly remove the conditions that prevent American ships from competing with foreign ships. Or we can overcome the handicap of American registry by paying a compensating bounty out of the Treasury. Or the Government can own and operate merchant ships; in which case the handicap would be compensated out of the Treasury just the same, along with whatever additional handicaps government ownership imposed. Or we can do as we have done during the last generation and simply stay out of the game.

The situation may be compendiously expressed thus: Compete, pay a bounty, or shut up!

Magna Charta

WE NOTICE the Constitutional Convention at Albany dutifully paused to commemorate the seven hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Great Charter—which naturally inspires the melancholy reflection that people who are in a position to get liberty never need it very much. If they needed it very badly they would not be in a position to get it. A combination of senators surrounding the President on the White House lawn, and threatening to throw him bodily out of office unless he stopped trenching on the Senate's ancient privileges, would give us, more or less, a picture of that famous gathering at Runnymede in June, 1215, when the barons made King John sign the charter.

John had vexed them by levying a royal tax on them, as his tenants-in-chief, at the unprecedented rate of three marks on a knight's fee. He had extended the royal forests to their injury. Feudal law made him the guardian of their widows and orphans, and he had muleted his wards in a manner which the barons considered outrageous. He had set up royal courts that interfered with the pleasant graft of their private jurisdictions. So they drew up a charter which reestablished the feudal order as it had existed a hundred years before—for Magna Charta is distinctively a reactionary document, setting up virtually nothing new, but merely reaffirming the old.

Incidentally they attended to other little baronial grievances, as by providing that money borrowed from a Jew should not bear interest during a minority, and that no man should be arrested on complaint of a woman unless the charge was that of having murdered her husband.

If our militant senators were astute they would strengthen their own hands by attaching other interests—say, the House of Representatives—to their cause. So the barons provided that the privileges secured to themselves should also extend to subtenants. It has been pointed out, however, that some of the barons, while holding certain lands as tenants-in-chief, held other lands as subtenants; and in that case they were merely extending the charter privileges to themselves. They threw a broader anchor to windward by providing that no freeman should be imprisoned or deprived of his freehold, or outlawed or molested, except by the lawful judgment of his peers and by the law of the land—but that was not an innovation.

Meanwhile more than half the population of England were serfs, and with them the Magna Charta had nothing to do. Having no liberty, they were in no position to get any as their descendants sadly discovered when they tried it in the next century.

Combining for Foreign Trade

THERE is no attempt to apply the Sherman Act to railroads, whose rates as everybody knows—are made and maintained by joint understanding. Agricultural and labor combinations are specifically exempt from it. It is now urged that it be annulled or suspended in respect of combinations to promote foreign trade.

It has been pointed out that all but the very big concerns are at a heavy disadvantage in getting new foreign trade. For that purpose nothing else really takes the place of a personal representative on the ground, who can talk with the foreign buyer face to face and study the trade situation in the intimate, immediate interest of the particular goods the American manufacturer has to sell. But the maintenance of a foreign selling organization costs a good deal of money. No single small manufacturer could possibly undertake it on his own account. At a recent conference between New England business men and the new Federal Trade Commission various speakers urged that manufacturers must be permitted to combine for the purpose of promoting foreign trade. Counsel for manufacturing chemists presented the draft of a bill to sanction such combinations. Obviously twenty or thirty manufacturers might maintain a foreign selling organization fairly adequate to the needs of all, where no one of them could possibly do it on his own account.

Of course that immediately brings the whole trust bogy on the stage, and the Trade Commission intimated a powerful doubt as to whether Congress—in its present belief that trust busting is the most popular of political sports—would lift the prohibitions of the Sherman Act in favor of coöperation for export business. Probably the situation is simply that by coöperation we can get a good deal of foreign trade which we can never get without coöperation.

Not Socialism

EUROPEAN governments are doing many things they never did before—in England, for example, running the railroads, insuring vessels, taking power to assume control of all factories; in Germany, taking over the grain trade, fixing prices on some commodities, prescribing what sort of bread shall be baked; in France, commandeering certain industrial works. But these things are not socialistic.

There is nothing necessarily in the least socialistic, for instance, in government ownership of railroads. The government owns the railroads; but who owns the government? In Russia the bureaucracy owns it; and the twenty-odd thousand miles of railroad, title to which the Russian Government holds, are no more instruments of socialism than the Czar's bodyguard is. The Prussian Government owns all the railroads in the state and various other utilities; but—under the merest sham of a popular franchise that renders the votes of the masses largely nugatory—there is no taint of socialism in that ownership.

Socialism without democracy is a contradiction in terms; and in France and England, we know, war has made government less democratic than it was before.

Our Own Jarndyce

IN 1861 Virginia had a debt. In the subsequent unpleasantness between North and South the new state of West Virginia was carved out of Old Dominion territory; and, as the new commonwealth embraced roughly a third of the area and resources of the old, the principle that it should assume part of the old state debt was acknowledged. In 1871 Virginia decided that one-third was the portion of the old debt to be assumed by West Virginia and issued some certificates to bondholders on that assumption. West Virginia demurred and presently litigation began.

Four years ago the Supreme Court decided that West Virginia should assume seven million-and-odd dollars of the principal of the old debt, but left the question of accrued interest open. Whereupon there was further litigation; and last month the Supreme Court gave another judgment for twelve million-and-odd dollars, including interest. But that this settles the matter is by no means certain.

Enforcing judgment on a sovereign state against the state's will is an excessively delicate and difficult matter. The fifty-five years that have already elapsed since the disputed money was borrowed may be extended indefinitely. The bondholders' surest guaranty of getting their money is that the state's credit will suffer if it does not pay.

Where "Undemocratic" Comes In

CONGRESSIONAL waste is a big item in army and navy appropriations. Useless navy yards and useless army posts absorb millions yearly. Presidents and ex-Presidents, Secretaries of War and Secretaries of the Navy, army and navy officers—everybody, in short, in a position to speak with authority on the subject—has called attention to the fact, until the entire literate population must now be acquainted with it.

An obvious remedy is to take the spending of army and navy money out of the hands of Congress and put it into the hands of a responsible body of experts; but that proposal is denounced as undemocratic. The present theory is that if Illinois will help Maine to a navy yard for which the nation has no particular use, then Maine will help Illinois to an army post for which the nation has no particular use; and by a comprehensive extension of that amiable system of give and take every locality will have a more or less equal hand in the grab bag, and the money will be distributed with democratic equality.

A little examination, however, will disclose the hollowness of this theory. The persons who actually benefit by congressional pork—whether in the form of navy yards, army posts, extravagant public buildings or supererogatory river improvements—are very few in number. An accurate survey would show enormous areas of population that get not even a briny dripping from the pork barrel. Essentially it is for the benefit of a very limited body of individuals, perpetuating itself by specious pleas to local pride.

To that system Congress is naturally wedded. It is pleasant for this congressman to get a liberal appropriation for his army post, because that helps him hold his job. It is equally pleasant for that congressman to get a liberal appropriation for his navy yard. When the two can help themselves by simply tapping a wealthy public treasury, self-interest, operating along the line of least resistance, keeps them log-rolling. But there comes a point in spending the money where both confess their own incompetence and call in experts, on whose judgment they rely.

Why is it essentially undemocratic to move that point farther back and rely on experts from the beginning? When it comes to the mechanism by which a gun is operated, for example, these congressmen do not consider it undemocratic to fall back on the judgment of experts. Why is it less democratic to take the judgment of experts for the whole job?

We opine that if you should examine it closely you would find the point at which reliance on experts ceased to be democratic would be precisely that point which excluded the waste.

The Hard Way

IN APRIL Germany's imports from the United States were represented by a blank line, while England's amounted to nearly a hundred million dollars. It is not impossible that, with the Allies finally victorious, Germany will emerge from the war in better position than England, simply because she has not been able to use her credit outside her own borders. If she could buy foodstuffs, copper, petroleum, shrapnel, and so on, here—or, rather, if the seas were open to her, so she could import freely—no doubt she would be piling up a big debt, to be liquidated later on.

Experts figured out some time ago that, with imports of petroleum shut off, the empire must be about at the end of its resources in gasoline; but the latest reports from the front indicate no lack of that necessary article of modern warfare. With only her own factories to draw on, her armies and Austria's seem amply supplied with powder and shrapnel.

Under the compulsion of necessity, remarkable economies and industrial developments are doubtless taking place. It is easier to get through a pinch by borrowing; but inability to borrow is a wonderful promoter of thrift and invention.

WOUNDED IN THE LEFT HAND

By Reginald Earle Looker

A Senegalese "Left-Hander" Under Arrest at Dunkirk

THESE are the bottom cases, sahib," said the havildar—native sergeant—pointing to the bottom of his list of wounded. "They are both left-hand."

He was the dispatcher of motor ambulances from the Indian Army Field Ambulance, then stationed by the roadside, nine kilometers northeast of Béthune.

"Left-hand cases?" I inquired.

He was already sorting, list in hand, the line of slightly wounded men who were waiting with Oriental patience for the next convoy of ambulances.

Two men stepped sullenly out of the line at his command. They did not have the smart, quick, athletic step that Sikhs usually have. The Sikhs are the tall, lithe, black-bearded men who form a third of the Indian Army of seventy thousand men fighting in the north of France. It is one of their religious principles never to cut their thick beards. They part them carefully in the middle and tie them over their heads under the khaki turban.

Even when they are wounded and can still walk they have the magnificent easy, swinging stride, peculiar to Orientals, which European troops never can acquire.

The Meaning of Left-Hand Wounds

THESE two men were wounded in their left hands, as I could see by the bandages; none too careful bandages they seemed—much too loose for a good bandage. I wondered at that, because the Indian Medical Corps is wonderfully efficient, even in small things.

"Cigarette?" asked the first man when he reached my ambulance.

"Little while," said I shortly, because there was something strange about these two men that I could not understand.

They were sullen—and with the havildar there! A sepoy—native private—had asked me abruptly for the cigarette, which I had for him in my pocket, without the usual diplomatic beating about the bush considered courteous among the Indian troops. They were standing at the back of my car now.

"*Ooper!*"—Up!—said I in Hindustani. "*Age jau!*"—Move forward! I added, using my small stock of native words—a vocabulary of about fifteen in all—sparingly and assisting it with recently acquired Parisian gestures.

I was trying to tell them to get up into the ambulance and move forward. They got in, but very slowly.

"*Age jau!*" I repeated.

I wanted the weight in the front of the car and not in the back; but when they still stared at me with insolent tolerance, and made no effort to obey, I exclaimed: "*Poggle! Poggle! Poggle! Age jau!*" Fool! Fool! Fool! Move forward!

Both gazed at me with the blandest Oriental expression of "I'm not the fool you're yelling at, of course." I was in despair.

"*Age jau!*" I called again. They were stubborn and would do nothing.

Then the havildar came back and I appealed to him. I could not make them budge.

"Oh, it is so!" said he quite calmly. "These men, the sons of pigs for a thousand generations," he continued, "understand what you are saying as well as I do. They are simply 'left-hand cases' as I have said. Some of them are stubborn this way it's the only chance a sepoy has to be stubborn, you know. There is nothing to be done; and the padishah, the king-emperor, has said that I must not strike them."

No; I did not understand, but pretended to.

"Yes; that's so," said I noncommittally.

"Hold your ambulance but a moment, sahib. I have an order to go with these two men."

The order was handed to me open—not even folded over. It read:

"To Lieutenant Colonel ——, R. A. M. C., Officer Commanding Clearing Hospital Number ——, Army, —— Division.

"*Sir:* I have the honor to report that the following men of the Sixth Jats were admitted to this Field Ambulance on November 14, 1914. They are wounded in the left hand in each case, and there is blackening on the surface of the hand round the wound in the palm. Exit wound is, in my opinion, on the back of the hand. . . ." (Signed by the surgeon.)

The names were attached to a separate slip:

Sixth Jats, C Company, Number 1825.
Rank, Sepoy. Name, Man Chand.
Sixth Jats, F Company, Number 3330.
Rank, Sepoy. Name, Smat Singh.

Both these men were shot the following afternoon for "proved self-mutilation."

Left-hand cases became a synonym for self-inflicted wounds. During any war these occur to a greater or smaller degree. I have not found any publishable statistics on the subject. It is not a publishable subject in a country at war; but it exists, nevertheless, as do many other things that are beyond the pale. It is a part of the wastage of men in war. There are many casualties and illnesses that enter the list, and left-hand wounds form only one infinitesimal part, but is as steady a waste as the scrapping of other war material.

Three days and three nights in the trenches is the regular "bit" that the British regiments do. Then they have their relief and a day and night of rest.

Twenty minutes in the trenches when it is "goin' middlin'" is an amusing experience. The shells, after the first ten or twelve, become interesting—though the first few are matters of extreme anxiety.

On the second of November we were under shell fire with a British army medical section at Béthune. It was not the first time the section had been under serious fire. At the first or second shell that "nosed over," one of the men ducked so violently that he dropped his cap. He did not have his chin strap fastened, as did some of the others. It was a pure case of nerves.

The tenth and eleventh are more interesting. The twelfth is splendidly exhilarating.

Shell intoxication—and it does exist—is a champagne light-headedness combined with an assured sense of personal superiority. The "bearer" section was drunk with it, and the men whistled as they rushed in the stretchers. Close but safe shelling has that intoxication; when the enemy begins to get the range and things are not quite so safe it is a different situation.

What sort of sensation is it when a line of shells is bursting at thirty-yard intervals right into your three-and-a-half-foot trench, with the precision of higher mathematics?

Three days and three nights of potting at the other fellow from carefully calculated rifle rests, with always the chance of the enemy's getting the range more accurately than is comfortable and the added danger of exposing a hand or a head for a second above the parapet of the trench, help to produce trench nerves.

"We can go through anything so long as we have tobacco," writes a Yorkshireman to his family. Smoking

A Sixty-Five-Year-Old Turco Serving in the Ranks

is a comforting sedative. Great excitement can be quickly gotten under control by six or seven deep inhalations of a cigarette.

There is a constant strain in having to be ready to repel a crawling attack or to defend "craters," which may be made anywhere in the trench and at several points at one time by the enemy's sapping and mining.

During the extremely cold weather the field ambulances received many cases of frozen feet from the British trenches at Laventie. The officers said the unusual number was because they had ordered that the men must not stamp their feet to warm them, thereby giving away the position of the British trenches to the German sappers, who were constantly undermining them.

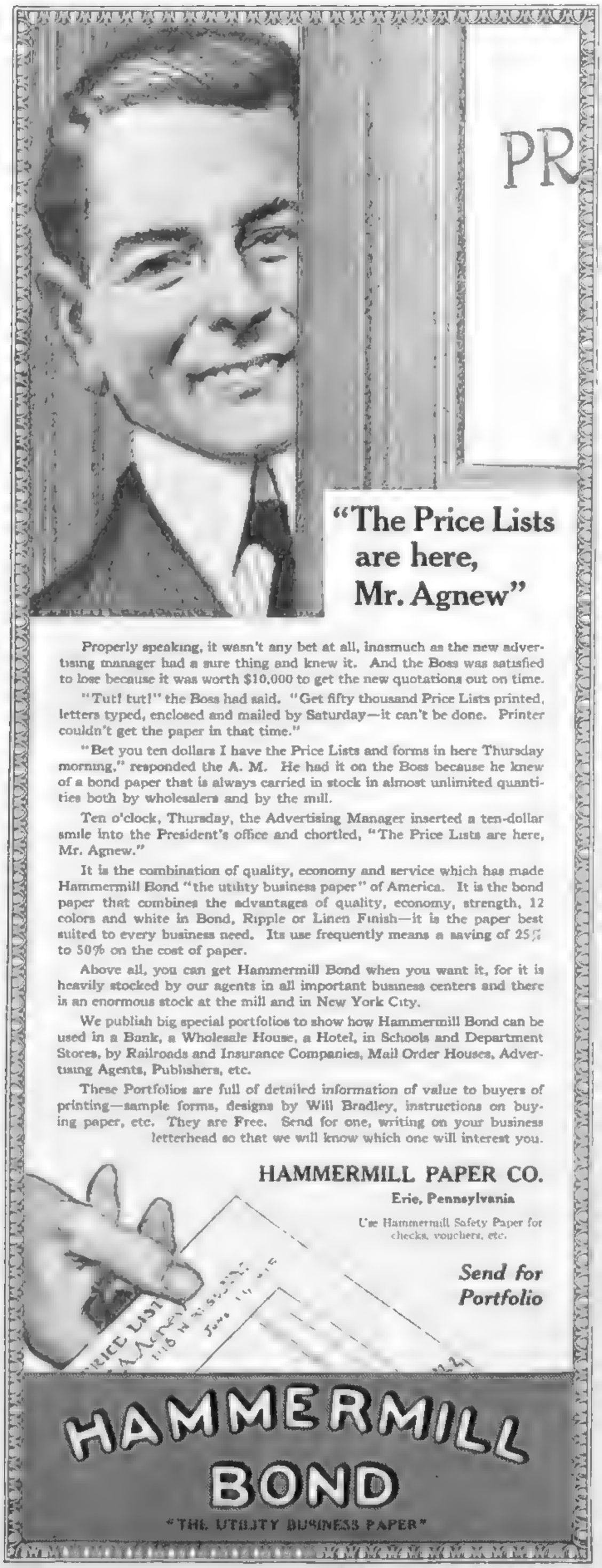
The Causes of Trench Nerves

FIRST, the spasmodic shelling; then the "light" and more effective shelling; then the heavy and concentrated annihilation, followed by the infantry attack through the part of the line that has been flattened down by the shells; then the bayonet and quickly-brought-up machine gun—is the regular formula for the attack. It rarely varies.

It is not the stunning shock of near and repeated explosions that break the eardrums or the familiar sight of the fan-shaped black bursts of greasy smoke and earth of the Jack Johnsons, which gradually spread out and combine into a long bank of smoke, like the trail an express train leaves as it passes, nor is it the whine of the fragments that come out of the smoke, that produces trench nerves. Nor is it the sight of men swiftly ripped apart by these pieces, crumpled and crushed to the ground and buried, still struggling, in an upheaval of an adjoining trench; nor is it the fear of this—but all these things, repeated over and over again, and combined with accumulated fatigue, the physical exhaustion of trench fighting, and the despondency of weeks and months of defensive. It is the strain of holding positions, as have both the French and English for months, that military textbooks would say ought to be quickly abandoned.

It is the continual drain of pure dogged grit and determination that wears the men out. The trench fighter, when he comes back for his rest, looks like an athlete who has done the last half mile on his nerve alone. Strength of mind and will cannot keep the body going after nervous control snaps.

A case of nervous breakdown is aggravated and turned into an acute case by heavy shell fire. The accumulated weight of fatigue grows heavier and heavier, until at last



"The Price Lists are here, Mr. Agnew"

Properly speaking, it wasn't any bet at all, inasmuch as the new advertising manager had a sure thing and knew it. And the Boss was satisfied to lose because it was worth $10,000 to get the new quotations out on time.

"Tut! tut!" the Boss had said. "Get fifty thousand Price Lists printed, letters typed, enclosed and mailed by Saturday—it can't be done. Printer couldn't get the paper in that time."

"Bet you ten dollars I have the Price Lists and forms in here Thursday morning," responded the A. M. He had it on the Boss because he knew of a bond paper that is always carried in stock in almost unlimited quantities both by wholesalers and by the mill.

Ten o'clock, Thursday, the Advertising Manager inserted a ten-dollar smile into the President's office and chortled, "The Price Lists are here, Mr. Agnew."

It is the combination of quality, economy and service which has made Hammermill Bond "the utility business paper" of America. It is the bond paper that combines the advantages of quality, economy, strength, 12 colors and white in Bond, Ripple or Linen Finish—it is the paper best suited to every business need. Its use frequently means a saving of 25% to 50% on the cost of paper.

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"THE UTILITY BUSINESS PAPER"

the soldier cannot endure it and goes insane. Stark, raving mad he is for minutes—possibly hours.

Many times in the last few weeks he has thought—and scornfully of the easiest and quickest way to be sent back out of range; so he blows off most of the palm of his hand or perhaps shoots through his foot. The pain jerks him back to consciousness and he instantly repents. Did anyone see? Will anyone tell? Is it plainly —— What can he tell his officer? At least he is going out of the trench. Will anyone understand what he did and why—and care for him as he deserves?

No; yet medical officers tell me that it is not cowardice—this looking away and pulling the trigger—but desperation in most cases; sometimes the desperation of fear—more usually what they call cumulative nerve exhaustion.

I have carried in my ambulance eleven cases of dazed, silent men insane from shell fire. I have carried ninety cases of self-mutilation, including four German prisoners who were captured apparently in the height of attack, just after they had shot themselves.

It was fully realized at the time that these men did not shoot themselves from cowardice, or for pensions; but it was a military necessity, at that time, to make examples of these cases to prevent the contagion from spending more generally among the other troops.

Though many of these men of whom I had personal knowledge were from colonial regiments and black troops, there were white men among them. German prisoners; soldiers of the Indian Army—the Jat Sikhs and Ghurkas; French colonials—Senegalese and blacks; and several Englishmen, they were—madness spares none. Every regiment that had been under heavy and continuous shell fire made its addition to the number.

The German prisoners, who said they had been shelled by the big English guns, the four-point-sevens; and the Indians, who had suffered most of all the British lines from shells in November and December—are examples of it.

If a definite case of self-mutilation was proved, that man went up to the wall and was shot. Self-mutilation is difficult to prove, and a certain type of hand or foot wound is not necessarily indicative.

Happy German Prisoners

I watched the dressing of the hand wounds of two other German prisoners at Dunkirk that were, from the indications, self-inflicted. Both men were evidently quite pleased that they had been taken prisoners. One said:

"*Ich bin Offizierstellvertreter*"—or "I am an officer's substitute;" and the other was *Jäger*, or rifleman.

Their wounds will probably be well healed before they are exchanged, if they are exchanged before the end of the war. Luck to them!

An effect of trench nerves, as an example of what happens over and over again on both sides of the line, occurred at Laventie on the night of the eleventh of December. The trenches there were only sixty yards apart then, and there was no outpost beyond the first line.

A soldier who wore the chevron of a lance corporal thought he saw something moving opposite his peephole; and, being nervous and tired, he fired at it five times straight-away, without stopping. The man next to him on the right had been asleep and woke suddenly with his rifle in his hands. He fired off his whole clip of cartridges. A third Tommy started firing also. In less than fifty seconds the firing had swept along a line of nearly a quarter of a mile. The Germans were firing back now. Two minutes, and the fusillade had spread half a mile. Everybody was pot-shotting at nothing.

A machine-gun section, fifteen yards on our left, suddenly woke up and started pumping. We heard two other machine-gun sections break in, and then the firing became too general to distinguish what was happening, until the artillery, thinking there was an attack, commenced sweeping the allotted area in front of the lines, not wishing to take chances.

In twenty minutes the whole affair was over and there was absolute quiet again on both sides.

It is not an unusual thing that, as a result of these spasmodic quiverings of trench nerves, a serious attack is launched.

Have You Snarling, Growling, *Ugly* Feet?

THAT'S the kind you find in narrow, unnatural shoes which bend the foot bones and cause corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, falling arch, etc.—*foot misery*.

But happy, contented, good-looking, unconscious feet—that's the kind you find in good-looking, friendly Educators, which, because built *scientifically right*, do *not* bend foot bones, do not cause corns, bunions, etc.

No! They allow cramped bones and muscles to relax and resume natural shape. They let the feet *grow as they should*.

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it lathers freely in hard or soft, cold or warm water and cleanses *Quickly — Thoroughly — Safely.*

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Give the training that it takes to cross Rue Scribe, at the American Express, in Paris, and the delicate sense of hearing, sight, smell and prophecy such an adventure requires—for the Traffic Squad is a negligible quantity there—and the results of quick engagements on the field or in trench fighting are more easily understood by him.

With a few months in the open, *en campagne*, the city man becomes the ideal soldier. He has his strength and vigor now, combined with city wisdom and city poise. But it takes years—if it be ever possible to train a peasant into the quick habits of thought that produce quick action.

White men have had the chance to acquire more of the peculiar kind of city training necessary in this war than have the other races who fight for them. It is because the city course of training is made up of more startling things—mechanical contrivances that are in a way unnatural the motor, propelling itself with a series of harnessed explosions; the mysterious electric car; the mere avoiding of hurrying men in a jostling noon-hour crowd. It is because of more natural environment and habits of life, and the consequent breakdown under shell fire, that the French colonials and many of the British Indian regiments have had to be sent away from the lines to rest until the open fighting commences—if it does.

All the native troops are magnificent fighters in a fair and open battle, where there is the clash of hand-to-hand fighting, as there was in both the cavalry and the infantry engagements at the beginning of the war. It is the way they always have fought and they glory in it.

The City-Trained Soldier

In the early fighting, before the Germans were checked in their first great drive toward Paris, a regiment from the south of France—the Midi—mostly peasants of hard, stern stock, descendants of those faraway men who fought Cæsar with success, threw down their arms and fled. It was a regiment of boulevardiers, clerks and city-bred men who supported them and held the Germans in check.

That was during the first few weeks of the war—the period of apparently hopeless mismanagement and defeat for French arms, when many single and unsupported regiments had orders to hold the ground against whole German army corps and die where they were. There are many incidents that occurred in those times that have not yet been satisfactorily explained by the government.

What probably happened to this peasant regiment from the Midi was that they were shelled, raked with machine guns and charged in such quick succession that, before they fully realized what happened first, something equally as terrible took its place, and they fled in wild, unreasoning fear.

In the summer campaign the Midi regiment says: "It's hot!"—and makes no further comment. The Parisian regiment says: "It's as hot as the *Passage d'Enfer* and the gardens of the Tuileries in August!"

"It's hot!" simply repeats the Midi regiment.

"It's cool on the Seine!" cries the Parisian regiment. "And we'll fight those *Boches* for *les ponts de Paris.*" And they hum *Sur les Ponts de Paris* under their breath.

"What's happening to us?" asks the Midi regiment.

"We're being shelled—that's what!" yell the Parisians. "It's like a Métro train on one great slide from l'Etoile to Châtelet." "*Vive le Métropolitaine!*" sings out a *simple soldat* who runs those subway expresses under Paris; and they all laugh.

"What's happening over there?" wonders the Midi regiment when it sees a group of fifty engineers vanish in a shell hole.

"We won't have to bury 'em," say the Parisians, and get in closer.

When there is dangerous work for one man to do, the peasant, though he has a greater stock of physical strength and endurance, is shot before he gets fairly started on his mission. The Parisian comes back with three helmets of the Prussian Guards; and, though you can span his wrist with your hand and show him how deep breathing would improve him, yet he is the better fighting man.

It is a curious fact that every lefthander, so far as I could find out, was a countryman. The Englishmen were, without exception. I am not sure of the Germans, as I saw them for only a few minutes and talked through an interpreter.

A Supper They Never Forgot

Two children at a week-end country visit ate supper like this.

But it wasn't the fountain they remembered, or the flowers or trees. It was the supper itself—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice in milk. Yet every grocer near their city home had been ready for years to supply them.

The Best Things Nearby

The point is this: The really best things in life are near by us. And these Puffed Grains are one. In city or country, rich or poor can enjoy them. And they outshine all else when you serve them.

These are whole-grain bubbles, puffed to eight times normal size. A fearful heat gives an almond taste, much like toasted nuts. Steam explosion makes of them porous, flaky morsels. They are grain tit-bits, crisp and delightful.

But they are more. They are the best-cooked cereals known. They are the only grain foods in which every food cell is broken. Here, by Prof. Anderson's process, every granule is exploded.

Digestion is easy and complete. Every atom feeds. And as all-hour foods they never tax the stomach.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

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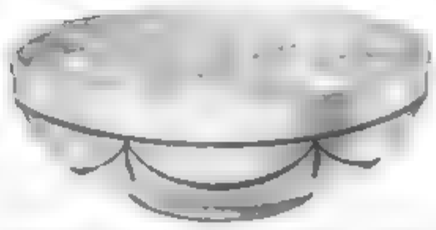

Let them delight you in their many ways, not merely as morning cereals. Mix them with berries. Float them in your bowls of milk. Use them in candy making, in soups, as garnish for ice cream. Salt or butter them like peanuts, for children to eat dry.

These are food confections. Almost every hour there are ways to enjoy them. But each grain differs vastly from the others, so you should try them all.

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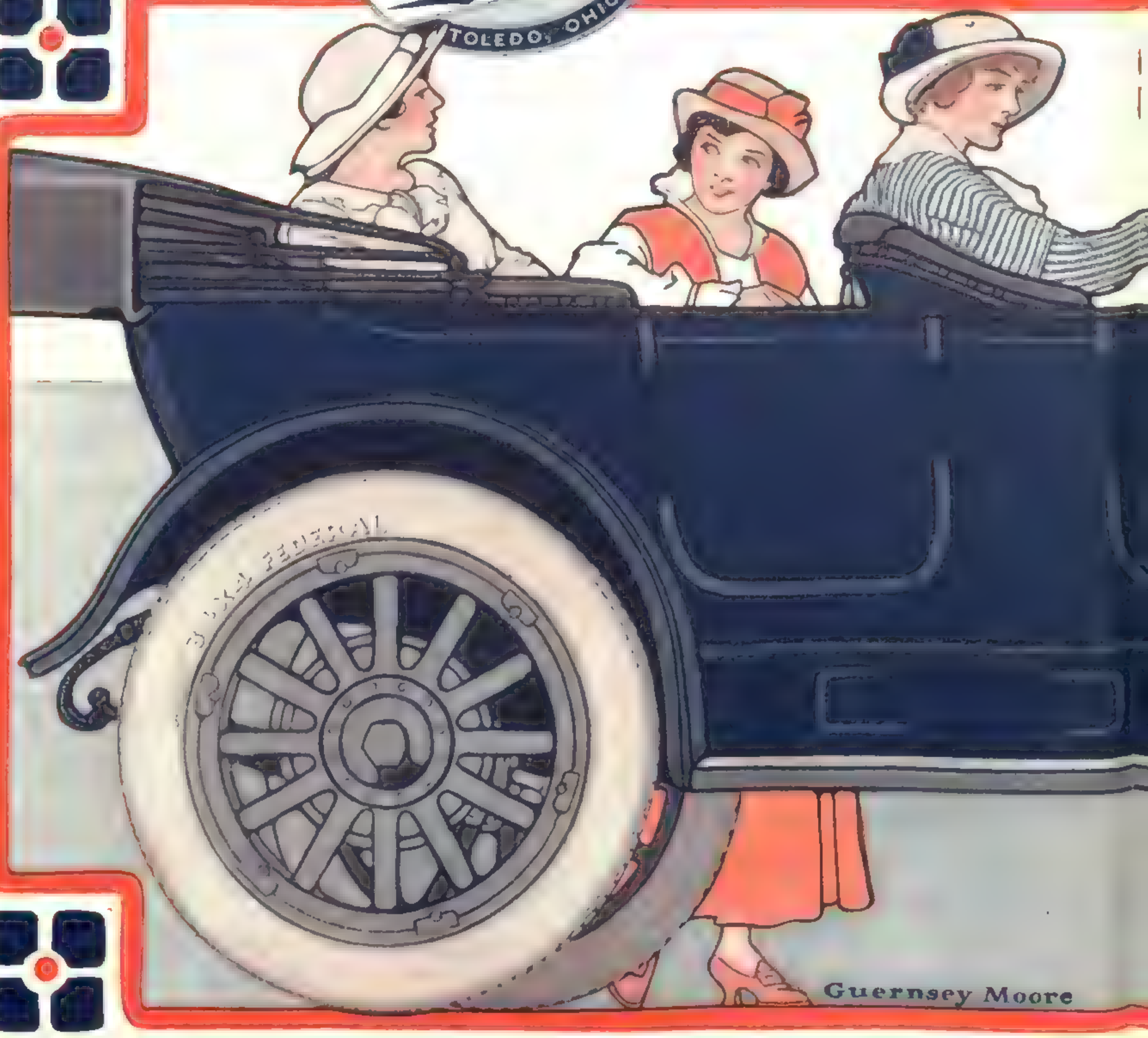

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It is the motor that is used by practically all the leading European automobile manufacturers.

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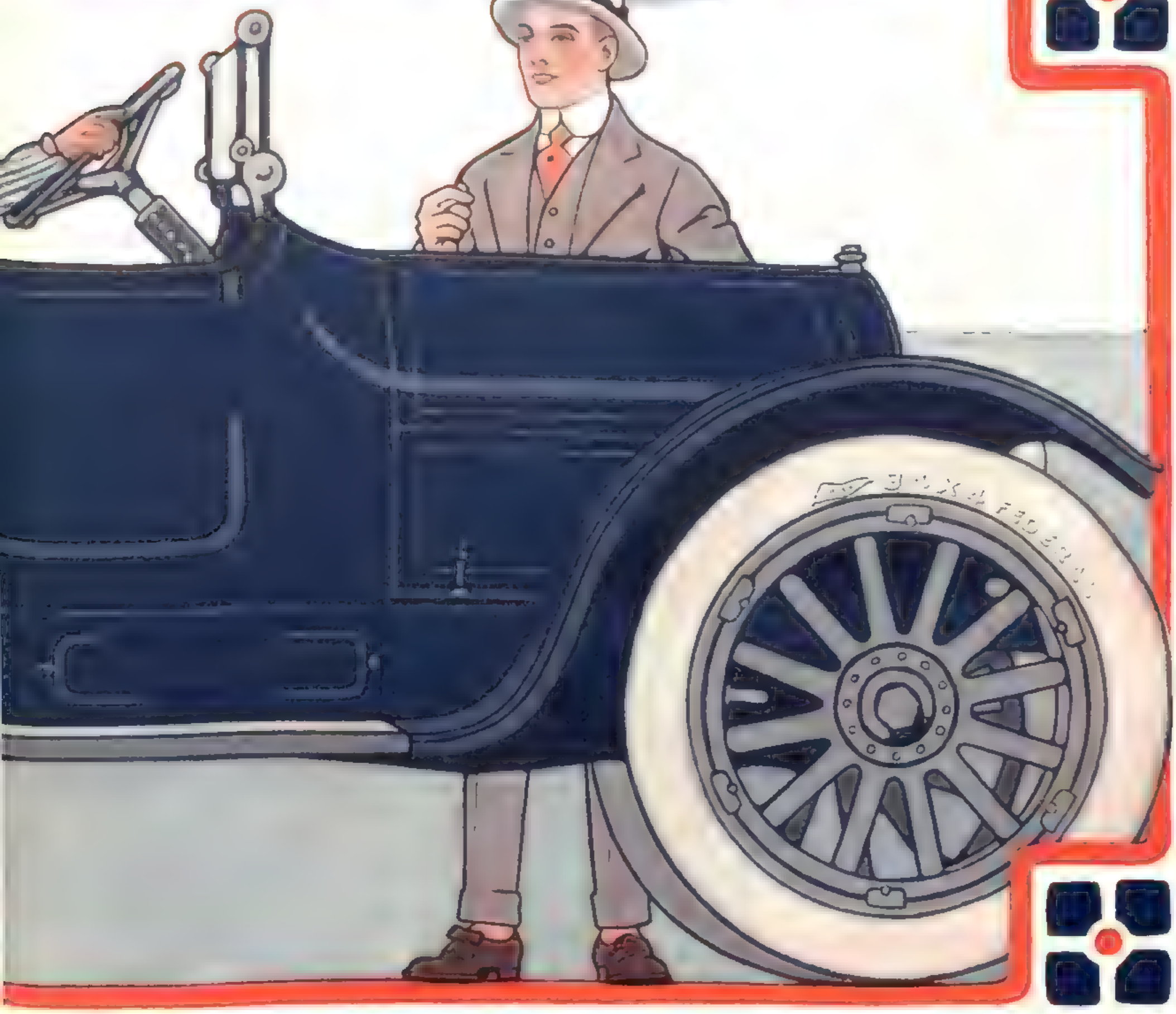

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Your dentist will tell you what a dentifrice should be—and you will find that Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream fulfills requirements.

This safe dentifrice does six things—and does them well.

Checks decay

1. Its mild antiseptic quality is a perfect adjunct to its efficient cleansing action. An attempt to kill all germs would necessitate the use of irritating or corrosive chemicals and be less efficient in the end than thorough cleansing aided by mild antisepsis.

Maintains a proper condition

2. Its slight alkaline reaction corrects acidity of the saliva and helps it to maintain the proper balance of alkalinity in the whole oral cavity—which is most important.

Delicious in flavor

3. It has a delicious flavor that makes the care of the teeth a pleasure—and therefore a regular habit. It is free from the "druggy" taste of many dentifrices.

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4. Its cleansing action is *not* primarily chemical—it contains none of the ingredients of some dentifrices which *bleach* rather than *clean*. Nor is it over-medicated. Prescription for abnormal conditions is best left to the dentist.

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5. It polishes the teeth to natural whiteness by its safe base—a precipitated chalk made by Colgate & Co., for their sole use. The harsh, angular particles often found in ordinary precipitated chalk of even the best grades are wholly absent.

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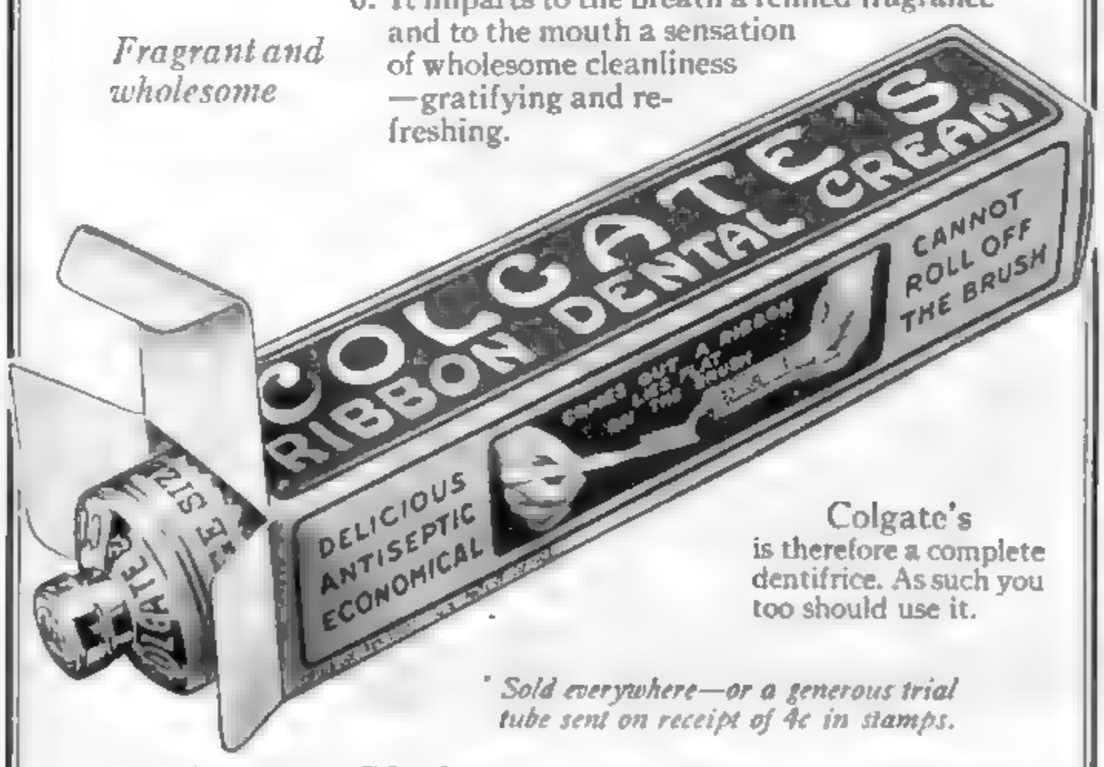
6. It imparts to the breath a refined fragrance and to the mouth a sensation of wholesome cleanliness—gratifying and refreshing.



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CLARA'S LITTLE ESCAPADE

(Continued from Page 6)

he could find a pair of rubber overshoes he'd take the risk.

"It ought to be done the very last thing," he said. "No use rousing their suspicions early."

We played up hard all afternoon. Roger kissed the lump of sugar he put in my tea, and went and sulked on the parapet when Peter Arundel came and sat beside me. Carrie joined him there, and I could see her talking earnestly to him while Roger looked out over the landscape with eyes that were positively somber.

"Having a good time?" said Peter Arundel to me.

"Heavenly, Peter," I replied, looking at Roger. "I didn't believe I could be so happy."

"Go to it," said Peter. "What's a day or two out of a lifetime."

I turned round and faced him, my hands gripped hard in my lap.

"That's it," I said tensely. "That's the thought that's killing me. One can only be happy for a day or two."

"Oh, I wouldn't go so far as that," said Peter. "You have a pretty good time, you know, Clara. Old Bill's a good sort."

"Oh, Bill!" I said.

"I went to college with Bill. Maybe Bill hasn't any frills, but he's a real man." He glared at Roger's drooping shoulders. "He's no tailor's dummy anyhow."

I ignored this.

"Peter," I said in a thin voice, "have you ever read Ellen Key?"

"Not on your life!" said Peter.

I quoted a bit I happened to remember.

"'Nothing is wiser than the modern woman's desire to see life with her own eyes, not only with those of a husband,'" I sighed.

"If I were Bill," said Peter, "I'd burn that book."

"'Nothing,'" I continued, "'is more true than that souls which are parted by a lack of perfect frankness never belonged to one another.'"

"Look here," said Peter, and got up; "I think you've lost your mind, Clara—you and Roger Waite both. Look at him mooning over there. I'd like to turn the garden hose on him."

I looked at Roger—a long gaze that made Peter writhe.

"'Love's double heartbeat'——" I began. But Peter stalked away, muttering.

Carrie had left Roger, so I put down my cup and followed him to the parapet of the terrace.

"Darling!" he said. And then, finding Peter was not with me: "How's it going?"

"Cracking! They're all worried already."

"We've hardly started. Slip your arm through mine, Clara, and I'll hold your hand. Dear little hand!" he said. "When I think that instead of that ring——" Here he choked and kissed my hand. Then I saw that Harry Delaney was just below the wall.

Carrie's voice broke in on our philandering.

"If," she said coldly, "you two people could be pried apart with a crowbar for a sufficient length of time, we will motor to Bubbling Spring. There's just time before dinner."

"I don't think I'll go, Carrie," I said languidly. "I have a headache and Roger has just offered to read to me. Do you remember how you used to cure my headaches, Roger?"

"I'd rather not talk about those days, Clara," said Roger in a shaky voice.

"I wish you two people could see and hear yourselves!" Carrie cried furiously, and turned on her heel.

"I guess that will hold her for a while," Roger purred. "Clara, you're an angel and an inspiration. I haven't had such a good time since I had scarlet fever."

Dinner, which should have been gay, was simply noisy. They were all worried, and it is indicative of how Carrie had forgotten her pose and herself that she wore her diamond necklace. Roger had been placed at the other end of the table from me, but he slipped in and changed the cards. There were half a dozen dinner guests, but Roger and I ate little or nothing.

"Act as though the thought of food sickens you," I commanded.

"But I'm starving!"

"I'll have my maid take a tray into the garden later."

In spite of me he broke over at the entrée, which was extremely good. But everyone saw that we were not eating. The woman on Roger's right, a visitor, took advantage of a lull in the noise to accuse Roger of being in love. Ida giggled, but Roger turned to his neighbor.

"I am in love," he said mournfully; "hopelessly, idiotically, madly, recklessly in love."

"With any particular person?"

"With you," said Roger, who had never seen her before.

She quite fluttered.

"But I am married!"

"Unfortunate, but not fatal," said Roger distinctly, while everyone listened. "These days one must be true to one's self."

We were awfully pleased with ourselves that evening. I said my head still ached and I could not dance. Roger and I sat out-of-doors most of the time, and at eleven o'clock Powell, my maid, brought out a tray of what was left from dinner and the dance supper. She took it by order to a small shaded porch off the billiard room, and we found her there with it.

"Thank you, Powell," I said. But Roger followed her into the house. When he returned he was grinning.

"Might as well do it right while we're about it," he observed. "To-morrow morning Powell will go to Carrie and tell her you sat up all night by the window, and she's afraid you are going to be ill."

In the dusk we shook hands over the tray.

Well, a lot of things happened, such as our overhearing the men in the billiard room debating about getting poor old Bill on the long distance.

"It isn't a flirtation," said Wilbur Bayne. "I've seen Clara flirting many a time. But this is different. They're reckless, positively reckless. When a man as fond of his stomach as Roger lets a whole meal go by, he's pretty far gone."

Roger bent over, with a part of a squab in his hand.

"Have they bitten!" he said. "They've not only swallowed hook, line and sinker but they're walking up the bank to put themselves in the basket!"

Well, the next morning it was clear that the girls had decided on a course and were following it. Although it had been arranged that everyone was to sleep late, breakfast trays appeared in the rooms at nine-thirty, with notes asking us to go to church. When I said I had not slept, and did not care to go, no one went, and when Roger appeared at eleven the girls surrounded me like a cordon of police.

Roger was doing splendidly. He came up across the tennis court, covered with dust, and said he had not slept and had been walking since six o'clock. The men eyed him with positive ferocity.

I'll not go into the details of that day, except to relate a conversation Ida Elliott and I had after luncheon. She came into my room and closed the door behind her softly, as if I were ill.

"Well," she said, "I did think, Clara, that if you didn't have any sense, you would have some consideration for Carrie."

I had been copying the note on the envelope, and so I shoved a sheet of paper over it.

"I'm not going to try to read what you are writing," she said rudely.

"What do you mean about Carrie?"

"She's almost ill, that's all. How could anyone have had any idea that Roger and you——" She fairly choked.

"Roger and I are only glad to be together again," I said defiantly. Then I changed to a wistful tone. Just hearing it made me sorry for myself. "We are old friends; Carrie knew that. It is cruel of you all to—to spoil the little bit of happiness I can get out of life."

"What about Bill?"

"Bill?" I said vaguely. "Oh—Bill! Well, Bill would never stand in the way of my being true to myself. He would want me to be happy."

I put my handkerchief suddenly to my eyes, and she gave me a scathing glance.

"I'm going to telephone Bill," she said. "You're not sane, Clara. And when you come back to your senses it may be too late."

She flounced out, and I knew she would call Bill if she could. From the window I could see that Harry Delaney had Roger

by the arm and was walking him up and down. It was necessary, if the fun was to go on, to disconnect the telephone. I ran down to the library and dropped the instrument on the floor twice, but when I put it to my ear to see if it was still working I found it was, for Central was saying: "For the love of heaven, something nearly busted my eardrum!"

Ida had not come down yet, and the telephone was on a table in the corner, beside a vase of flowers. When I saw the flowers I knew I was saved. I turned the vase over and let the water soak into the green cord that covers the wires. I knew it would short-circuit the telephone, for once one of the maids at home, washing the floor, had wet the cord, and we were cut off for an entire day.

During the afternoon I gave Harry Delaney the letter to Bill. Harry was going to the little town that was the post office to get something for Carrie.

"You won't forget to mail it, will you, Harry?" I asked in a pathetic voice.

He read the address and looked at me.

"What are you writing to Bill for, Clara? He'll be home in the morning."

I looked confused. Then I became frank.

"I'm writing him something I don't particularly care to tell him."

He fairly groaned and thrust the thing into his pocket.

"For refined cruelty and absolute selfishness," he said, "commend me to the woman with nothing to do but to get into mischief."

"Will you promise to mail it?"

"Oh, I'll mail it all right," he said; "but I give you until six o'clock this evening to think it over. I'm not going to the station until then."

"To think over what?" I asked, my eyes opened innocently wide. But he flung away in a fury.

It was rather fun that afternoon. If my party had been dreary on Sunday it was nothing to Carrie's. They'd clearly all agreed to stay round and keep Roger and me apart. Everybody sulked, and the men got the Sunday newspapers and buried themselves in them. Once I caught Roger dropping into a doze. He had refused the paper and had been playing up well, sitting back in his chair with his cap over his eyes and gazing at me until everybody wiggled.

"Roger," I called, when I saw his eyes closing, "are you game for a long walk?"

Roger tried to look eager.

"Sure," he said.

"Haven't you a particle of humanity?" Carrie demanded. She knew some of them would have to go along, and nobody wanted to walk. It was boiling. "He has been up since dawn and he's walked miles."

Roger ignored her.

"To the ends of the world—with you, Clara," he said, and got up.

In the end they all went. It was a tragic-looking party. We walked for miles and miles, and Carrie was carrying her right shoe when we got back. It was too late to dress for dinner, and everyone was worn out. So we went in as we were.

"I'm terribly sorry it's nearly over," I babbled as the soup was coming in. "It has been the most wonderful success, hasn't it? Ida, won't you have us all next week? Maybe we can send the husbands to the yacht races."

"Sorry," said Ida coldly; "I've something else on."

Worried as they were, nobody expected us to run away. How to let them know what had happened, and put a climax to their discomfiture, was the question. I solved it at last by telling Powell to come in at midnight with the sleeping medicine Carrie had given her for me. I knew, when she found I was not there, she would wait and at last raise the alarm. What I did not know was that she would come in half an hour early, and cut off our lead by thirty minutes.

The evening dragged like the afternoon, and so thoroughly was the spice out of everything for them all, that when I went upstairs at ten-thirty Ida Elliott was singing Jim's praises to Wilbur Bayne, and Carrie had got out the children's photographs and was passing them round.

As I went out through the door Roger opened for me, he bowed over my hand and kissed it.

"Oh, cut it out!" I heard Peter growl, and there was a chorus from the others.

I had to stop in the hall outside and laugh. It was the last time I laughed for a good many hours.

By eleven I was ready. Everyone was upstairs, and Carrie had found out about the telephone by trying to call up her mother to inquire about the children. I had packed a small suitcase and at Roger's whistle I was to drop it out the window to him. Things began to go wrong with that, for just as I was ready to drop it someone rapped at my door. I swung it too far out, and it caught Roger full in the chest and carried him over backward. I had just time to see him disappear in the shrubbery with a sort of dull thud when Alice Warrington knocked again.

She came in and sat on the bed.

"I don't want to be nasty, Clara," she said, "but you know how fond I am of you, and I don't want you to misunderstand Roger. It's his way to make violent love to people and then get out. Of course you know he's being very attentive to Maisie Brown. She's jealous of you now. Somebody told her Roger used to be crazy about you. If she hears of this ——"

"Clara!" said Roger's voice under the window.

Alice rose, with the most outraged face I've ever seen.

"He is positively shameless," she said. "As for you, Clara, I can't tell you how I feel."

"Clara!" said Roger. "I must speak to you. Just one word."

Alice swept out of the room and banged the door. I went to the window.

"Something seems to have broken in the crated thing," he said. "It smells like eau de Cologne. I'm covered with it."

As it developed later it was eau de Cologne. I have never got a whiff of it since that I don't turn fairly sick. And all of that awful night Roger fairly reeked with it.

Well, by midnight everything was quiet, and I got downstairs and into the drive without alarming anyone. Roger was waiting, and for some reason or other—possibly the knock—he seemed less enthusiastic.

"I hope Harry remembered the letter to Bill," he said. "Whether this thing is a joke or not depends on the other person's sense of humor. What in heaven's name made you put scent in your bag?"

He had his car waiting at the foot of the drive, and just as I got in we heard it thunder.

"How far is it to your mother's?"

"Twelve miles."

"It's going to rain."

"Rain or not, I'm not going back, Roger," I said. "Imagine Bill's getting that letter for nothing."

He got into the car and it began to rain at once. Everyone knows about that storm now. We had gone about four miles when the sky fairly opened. The water beat in under the top and washed about our feet. We drove up to the hubs in water, and the lights, instead of showing us the way, only lit up a wall of water ahead. It was like riding into Niagara Falls. We were pretty sick, I can tell you.

"Why didn't you look at the sky?" I yelled at Roger, above the beating of the storm. "Bill can always tell when it's going to storm."

"Oh, damn Bill!" said Roger, and the car slid off the road and into a gully. Roger just sat still and clutched the wheel.

"Aren't you going to do something?" I snapped. "I'm not going to sit here all night and be drowned."

"Is there anything you could suggest?"

"Can't you get out and push it?"

"I cannot."

But after five minutes or so he did crawl out, and by tying my suitcase straps round one of the wheels he got the car back into the road. I daresay I was a trifle pettish by that time.

"I wish you wouldn't drip on me," I said.

"I beg your pardon," he replied, and moved as far from me as he could.

We went on in silence. At last:

"There's one comfort about getting that soaking," he said: "it's washed that damned perfume off."

There's one thing about Bill, he keeps his temper. And he doesn't raise the roof when he gets his clothes wet. He rather likes getting into difficulties, to show how well he can get out of them. But Roger is like a cat. He always hated to get his feet wet.

"If you had kept the car in the center of the road you wouldn't have had to get out," I said shortly.

"Oh, well, if you're going back to first causes," he retorted, "if you'd never suggested this idiotic thing I wouldn't be laying up a case of lumbago at this minute."

"Lumbago is middle-aged, isn't it?"

"We're neither of us as young as we were a few years ago."

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New Luncheons You'll Love

Deviled Ham Salad	
Creamed Fish	Buttered Wheat Bread
Berries and Cream	Tea

Deviled Ham Mousse	
Egg Salad	Biscuits
Spice Cake	Coffee

Deviled Ham Baked in Tomatoes	
Cold Meat	Lettuce
Fruit Salad	Iced Tea

DEVILED HAM SALAD—With sharp knife cut the center of a firm head of lettuce into quarters. Slice two tomatoes. Cut up a few stalks of celery into small pieces. Arrange on large lettuce leaves and cover with this delicious Dressing: One egg; tablespoon butter; half-cup vinegar; salt, pepper, mustard to taste; thicken in double boiler, stirring in one small can Underwood Deviled Ham.

DEVILED HAM MOUSSE—One cup cream, beaten stiff. Two large cans Underwood Deviled Ham, one tablespoon gelatine dissolved in half-cup hot water. Mix thoroughly. Turn into cold mold and chill. Garnish with parsley when serving.

DEVILED HAM BAKED IN TOMATOES—Cut the centers from six large, ripe tomatoes. Mix the scooped-out tomato with bread crumbs and a small can Underwood Deviled Ham. Fill tomatoes and bake forty minutes in moderate oven.

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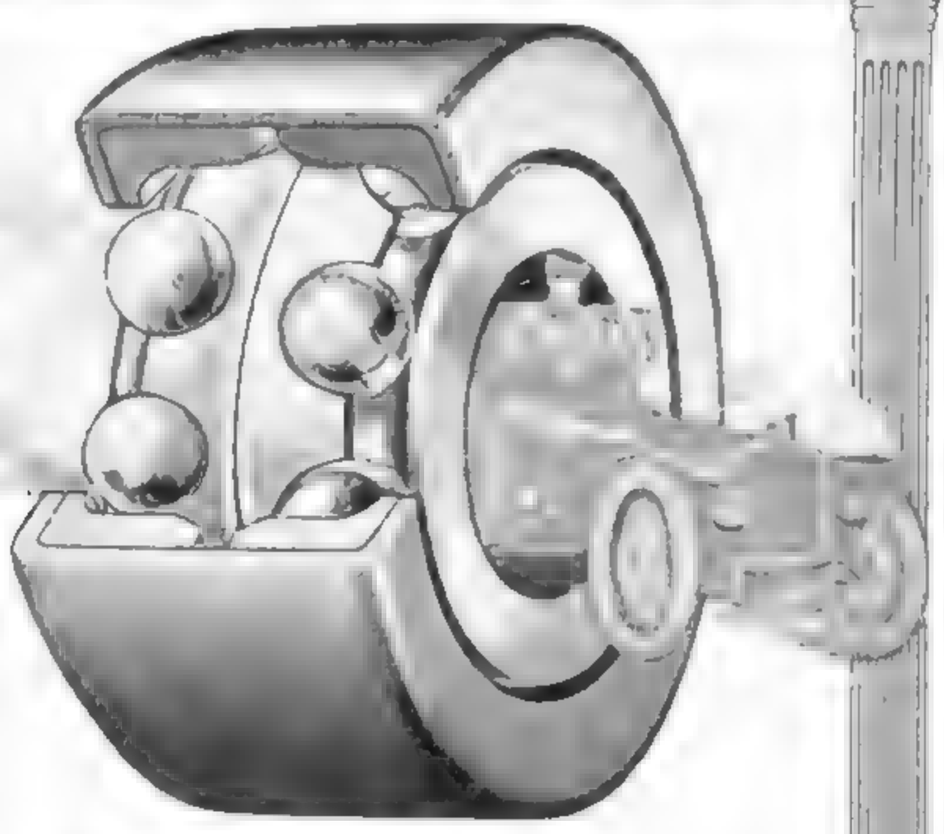

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—its responsive ability to cover the road, to carry the load, to get you "there"—largely depends upon the easy-running, friction-eliminating New Departure Ball Bearings.

Do you think of this—that its weight, its speed, the revolution, the action of its machinery meet and answer hundreds of frictional jars and shocks every minute?

It is this friction that wears upon the machinery—that determines the life of your car.

New Departure Ball Bearings bear the shock, strain, stress of weight, motion, and the irregularities of the road with the least possible resistance. They will outwear your car.

They economize fuel consumption and tire expense. They make your car run with noiseless ease.

Any automobile equipped with New Departure Ball Bearings is a good car, an efficient car, an economical car.

Write us for our booklet "New Departure Ball Bearings and What They Mean to the Car Owner." Ask for Booklet "A."

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Main Office and Works, Bristol, Conn
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Western Branch, Detroit 1016-17 Ford Bldg
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STEER WITHOUT STRAIN
This Guides Your Ford Straight!

Don't grapple the steering wheel like grim death, to keep your car out of the ditch. Let the famous Walker Steer-ezeR right your front wheels automatically [illegible] through going. Steering without it invites calamity, frays your nerves and tires your muscles. Then some fatal day the wheel is jerked from your grip. Don't risk it.

Our engineers overcame all faults found in previous devices. Then they produced this perfect steering contrivance. They simplified [illegible]

Ford steer like a high-priced car. Just slip it over the tie-rod and clamp to axle—applied with a wrench in a jiffy. Outlasts the car.

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Words can't tell the ease, the joy, the safety of driving a Ford with the Steer-ezeR. So we authorize any [illegible]

Walker Steer-ezeR For Ford Cars $3.75

THE WALKER MFG. CO., 1514 Michigan Ave., Chicago. Factory, Racine, Wis.

That was inexcusable. Roger is at least six years older than I am. Besides, even if it were true, there was no necessity for him to say it. But there was no time to quarrel, for at that moment we were going across a bridge over a small stream. It was a river now. The first thing I knew was that the car shook and rocked and there was a dull grouning underneath. The next minute we had gone slowly down about four feet and the creek was flowing over us.

We said nothing at first. The lights went off almost immediately, as the engine drowned, and there we sat in the flood, and the first thing I knew I was crying.

"The bridge is broken," said Roger, above the rush of the stream

"I didn't think you were wa hing the car," I whimpered. "We'll be drowned, that's all."

The worst of the storm was over, but as far as I was concerned it might just as well have been pouring. When Roger got his matches and tried to light one it only made a sick streak of phosphorescence on the side of the box. To make things worse, Roger turned round, and where the road crossed the brow of the hill behind us there was the glow of automobile lamps. He swore under his breath.

"They're coming, Clara," he said. "That fool of a maid didn't wait until midnight."

The thought of being found like that, waist-deep in water, drove me to frenzy. I knew how they'd laugh, how they'd keep on laughing for years. They'd call us the Water Babies probably, or something equally hateful. I just couldn't stand the thought

I got up.

"Let them think we're drowned—anything," I said desperately. "I will not be found like this."

Roger looked about like a hunted animal.

"There's—there's a house near here on the hill," he said. Afterward I remembered how he hesitated over it. "We could get up there, I'm pretty sure."

He looked back.

"They seem to have stopped," he said. "Perhaps the other bridge has gone."

He lifted me out and set me on the bank. He was not particularly gentle about it, and I was all he could carry. That's one thing about Bill—he's as strong as an ox and as gentle as can be.

Well, we scurried up the bank, the water pouring off us, and I lost a shoe. Roger wouldn't wait until I found it, but dragged me along, panting. Suddenly I knew that I hated him with a deadly hatred. The thought of how nearly I had married him made me shiver.

"I wish you'd let go of me," I said.

"Why? You can't climb alone in the silly clothes you wear."

"Perhaps not, but I don't like you to touch me."

"Oh, if you feel like that ——" He let me go, and I almost fell. "You know, Clara, I am trying hard to restrain myself, but—this is all your doing."

"I suppose I broke the bridge down," I said bitterly, "and brought on the rain, and all the rest of it."

"Now I recognize the Clara I used to know," he had the audacity to say, "always begging the question and shifting the responsibility. For heaven's sake don't stop to quarrel! They've probably found the car by this time."

We got to the house and I fell exhausted on the steps. To my surprise Roger got out a bunch of keys and fitted one to the lock.

"I know these people," he said. "I—I sometimes come out in the fall for a bit of shooting. Place is closed now."

The interior looked dark and smelled musty. I didn't want to go in, but it was raining again and there was nothing else to do.

"Better overcome your repugnance and give me your hand," he said. "If we turn on a light they'll spot us."

Oh, it is all very well to say, looking back, that we should have sat in the car until we were found, and have carried it all off as a part of the joke. I couldn't, that's flat. I couldn't have laughed if I'd been paid to

We bumped into a square hall and I sat down. It was very quiet all at once, and the only thing to be heard was the water dripping from us to the hardwood floor.

"If that's a velvet chair you're on it will be ruined," said Roger's voice out of the darkness.

"I hope it is. Where is the telephone?"

"There is a telephone closet under the stairs."

"You know a lot about this house. Whose is it?"

"It's the Brown place. You know it."

"Maisie Brown's!"

"Yes." He was quite sullen.

"And you have a key like one of the family! Roger, you are engaged to her!"

"I was," he said. "The chances are when this gets out I won't be."

I don't know why now, but it struck me as funny. I sat and laughed like a goose, and the more I laughed the harder Roger breathed.

"You've got to see me through this, Clara," he said at last. "You can't telephone Carrie—you've fixed all that. But you can get your mother. Tell her the circumstances and have her send a car for you. I'll stay here to-night. And if you take my advice you'll meet Bill at the train to-morrow morning and beat Carrie to it. She'll be in town with a line of conversation by daybreak."

He found some dry matches and led me to the telephone. Something in the way I dripped, or because I padded across the floor in one stocking foot, made him a trifle more human.

"I'll close the curtains and light the log fire," he said. "Things are bad enough without your taking pneumonia."

The moment I took the receiver off the hook I knew the wires were down somewhere. I sat for a moment, then I opened the door. Roger was on his knees lighting the fire. He looked very thin, with his clothes stuck to him, and the hair that he wore brushed over the bare place had been washed down, and he looked almost bald.

"Roger," I said, with the calmness of despair, "the wires are down!"

"Hush," said Roger. "And close that door."

It seemed rather foolish to me at the time. Since they had followed us, they'd know perfectly well that if Roger was there I was.

In walked Maisie Brown and about a dozen other people!

I can still hear the noise they made coming in, and then a silence, broken by Maisie's voice.

"Why, Roger!" she said.

"Awfully surprising to see you here—I mean, I expect you are surprised to see me here," said Roger's voice, rather thin and stringy. "The fact is, I was going by, and it was raining hard, and I —"

"Then that was your car in the creek?"

"Well, yes," Roger admitted, after a hesitation. He was evidently weighing every word, afraid of committing himself to anything dangerous.

"I thought you were at Carrie Smith's."

"I was on my way home."

Everybody laughed. It was about a dozen miles to Roger's road home from Carrie's.

"Come on, now, there's a mystery. Own up," said a man's voice. "Where's the beautiful lady? Drowned?"

Luckily no one waited for an answer. They demanded how he had got in, and when he said he had a key they laughed again. Some one told Maisie she might as well confess. If Roger had a key to the house it required explanation.

If ever I heard cold suspicion in a girl's voice it was in Maisie's when she answered:

"Oh, we're engaged all right, if that's what you mean," she said. "But I think Roger and I ——"

They didn't give her a chance to finish, the idiots! They gave three cheers, and then, as nearly as I could make out, they formed a ring and danced round them. They'd been to a picnic somewhere, and as the bridges were down they were there for the night.

Do you think they went to bed?

Not a bit of it. They found some canned things in a pantry, and fixed some hot drinks and drank to Maisie and Roger. And I sat in the telephone closet and tried not to sneeze.

I sat there for two hours.

About two o'clock I heard Maisie say she would have to telephone home, and if a totally innocent person could suffer the way I did I don't know how a guilty one could live. But Roger leaped in front of her.

"I'll do it, honey," he said. "I—I was just thinking of telephoning."

They were close to the door.

"Don't call me honey," Maisie said in a tense voice. "I know about Carrie Smith's party and who was there. After the way Clara has schemed all these years to get you back, to have you fall into a trap like that! It's sickening!"

(Continued on Page 33)

Profit — Profit who's got the profit ?

The Cruel Banker

Mr. Edgly, of the rising young firm of Edgly & Taylor, Clothiers, calls on Banker Townley.

"Good morning, Mr. Townley. Didn't see you at the club supper last night."

"Good morning, Edgly. Anything I can do for you?" Townley's manner registers a lack of cordiality.

"Why, yes. I want to fix up a little loan — just a thousand — want to discount some bills."

"I see — mm — possibly, possibly. First, I want to ask you a few questions."

"Certainly, Mr. Townley. Our books are open to you."

"They may be open to me — but are they to you?"

"I don't quite get you, Mr. Townley."

"Never mind — we'll try the questions.

How Much Do You Owe?"

"Why — er — I'd have to have that figured up. I can let you know tomorrow."

"You ought to have the figures right in your inside pocket. Howmuch is there owing you?"

"Let me see ——"

"Well, never mind; I see you don't know. Does your shirt and underwear or hat department pay the best per cent net profit?"

"We couldn't very well get at anything more than an approximate estimate of that. I guess the profit on hats would lead, however."

"You *guess*. I don't like guesswork as a basis for loans. How much does it cost you to do business?"

"Twenty per cent is considered a safe estimate in the clothing business."

"I See — More Guesswork

Who is your most profitable clerk?"

"I pass, Mr. Townley. I'm beginning to see the point, too."

Mr. Townley's manner warms slightly.

"Now see here, Edgly, you get the thousand all right. *I* know you are solvent if *you* don't; and moreover, I'll know when you become insolvent a long time before you do, unless you change your methods.

"The trouble with you and Taylor is that you are too blame pushing. You have built up a fine business by hard work and brilliant merchandising, but you are in a fair way to lose it because you never take time to figure out

where you stand. You don't *know* your business. Every decision you make, every plan, every policy is based on guesswork — on approximate estimates.

"Now, Edgly, will you boys take my advice on this matter?"

"We'll do more than that, Mr. Townley.

We'll Thank You for It"

"Very well. The general plan I shall suggest will involve some extra figuring. You will need a mechanical means of handling figures so your bookkeeper can do all his regular work and give you, besides this, vital information about your business. That means that your first move is to get a Burroughs Figuring Machine. We use it in the bank here — glad to show you how it works. When the Burroughs man comes to show you the machine you ought to get, you and your bookkeeper have a good talk with him. Tell him just what your problems are. He is up on accounting work and can be a big help in starting you right toward getting at the facts of your business. All this won't add to your running expenses. Your bookkeeper, with the help of the figuring machine, can do all the work and do it more easily. What will be the result?

You and Taylor Will Know How You Stand

Every day, you will know which lines are paying and which are losing; which salesmen are doing the best work; how this week compares in sales and profit with the same week last year; how much you owe and is owing you. All of this information, and much more that is of basic importance, you will get every day or every week in condensed reports.

"Then, when you need a temporary accommodation, I won't be able to ask a lot of embarrassing questions."

"Say, Mr. Townley, I'm sorry Taylor couldn't have heard this talk of yours. Anyway, we'll act on your advice instantly. Thanks for the loan."

The Burroughs Adding Machine Company issues a book, "A Better Day's Profits." It points the way the title suggests. It tells how simple it is to *know* your business. Thousands of merchants have made money by adopting the ideas in this book. It shows where profits leak away and how to stop it.
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Detroit Michigan

Much victles serves for gentlemen
To fatten men like swine
But he's a frugal man indeede
That with a leaf can dine
And needs no napkin for his handes
His fingers' endes to wipe
But keeps his kitchen in a box
And roaste meat in a pipe.
—Samuel Rowlands, A. D. 1611

IN such wise sang a poet (forgotten, lo, these many years) in praise of the golden leaf of Virginia, that 300 years ago, was taking England by storm.

Virginia tobacco was then fast becoming a delight to be enjoyed alike by men of wealth and those of slender purse—even as DUKE'S Mixture, the *modernized* Virginia tobacco, is to-day.

For no tobacco is more truly "democratically-aristocratic" than DUKE'S Mixture.

In spite of its "lineage" of Virginia-Carolina leaf, "made in America" and constantly improved for 300 years—DUKE'S Mixture costs but one-eighth of a cent for each fragrant, honey-colored cigaretteful.

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The "Roll" of Fame

We ask all smokers, even those of expensive Turkish cigarettes, to roll a few cigarettes from DUKE'S Mixture, with this understanding:

Your dealer will refund your money if you find any fault whatsoever with DUKE'S Mixture.

That is how much faith we have in our ability to produce a cigarette tobacco that exactly suits the American taste.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Copyright 1915

(Continued from Page 30)

She put her hand on the knob of the door.

"Listen, darling," Roger implored. "I—I don't care a hang for anyone but you. I'm perfectly wretched. I ——"

He pulled her hand off the knob of the door and I heard him kiss it.

"Let me call your mother," he said. "She'll know you are all right when I'm here."

Well, I had to listen. The idea of her saying I'd tried to get him back, when everybody knows how he carried on when I turned him down! I hadn't given him a thought for years.

"Did you make love to Clara?"

"Certainly not. Look here, Maisie, you can afford to be magnanimous. Clara's a nice woman, but she's years older than you are. You know who loves you, don't you?"

Positively he was appealing. He sounded fairly sick.

"Get mother on the wire," said Maisie curtly. "Then call me. I'll talk to her."

Roger opened the door as soon as she had gone and squeezed in beside me.

"She's coming to telephone. You'll have to go somewhere else, Clara," he said.

"Where, for instance?"

"I may be able to collect them in the pantry. Then you can run across and get out the door."

"Into the rain?"

"Well, you can't stay here, can you?"

"I'll do nothing of the sort. Go and tell her the wires are down. They are. And then get that crowd of flappers upstairs. If they go the men will. I give you ten minutes. At the end of that time I'm coming out to the fire. I'm cold."

"And after they go up, what?"

"Then you're going into somebody's room to steal me a pair of dry shoes. Get Maisie's, she's about my size. We'll have to walk to mother's."

"I can't leave, Clara. If anything happened and I was missing ——"

When I said nothing he knew I was in earnest. He went out and told them the telephone was out of order, and somehow or other he shooed them upstairs. I opened the door of the telephone closet for air, and I could hear them overhead, ragging Roger about the engagement and how he happened to get to Maisie's when it was so far from his road home. Every time I thought they were settled, some fool of a boy or giggling débutante would come down again and look for soap, or towels, or matches, or heaven knows what. I could have strangled the lot of them.

By three o'clock it was fairly quiet, and I crept out and sat by the log fire. If I had had a shoe I would have started off then and there. I'm no coward and I was desperate. But I couldn't go in my silk stockings. And when after a while Roger slipped down the stairs he had no shoes for me.

"I've tried all the girls' doors," he said wretchedly, "and they're locked. Couldn't you tie a towel round your foot, or something? I'm going to get into trouble over this thing yet. I feel it."

"Go up and bring me little Teddy Robinson's shoes," I snapped. "It won't compromise you to go into his room, I daresay."

"What if he's not asleep?"

"Tell him you're going to clean them. Tell him anything. And, Roger, don't let Maisie pull the *ingénue* stunt on you. I may be years older than she is, but Maisie's no child."

Well, with everyone gone and Roger hunting me some boots, I felt rather better. I went to the pantry and fixed some hot milk and carried it in to drink by the fire. Roger came down with the boots, and to save time he laced them on my feet while I sat back and sipped.

That, of course, in spite of what Bill pretends to think, is why Roger was on his knees before me when Peter walked in.

Oh, yes, Peter Arundel walked in! It just shows the sort of luck I played in that night. He walked in and slammed the door.

"Thank heaven!" he said, and stalked over to me and jerked the cup out of my hand. "You young idiot," he fairly snarled. "What sort of an escapade is this anyhow?"

"It—it's a joke, Peter," I quavered. He stared at me in speechless scorn. "Positively it is a joke, Peter."

"I daresay," he said grimly. "Perhaps to-morrow I may see it that way. The question is, Will Bill think it's a joke?"

He looked round, and luckily for me he saw all the girls' wraps lying about.

"If the family's here, Clara," he said in a milder voice, "I—I may be doing you an injustice."

Roger had not said a word. He was standing in front of the fire, watching the stairs.

"When we found the note," Peter went on in his awful booming voice, "saying you were going at last to be true to yourself, and when you and Roger had disappeared, what were we to think? Especially after the way you two had fallen into each other's arms from the moment you met."

"How interesting!" said a voice from the staircase.

It was Maisie!

Well, what's the use of going into it again? She gave Roger his ring instantly, and Roger was positively gray. He went back on me without a particle of shame-said I'd suggested the whole thing and begged him to help me; that he'd felt like a fool the whole time.

"Maisie, darling," he said, "surely you know that there's nobody in all the world for me but you."

He held out the ring to her, but she shook her head.

"I'm not angry—not any more," she said. "I've lost my faith in you, that's all. One thing I'm profoundly grateful for—that you and Clara had this—this explosion before we were married and not after."

"Maisie!" he cried.

All at once I remembered Bill's letter, which would positively clear us. But Peter said Harry Delaney's coat had been stolen from the machine, letter and all! Maisie laughed at that, as if she didn't believe there had been such a letter, and Roger went a shade grayer. All at once it came to me that now Bill would never forgive me. He is so upright, Bill is, and he expects everyone to come up to his standard. And in a way Bill had always had me on a pedestal, and he would never believe that I had been such a fool as to jump off for a lark.

Maisie turned and walked upstairs, leaving the three of us there, Roger holding the ring and staring at it with a perfectly vacant face. At last he turned and went to the door.

"Where are you going, Roger?" I asked helplessly.

"I'm going out to drown myself," he said, and went out.

I shall pass over the rest briefly. Peter took me home in his car. I did not go to mother's. For one thing, the bridge was down. For another, it seemed better for Bill and me to settle things ourselves without family interference.

I went home and went to bed, and all day Monday I watched for Bill. Powell came over and I put on my best negligée and waited, with a water bottle to keep my feet warm and my courage up.

He did not come.

I stayed in bed for three days, and there was not a sign from him. Carrie and Ida telephoned, but only formal messages, and Alice Warrington sent me a box of flowers with her card. But Bill did not come home or call up. I knew he must be staying at the club, and I had terrible hours when I knew he would never forgive me, and then there would be a divorce, and I wanted to die. Roger never gave a sign, but he had not drowned himself.

Wednesday evening came, and no Bill. By that time I knew it was Bill or nobody for me. After those terrible two days at Carrie's the thought of Bill's ugly, quiet face made me perfectly homesick for him. I didn't care how much he fell asleep in the evening after dinner. That only showed how contented he was. And I tried to imagine being married to Roger, and seeing him fuss about his ties, and brush the hair over the thin places on top of his head, and I simply couldn't.

It was Wednesday evening when I heard a car come up the drive. I knew at once that it was Bill. I had barely time to turn out all the lights but the pink-shaded one by the bed, and to lay a handkerchief across my eyes, when he came in.

"Well, Clara," he said, standing just inside the door, "I thought we'd better talk this over."

"Bill!" I said, from under the handkerchief.

"I should have come out sooner," he said without moving, "but at first I could not trust myself. I needed a little time."

"Who told you?"

"That doesn't matter, does it? Everybody knows it. But that's not the question. The real issue is between you and me and that—that nincompoop, Waite."

"What has Roger got to do with it?" I looked out from under the handkerchief, and he was livid, positively.

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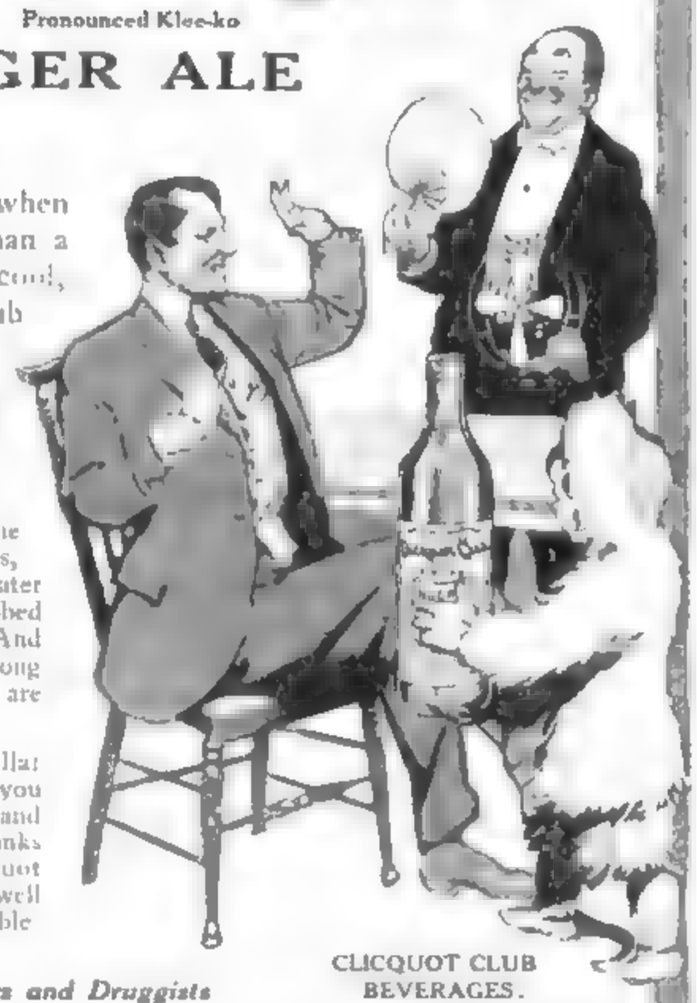

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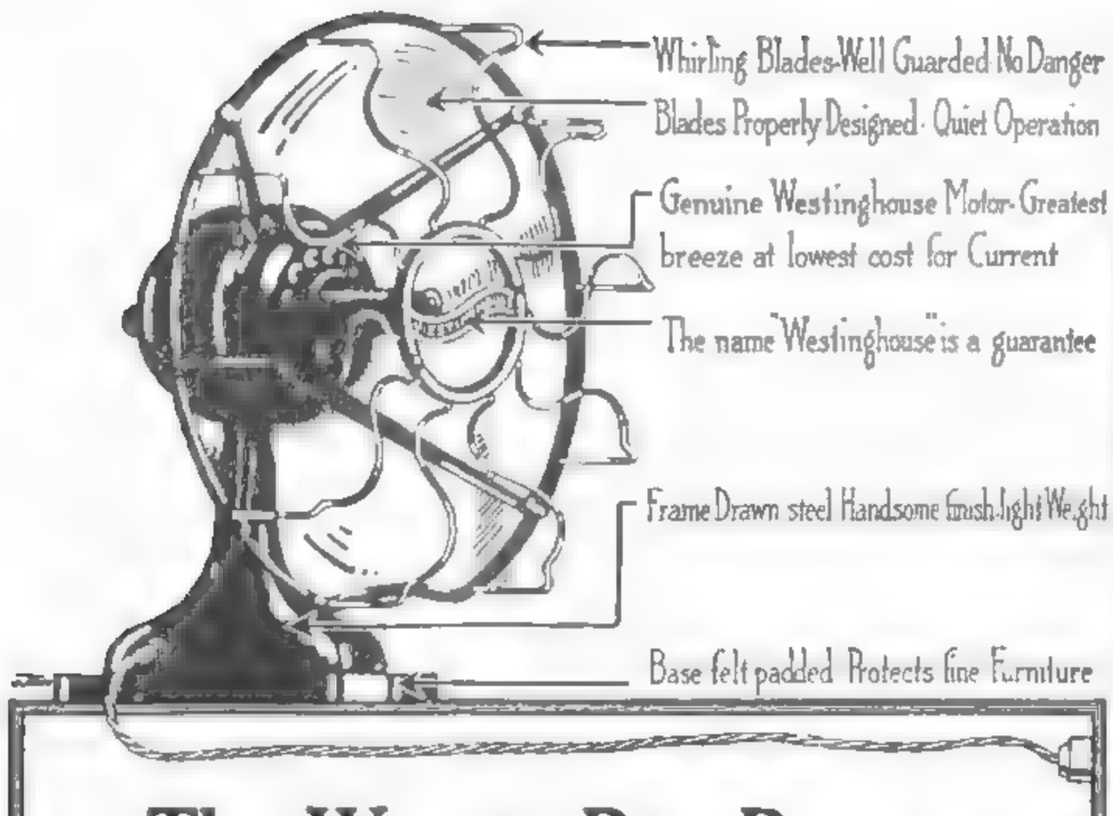
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"Bill," I said desperately, "will you come over and sit down on the side of the bed and let me tell you the whole story?"

"I won't be bamboozled, Clara; this is serious. If you've got anything to say, say it. I'll sit here."

He sat down just inside the door on a straight chair and folded his long arms. It was a perfectly hopeless distance.

"Bill!" I said appealingly, and he came over and sat, very uncompromising and stiff, on the side of the bed. I put out my hand, and after a moment's hesitation he took it, but I must say without enthusiasm. I felt like the guiltiest wretch unhung. That's what makes me so perfectly furious now.

"You see, Bill," I said, "it was like this." And I told him the whole thing. About halfway through he dropped my hand.

"It's been an awful lesson, Bill," I ended up. "I'll never say a word again about your enjoying yourself the way you want to. You can swim and play golf and shoot all you like, and—and sleep after dinner, if you'll only forgive me. Bill, suppose I had married Roger Waite!"

He drew a long breath.

"So that was it, old dear!" he said. "Well, all right. We'll put the whole thing in the discard." And he leaned over and put his arms round me.

That ought to be the end of the story. I'd had a lesson and so had some of the others. As Carrie Smith said afterward, to have a good time is one thing, but to be happy is entirely different, and the only way to be happy is to be smug and conventional and virtuous. I never say anything when she starts that line of conversation. But once or twice I've caught her eye, and she has had the grace to look uneasy.

But that's not all. There is more to the story, and now and then I eye Bill, and wonder when he will come and tell me the whole thing. For the other day, in the back of Bill's chiffonier, I came across the letter to him Harry Delaney said he had lost. And Bill had received it Monday morning!

That is not all. Clamped to it was a note from Peter Arundel, and that is why I am writing the whole story, using names and everything. It was a mean trick, and if Bill wants to go to Maisie Brown's wedding he can go. I shall not.

This is Peter's note:

"*Dear Old Man:* Inclosed is the letter Clara gave Delaney to mail, which I read to you last night over the long-distance phone. I'm called away or I'd bring it round.

"It was easy enough for you to say not to let Clara get away with it, but for a time during the storm it looked as if she'd got the bit and was off. Luckily their car got stuck in the creek, and the rest was easy. We saw them, during a flash of lightning, climbing the hill to the Brown place for shelter. Luck was with us after that, for Maisie and a crowd came along, and we told Maisie the story. I take my hat off to Maisie. She's a trump. If you could have seen Roger Waite's face when she gave him back the ring! Carrie, who was looking through the windows with the others, was so sorry for him that she wanted to go in and let him cry on her shoulder.

"I hope Clara didn't take cold. She must have been pretty wet. But you were quite right. It wasn't only that she'd have had the laugh on all of us if she got away with it. As you said, it would be a bad precedent.

"Burn this, for the love of Mike. If Clara sees it she'll go crazy. Yours, PETER."

THE RED RECORD OF COURAGE

(Continued from Page 15)

He looked far away over the amethyst waters of Sulu Sea and his voice died away in reverie.

"Young fellow"—I clapped his shoulder in a fatherly way—"you're carrying your grouch against the Western Hemisphere a little too far. It's all well enough to be sore on the white race, but don't cut loose from them—especially from the women."

"You've a streak of race prejudice in you," Harvey Dobbs broke in impatiently. "I haven't. It's been washed clean out of me."

"It's not prejudice in me," I answered soberly. "We aren't made of better stuff than the people of the East—we're made of the same; but we've got a long running start on them, son. The man of the West has more spunk—more moral courage than these little brown men. He's been through the school of hard knocks, which these chaps haven't. Grit, sticking to his duty when it hurts, beating the other fellow in a square game—that's what the man of the West has got; and it's beyond price. Don't gamble it away, Dobbs! Don't think of marrying on this side of the world. You do your work here like a man and some day you'll go back to Mary Serviss."

"Like hell!" He raved frightfully. "That coward and hypocrite! See here, Mr. Higgins, you quit worrying about my private affairs. I'm going to handle Little Palangao. Djimbangan won't beat me. Here's my chance to make good and I'm going to hang on tight." As he spoke his eyes wandered again to the Singapore girl.

"That's nice!" I said grimly; and, back in Zamboanga that night, I hustled up to the wireless, kicked the operator off his couch, and dispatched the following:

"MARY SERVISS, New York, U. S. A.

"P.S. My letter of yesterday incomplete. Harvey to-day inaugurated on Little Palangao. Won't hold job long if Djimbangan's lady game works. Lady very beautiful. You'd better put a little extra press-agent punch into your letter to the kid. He will hold his own easy for couple of months, while excitement of bossing pirates is fresh; but after that wears thin he'll need reënforcements or I'll eat a fried Moro baby on toast. U. S. A., per JAMES HIGGINS."

"Official Dispatch. Rush!"

"Charge that up to the Mindanao government—item, office expenses," I said to the operator. "It's part of Uncle Sam's business in keeping peace and prosperity round Sulu Sea and a good supervisor on Little Palangao."

"Huh!" snorted the operator, who was only six months out from God's Country. "I'd like to rule an island! It must be a cinch, and lots more fun than sitting up here and thumping out noisy sparks all night."

"Infant and heir-apparent to the State of Lunacy!" I thundered at him. "Asphyxiate that thought! That Dobbs boy is sitting on the lid of hell. He'll loaf round all day, inspecting his handful of soldiers. He'll fidget for something to happen, but nothing will—except sunrise, meals and sunset. Once a month a waterspout will go marching past; and if it breaks near it will rain little fishes on his *nipa* roof. Once in three months a Malay diver may have a falling out with a shark, and Harvey Dobbs will go through the motions of holding a coroner's inquest over as much of the Malay as the shark didn't eat. Twice a year an insane typhoon will rip the roof off his Official Residence and land his wardrobe somewhere in Central Asia. Once a year a citizen will be skinned clean at a cockfight and will run amuck, giving Dobbs five minutes of high-speed target practice.

"And what'll he do all the rest of the time?" I went on. "I'll tell you: The divers and fishermen will be off in their proas all day, and the carpenters will be off in the jungle chopping wood or else in the *nipa* patch along the beach. Harvey Dobbs'll sit on his veranda and watch the women and girls sew thatching for the proas. Most of them won't be wearing the veils Mohammed ordered them to; and such as do will throw them off in order to work better at the *nipa*. The pretty young women will swing past Harvey's veranda in their gay silk *sarongs*, made of *pahang* stolen from some poor trader.

"Night comes. And then every respectable Malay family holds a party. They begin smacking the gongs, and the music of the *kouling-tangan* starts up. Girls and men dance far into the night. And—believe me, son—the boss of Little Palangao will be there watching them; for there's nothing else to do. Week after week, month after month, and sooner or later those sirens, with eyes like October ale, will break a white man's moral courage as surely as a python breaks the ribs of a buffalo calf. Oh, there's hells of fire, and hells of ice, and hells of hunger! But there's no hell like the hell of perpetual idleness, with no worries and with lots of pretty things to look at! I'm sorry for Dobbs. He isn't getting a fair chance to make good."

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

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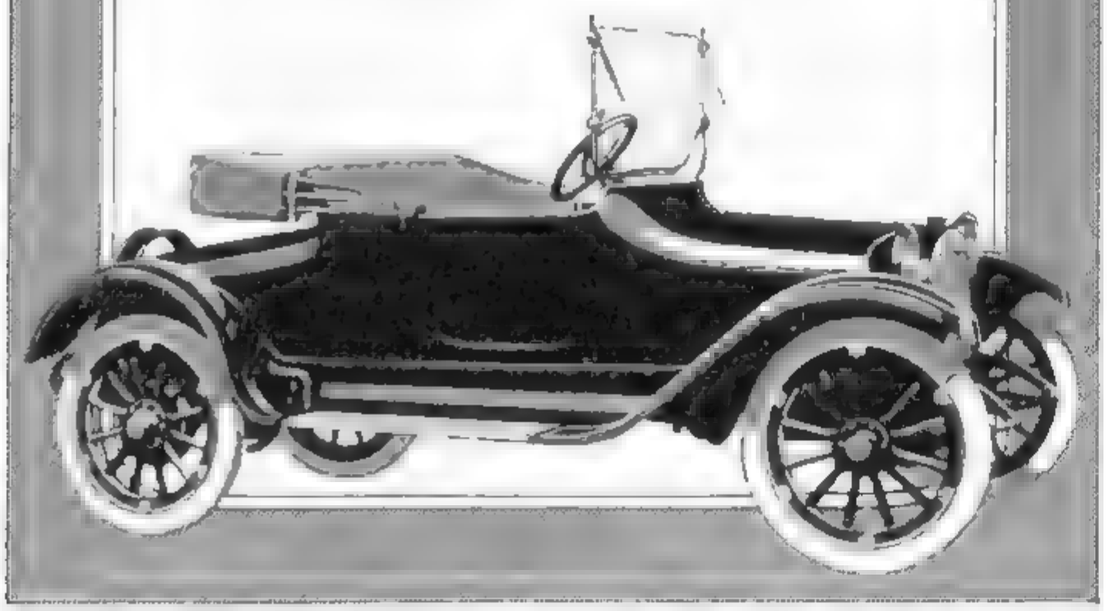

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CHINA JAPANNED

(Continued from Page 9

long time as they have some expert guerrilla fighters among them. It was the story that Japan intended to put the boy Emperor back on the throne, and preparations were made to guard against that contingency—preparations that would have been very uncomfortable, if carried into effect, for the boy Emperor and the rest of the Imperial Family—uncomfortable, not to say fatal.

The gate leading to the presidential yamen was jammed with automobiles, carriages and jinrikishas, belonging to Chinese officials who were called into consultation, or who rushed there in panic to find out what would happen. Publicly the Chinese said they would fight—fight facing sure defeat, but for their sacred altars and their fires, to say nothing of the graves of their ancestors and the preservation of their integrity as a nation.

On Wednesday night a large number of telegrams were sent out setting forth the situation to powerful men in England and America, predicting war and asking for help to avert this catastrophe. News from Tokio continued ominous. The crafty Japanese kept turning the screws. Every paragraph that was sent out by the official Japanese news agency breathed slaughter. The whole Japanese nation was in accord, apparently, and determined to secure these advantages by force of arms unless China gave in and consented. There never was any question as to what would happen if it came to a fight. China would not last a week. The Chinese knew that, and so did the Japanese; and the Japanese played up this knowledge in their threats.

China's bold front lasted for about forty-eight hours—thirty-six would be nearer correct. She desperately tried to excite sympathy and to get support from England and America. Cold comfort came in the replies of Sir Edward Grey to the questions propounded in the House of Commons. Then on Wednesday, which is the day foreign ministers visit the Waichiapou or Chinese Foreign Office, came a series of discomforting suggestions from certain of the foreign ministers—unofficial, but none the less pointed—that China would be foolish to fight, inasmuch as Japan would have greater standing if she gained her demand by conquest than she would have in the premises if she enforced her demands by diplomacy only. It was pointed out to the Chinese that the rest of the world with interests in China was reasonably busy at that time, and that China must wait until some future day for redress via the Powers.

A Panic-Stricken Government

Furthermore, the General Staff began reporting on preparedness. Though it was true the Chinese had some eighty thousand soldiers at Mukden and in that vicinity, and plenty of ammunition, so-called, and fifty thousand soldiers in the vicinity of Peking, the General Staff regretted to state that there were no fuses for the artillery shells and that the soldiers were armed with ten different makes of rifles, which necessitated considerable delay in getting cartridges for them, inasmuch as each soldier was compelled to pick out his own cartridges from a pile of ten different kinds. The General Staff apprehended the fact that their artillery ammunition was lacking fuses might interfere with the effectiveness of their artillery against the Japanese.

Yuan Shi Kai called councils of his Ministers and conferences of the Grand Council of State. He asked the army and navy to give him their views. He asked for the views of everybody else. While all this was in progress, some of the Chinese diplomatists sought to execute a typically Chinese flank movement on the Japanese. Holding that the Japanese might be desirous of getting out and doing nothing, after they had announced an ultimatum and were mobilizing, these astute Chinese diplomatists sent a communication to the Japanese Minister, Mr. Hioki, agreeing to concede one or two of the more minor points in Manchuria. As the Chinese expressed it, this was to give the Japanese an opportunity to retire gracefully and save Japan's face—a highly desirable proceeding, of course. Oddly enough, the Japanese did not take this view; in fact they laughed at this Chinese attempt to solve the difficulty and insisted that there would be an ultimatum.

The ultimatum came in due time from Tokio. Mr. Hioki told the Chinese that he had the document, which arrived on Thursday at six o'clock in the afternoon, and that he would present it at three o'clock on the afternoon of Friday. This news took all the little remaining courage out of the Chinese. They ran wildly about protesting they could do nothing, pleading their helplessness, and bewailing their sad fate. No replies had come from the Powers. Apparently the rest of the world was indifferent as to whether Japan and China should fight or remain at peace, and willing they should settle the thing in their own way. Bad cess to them for mussing up the Far East in this manner when Europe was in such a broil!

Word came out from the presidential yamen that China would resist. A note was prepared that spoke of war in its preamble. This was pure bravado, for the Chinese knew there would be no war; and everybody in touch with the situation in Peking knew, during the first day or two, that China, after certain preliminaries, would give in. There was no other way out of it. The note with war in its preamble was revised. The National Council of State held protracted meetings. China and Chinese officials were in a blue funk. Then came the great task of a few men to prevent the Chinese from giving in before the ultimatum was presented. The Chinese officials were so frightened they wanted to reply to the ultimatum, accede to its demands, and give up the ghost before the ultimatum was presented. They wanted to quit on the threat of it and not because of it.

The Text of the Ultimatum

Men with some sense showed the Chinese that this was the rankest kind of cowardice and folly. They hammered at them for a day and a night to prevent them from quitting before they had put the onus on the Japanese of handing in an ultimatum for these extraordinary demands and this assault on the sovereignty of China. Finally, almost by main strength, the Chinese officials were stiffened up and brought to see that there was no need for replying to an ultimatum and accepting it merely because the ultimatum was in Peking and still in the custody of the Japanese Minister. It was a hard job, because the Chinese were scared stiff.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, May seventh, Mr. Hioki drove to the Chinese Foreign Office and handed the ultimatum to the Chinese Foreign Minister. The ultimatum and the accompanying note made a long document. It was written in Japanese. Here again the Japanese showed their craft. They did not go to the trouble of having the ultimatum and the note translated into Chinese. This gave them a decided advantage, for it forced the Chinese to translate into Chinese, notwithstanding the similarity of the written languages, and then into English, and allowed the Japanese that much time for getting their note of explanation and justification to the rest of the world ahead of the Chinese protest and explanation.

The accompanying communication comprised seven long, plausible, typically Japanese explanations of the hallowed friendship and the keen regard for the well-being of China that were back of the demands, told of Japan's honorable intentions, and censured the Chinese for delay and duplicity in the course of the negotiations; in fact, the note made it appear that China was the offender all the way through. And it was all done in a most clever Japanese fashion, those people being masters of that sort of thing.

The ultimatum itself was as follows:

"The reasons the Japanese Imperial Government opened negotiations with the Chinese Government are these: 1—To adjust the situation created by the Japanese-German War; and 2—To settle all questions that are a hindrance to the friendly relations between China and Japan, so as to make a strong foundation for the friendship between the two nations and to guarantee permanent peace in the Far East. A dispatch was handed to the Chinese Government in January of this year and negotiations with the Chinese Government were begun in a sincere and fair spirit. Up to the present twenty-five conferences have been held. Through all these conferences the Imperial Japanese Government explained the essential purposes of the demands in a

fair manner. We listened patiently to all the arguments advanced by the Chinese Government and we believe that we have absolutely made our best endeavors to settle the matter peacefully and satisfactorily.

"The discussion of all the demands was completed at the twenty-fourth conference, which was held on April seventeenth. The Imperial Japanese Government took into consideration all the contentions advanced by the Chinese Government and revised the first draft of the demands, which are most conciliatory. The revised demands were presented to the Chinese Government on April twenty-sixth and approval requested. At the same time we declared that if China would approve the revised demands we would be ready at the proper moment and under suitable conditions to return to China Kiao-chau-wan—Tsingtau—which was won with great sacrifices.

"The reply of the Chinese Government, made on May first, was contrary to the expectations of the Imperial Japanese Government. Moreover, the Chinese Government, in addition to not giving serious and sincere attention to the consideration of the revised demands, did not appreciate the difficulties and good intentions of the Imperial Japanese Government in proposing the retrocession of Kiao-chau Bay. The Kiao-chau Bay is a place of great commercial and military importance in the Far East. The Imperial Japanese Government, in taking the place, made immense sacrifices in blood and money. Therefore, after taking the place, there is not the least obligation on the Imperial Japanese Government's part to return the place to China; but, with a view of cultivating the friendly relations of the two nations, we proposed to return the place to China.

"The Chinese Government did not regard the matter in a proper light and did not appreciate the kindly feelings of the Imperial Japanese Government, which is to be regretted. Not only did the Chinese Government ignore the good intention of the Imperial Japanese Government in offering to return Kiao-chau Bay, but in the reply to the revised demands the Chinese Government demanded unconditional retrocession and indemnity for the unavoidable injuries and losses incurred during the Japanese-German War. Furthermore, the Chinese Government made certain demands regarding Kiao-chau Bay and declared that the Chinese Government will have a right to join in the Japanese-German peace conference.

"The Chinese Government knows very well that the unconditional retrocession of Kiao-chau Bay and the indemnity for losses and injuries arising out of the Japanese-German War cannot be agreed to and accepted by the Japanese Government. Nevertheless, the Chinese Government made these demands and declared that its reply is the final reply of the Chinese Government. Since Japan cannot accept such demands they have no bearing, even if all the questions raised by Japan be fully settled. The result is that the reply of the Chinese Government is wholly void and meaningless."

"The Extreme of Conciliation"

"Japan has special interests in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia—geographically, politically, commercially and industrially; and such special interests are recognized by all the Powers. Such interests were strengthened by the two wars waged by the Imperial Japanese Government; but the Chinese Government disregarded such facts and did not respect the position of the Imperial Japanese Government in these places. Even in regard to the revised proposals that were made in a conciliatory spirit, and after due consideration of the standpoint of the Chinese representatives, the Chinese Government made alterations and gave a dilatory reply, thus making the revised representations of the Japanese useless. The Japanese Government recognized one point and rejected another. Thus we cannot say that the Chinese authorities are sincere and earnest in conducting these negotiations.

"As regards the demands relating to advisers, the land for schools and hospitals, the arms and ammunition, and the arsenals, and the railroads in the south, the Imperial Japanese Government, in consideration of the fact that certain of these require the consent of foreign Powers, merely desired to put down the conversations in regard to these points in the minutes. This would not infringe Chinese sovereignty or treaty obligations. But in the reply the Chinese Government did not give satisfaction to the Imperial Japanese Government's hope, on the pretext that these demands infringed her sovereignty and treaty obligations.

"After noting this attitude of the Chinese Government, though the Imperial Japanese Government felt that further negotiations would be useless, it still hoped for the maintenance of peace in the Far East and the settlement of the matter satisfactorily in order to avoid complications in the general situation.

"The Imperial Japanese Government, in consideration of the feelings of its neighbor, went to the extreme of conciliation and now proposes to separate the following issues from these negotiations for future discussion—namely, the five items under Group Five, except the item relating to Fu-kien, in regard to which representatives of the two governments have agreed to exchange documents.

"The Chinese Government should appreciate the friendship of the Imperial Japanese Government and accept promptly and without alteration the following: The various items under Groups One, Two, Three and Four, and the item about Fu-kien under Group Five, in regard to which documents are to be exchanged.

"The Imperial Japanese Government hereby repeats its exhortations to the Chinese Government, and earnestly hopes that the Chinese Government will give a satisfactory reply before six P. M. on the ninth of May. If a satisfactory reply is not received at the appointed time, then the Imperial Japanese Government will take such action as it deems necessary."

Answering the Ultimatum

After the reception of this document the funk became bluer and the hurrying about more agitated. There was no question of the acceptance of the ultimatum in all its terms; but there obtruded the Chinese desire to save as much face as possible. Also, the Chinese felt that they must make a statement to the Powers and the rest of the world, showing how they had bowed solely to *force majeure*, and how they refused to recognize this movement by Japan as anything but aggression and infringement on the sovereignty of China, but, being helpless, were compelled to assent. This is the sort of communication in writing the official Chinese loves to make. He dotes on it. He balances ideograph against ideograph delicately, discussing the exact shade of meaning each conveys. They started out to perform a prodigy of Chinese composition.

Meantime one great Chinese—the one great one of the whole lot, Liang Shih-yi—saw to it that it was made perfectly plain to the rest of the world that the vital thing to Japan in the demands of Japan was Group Five. He took a hand in the note-building himself. Three times, between three o'clock on Friday afternoon and half after one on Sunday morning, May ninth, he sent men to Mr. Hioki, the Japanese Minister, to discuss the phraseology of the Chinese reply, stating that the Chinese wanted to have it just right, in order that the affair might be settled speedily. Each time it was suggested to Mr. Hioki that the Chinese would write as follows: "The Chinese Government considers that its agreement settles all pending questions between China and Japan." And three times Mr. Hioki pointed out that the Chinese must insert in their note the definite stipulation that this acceptance settled all pending questions "except the five articles in the Fifth Group, which are reserved for future discussion."

This was what the Chinese wanted. They intended to put the Japanese in the position of insisting on the articles in Group Five; and they did so, those articles being the ones that, in the Chinese view, infringe on the sovereignty of China. The Chinese desire to show that these Fifth-group provisions are the milk in the Japanese cocoanut, as the Chinese have always contended. Mr. Hioki saw through the plan of omitting them in the Chinese acceptance, and he apparently had no fear of insisting on their inclusion. The Japanese know what they want and they had their grasp on those very things.

The National Council of State, or Tsan Chen Yuan, was in continuous and declamatory session. This body is the creation of Yuan Shi Kai and is composed mostly of men who have been in official life for years. They are men—almost entirely—who were in the service of the Emperor

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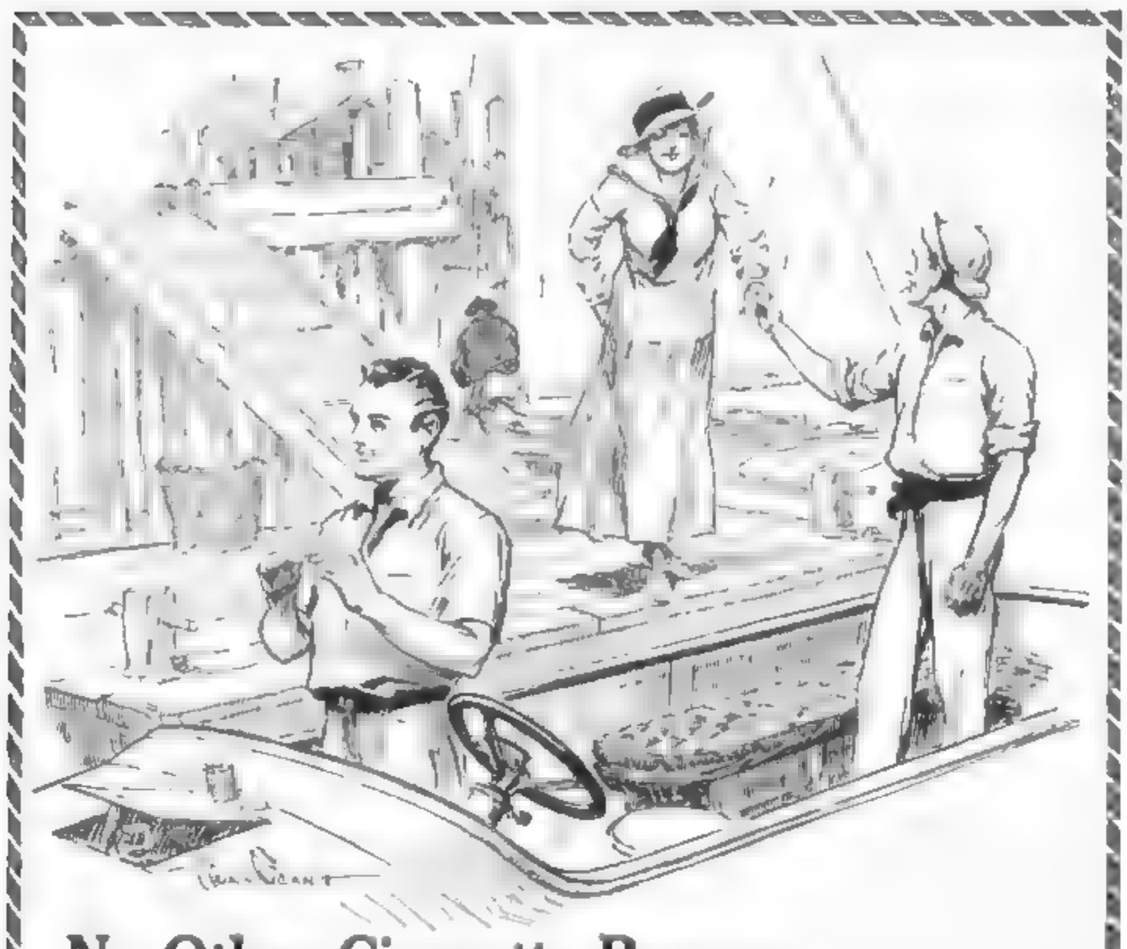

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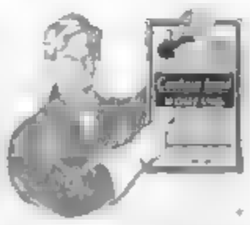

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with Yuan. He organized the Tsan Chen Yuan when he dissolved Parliament, and he saw to it that the provisional constitution provided that he, as President, should have the sole appointing power. Wherefore the Tsan Chen Yuan, being composed of typical Chinese officials, was of about as much service in the emergency as a national council of rabbits would have been.

They gabbled interminably, proclaiming this and declaiming that; but all of them were so frightened and so impressed with the fact that they, as individuals, might be put to some discomfort or suffer some loss if China asserted herself that there was a constant peace-at-any-price sentiment in all the orations.

Yuan Shi Kai saw there was no chance to do anything more than declaim and protest and comply. He knew about the army. He knew of the inefficiency of his officials, with a few notable exceptions; so he turned to Liang Shih-yi, the brains of China, and the courage of it too. And Liang Shi-yi did the best he could, which was not much. One man could not hold China steady. Liang fixed it forever that Group Five is the real desire of Japan, and then the rest was merely complete submission.

Still, there was a sentiment that China should make some sort of ringing protest; and the classic statesmen took out their paintbrushes and began the composition of an epic answer to this assault of the Japanese on the sovereignty of China, and their meek and humble compliance with the same. This answer was to be a real fancy piece of Chinese composition, wherein all the flowers of rhetoric should bloom. However, along about noon on Saturday, May eighth, Sir John Jordan, the British Minister to China, dropped in on one or two of the leaders. Sir John had a telegram he desired to read. This telegram was from Sir Edward Grey, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs. It suggested to the Chinese that they make the reply to the Japanese as brief and noncomplicated as possible, in order that future developments, fostered by Great Britain and the Powers, might not be rendered more difficult in execution by an excess of Chinese verbiage, over which the Japanese might quibble.

The telegram did not suggest that the Chinese should hold out or that Great Britain, or any other country, eventually would step in. It intimated that something of the kind might possibly happen, and if something of the kind did happen it would be much easier for the steppers-in to arrange matters if the Chinese accepted in so many words and let it go at that. The intimation was that such a proceeding might appeal to Great Britain, and the Chinese grabbed at that intimation. It was the only support of any kind from any foreign Power they have had, so far as I am able to learn.

China's Reply to Japan

This changed things again. The scrolls on which the convoluted Chinese characters were being painted were abandoned. Then this bald and brief reply was written:

"At three o'clock on the afternoon of May seventh the Japanese Minister delivered in person to the Chinese Government an ultimatum of the Japanese Government, with an accompanying note of seven articles in explanation. The last part of the ultimatum states: 'The Imperial Japanese Government . . . hopes that the Chinese Government will give a satisfactory reply before six o'clock on the afternoon of May ninth. If a satisfactory reply is not received at the appointed time, then the Imperial Japanese Government will take such action as it deems necessary.'

"It is proper that we should make this statement:

"The Chinese Government, with a view to the maintenance of the peace of the Far East, agrees to the various articles in Group One, Group Two, Group Three and Group Four, and the Fu-kien question in the Fifth Group, which is to be made the subject of an exchange of notes according to what is recorded in the revised articles presented by Japan on April twenty-sixth; and according to the seven articles of explanation which accompany the ultimatum presented by the Japanese Government, with the exception of the five articles in the Fifth Group which are to be discussed in the future.

"The Chinese Government hereby agrees at once, in the hope that all the pending questions between Japan and China will thus be solved and the friendly relations between the two countries will be further strengthened. The Chinese Government, therefore, requests that the Japanese Minister will fix a date and visit the Waichiapou to arrange the wording officially, and sign as speedily as possible."

This was handed to the Japanese Minister at half past one on Sunday morning, May ninth, and he telegraphed the glad news to Tokio. The Japanese stopped mobilizing their troops and called off their warships, and thus the episode was closed.

Japan acted on the assumption that war was coming. She took nothing for granted. Orders were issued to Japanese residents in all parts of China to get ready to move, and there was great packing up by Japanese in all the cities and a great scurrying to Tientsin and other ports. Hundreds of Japanese left Peking, and so did hundreds of them leave other cities and villages. Japanese troops, of which there were about thirty thousand in China, were ready; and many thousands more were under orders to proceed to China. Many of the Chinese were frightened enough to get ready to leave Peking for the extreme west of China. Preparations for eventualities were made at the legations in Peking. That was an exciting and an interesting week.

Publicity as an Ally

Two things are very clear. The first is that Japan has secured the hold she has wanted on China and is now in a fair way to push her plan of consolidating the yellow races of the Far East. Despite the pacific and friendly assurances of the Japanese statesmen, time will prove that what Japan has in mind she can now accomplish, save in the remote event of the interference of the Powers—and possibly in spite of such interference. Japan has China in her grasp. And this domination of China by Japan will not be friendly to the United States in any single way.

The second clear proposition is that China need not have been in this fix. China realized too late that an intelligent publicity did much to hold the Japanese in check. If, at the moment the Japanese made their original demands on China, China had appealed to the world and had made the demands public, there would have been a different ending.

Instead, China went along, frightened into at least partial secrecy by the Japanese, and fatuously depended on her archaic diplomacy to help her. Even in the last few days, when China was willing to do something for herself instead of trading polite phrases with Japan, publicity—and nothing else—secured a modification of the Japanese demands. If Japan could have enforced her original program Japan would have enforced it. That may be depended on.

Japan marked China for her very own years and years ago. The opportunity came to take China and Japan has taken her. This astounding affair could have happened in no other country in the world. Even the weakest nation would have resisted such aggression to the last. But not China! China's officialdom is effete, corrupt, inefficient. Chinese officials have been grafters for so many hundreds of years, have devoted themselves to the "squeeze" to such an extent, that when they come to a crisis they are as helpless as children. The theory on which China has been run officially is that nothing may pass through any hand without leaving something in that hand—the squeeze!

That explains why the Chinese shells have no fuses in them. That explains why the Chinese soldiers have ten different sorts of rifles. That explains everything Chinese. China has been maladministered for centuries. And yet they can do things. Their stopping of opium smoking and traffic, once almost universal, is an instance.

Now the Chinese think the Powers will help them at some indefinite future date. Meantime, Japan will begin the work of Japanning them—of making them into Japanese. What the Japanese have done in Manchuria is a criterion of what they will do elsewhere. And by the time the Powers get round to interfere—if they ever do—Japan will have China so firmly in her grasp that the Powers will have extreme difficulty in getting a release. This thing never could have happened but for the war in Europe, even in inefficient, helpless China; but it has happened. To China, oldest of nations, with fifty centuries of sovereign existence, Hail and farewell!

Built like ——— —"The Deacon's One-Hoss Shay"

THE weakest part of every Pneumatic Tire is its Walls or ***Sides,*** not its ***Tread,***—its Cotton ***Fabric*** or "Stocking," not its Rubber "Sole."

No price would be too high to pay for a material that, replacing Cotton in the Walls of Pneumatic Tires, would ***last*** as long as the Goodrich Rubber ***Tread*** could be ***made*** to wear.

Neither Silk, nor Linen, nor any other ***known*** Fabric yet discovered is so good, for this purpose, as Cotton,—and choice long-fibred Cotton is the best material that money can buy for Tire Fabric.

We use nothing ***less*** in Goodrich Tires, and test every foot of it up to 380 lbs. to the Square Inch, before we percolate it with the most adhesive Rubber Compound ever made for this purpose.

We then shape this rubberized Fabric into Tires, with scrupulous care to have the ***tension*** on each square inch of fabric precisely the same,—that tension being controlled by a ***machine*** as sensitive as the eye, and infinitely more ***precise*** than the handwork of the most skilled Operative could make it.

o o o

TO do this work we have the most highly-trained men in the Rubber Industry,—trained in the ***Precision*** that practice and our 45-year EXPERIENCE make perfect.

No Tire Manufacturer, if he received a price of $200 per Tire, could put ***better*** Fabric into the Walls of his Tires, use greater care, more sensitively adjusted Tension devices, or more adhesive Rubber between each layer of fabric.

Because, we ***know*** the vital importance of THE BEST in this part of the Tire, and use it there ***unsparingly.***

But,—notwithstanding all this,—the FABRIC is the part of the Tire which goes ***first.***

Because the ***sides*** of the Tire do most of the work in running,—bending and stretching a million times an hour, in scores of different directions.

This bending of the sides causes ***Friction*** between the layers of Canvas working against each other,—Friction causes Heat—the Heat over-cures and dries out the Rubber Adhesive between layers, which then separate from each other, in spots, the threads weakening or wearing out chafing against each other.

Then you have, in due time, the incipient blow-out, or other form of Tire-Death.

Put ***more*** layers of Fabric than we do in the walls, to strengthen them, and ***the friction increases,*** with faster deterioration of the Rubber through the greater heat engendered.

Put ***fewer*** layers, and the walls would not be strong enough to carry the load of the Car.

So ***there*** you are—Mr. Tire User!

o o o

WHY put MORE layers of Fabric in the Walls of the Tire than will properly ***carry*** the load, when each additional layer is an additional developer of that Friction-heat which is to Tires what Old Age is to Man?

That is the reason we build, in Goodrich Tires, a carefully BALANCED Tire, emulating the famous example of "The Deacon's One-Hoss Shay" in which "the Sills were just as strong as the Thills and the Thills as strong as the floor."

The ***Maximum Fabric efficiency*** and then,—the rest of the Tire built ***up*** to that.

Result,—

—The most resilient Tire that is made with Fabric Walls,—at the ***fairest*** price per Mile of performance.

Why pay ***more*** for any Tire?

Made as *always,*—the *same* reliable Construction, the *same* dependable Service—without anything whatever taken out of *Quality,* no matter what reductions in List-Price are ever made.

Only 5% Plus for this Best Non-Skid Tire

Note following comparative prices. "A," "B," "C" and "D" represent four Widely-Sold Non-Skid Tires:

Size	Goodrich Safety Tread	OTHER MAKES			
		"A"	"B"	"C"	"D"
30x3	$9.45	$10.55	$10.95	$16.35	$18.10
30x3½	12.20	13.35	14 20	21.70	23 60
32x3½	14.00	15.40	16.30	22 85	25.30
34x4	20.35	22.30	23.80	31.15	33.55
36x4½	28.70	32.15	33.60	41 85	41.40
37x5	33.90	39 80	41.80	49.85	52.05

GOODRICH ——— FAIR-LISTED TIRES

THE B F. GOODRICH CO.
Akron, O.

"Traction-Wave" Breaker

Observe the Foxy-Fingers of the Goodrich *Safety* Tread. Made *in series,* so the transverse space between each two sets will act as a working *Hinge,* in Tire Travel. These "Hinges" then break up the "Traction-Wave" area into its most harmless form, HEAVILY increasing MILEAGE for only 5% increase in Rubber and Cost to you.

Across the Rockies in the Snow

By W. P. Hensley

This story, related by W. P. Hensley, Saxon owner, of Colorado City, Colo., tells, we believe, of the most remarkable trip ever experienced by any private owner of an automobile. Mr. Hensley's story, given to us voluntarily in a letter written immediately after the trip, is full of thrills, and when you have finished reading it you won't know whose pluck to admire most—the driver's or his car's.

SAXON MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT

"The day after Christmas I loaded a camp outfit on my Saxon car, consisting of tent, camp stove, bedding, provisions, extra tires and supplies; and my wife and I drove from Butte, Montana, to Colorado Springs, a distance of 1,185 miles via the route we came.

"The combined weight of ourselves and the camp outfit was nearly 800 pounds, and our route was over mountains and rough country, and over roads that few automobiles had ever traveled.

Up an 18-Mile Hill

"We crossed the Continental Divide near Butte, making what is known as the '18-mile hill' on our own power. This hill is a hard one for the best cars, even in summer. Thirteen cars have been wrecked on this hill owing to drivers losing control on the steep grade and the cars running backward off the road and piling up in the canyon.

"When we crossed, the road was covered with snow and ice every inch of the way. The last two miles of the hills were so steep and icy that the car could not be held by the brakes (although the chains were on, of course) when not in motion; when we stopped we had to put rocks behind the wheels to hold the car or the locked wheels would slide backward on the ice.

Snow Seven Inches Deep on Yellowstone Trail

"We made the hill O. K. without damage; and as it was long after dark when we reached the top, and 30 miles to the next town, we camped in 8 inches of snow for the night.

"We followed the Yellowstone trail east through Bozeman, Livingston, Billings to Forsythe, about 400 miles east of Butte. We crossed the Bozeman Divide between Bozeman and Livingston in 7 inches of new snow. We were warned at Bozeman that we could not make it, but we made it easily.

"The road over the Bozeman Divide follows an old railroad grade of the Northern Pacific for some miles. This grade was so steep that the railroad company was forced to abandon it. They tore up the rails and made an easier grade by tunneling the mountain. From what I saw of the old grade it must have required eighteen engines to push one box car over.

"As we approached the summit we met two cars coming down. The drivers had given up the attempt to get over and told us we could never make it, but we were on a journey and had to get over, and the chances were in favor of the snow getting deeper if we delayed. We expected to have to get a team to pull us over the top. However, we went over all right, although after we passed the place, two miles from the top, where the cars we had met had turned around, we were compelled to break our own trail.

"The first two miles of the descent were almost as bad as the ascent, as the snow had drifted on the east side of the pass and we had to use low gear to get through the drifts.

"Dead Man's Canyon" Holds no Terrors for Saxon

"The road we were on led us through a canyon, which we learned later was called 'Dead Man's Canyon.' We did not inquire how it got its name, but I have a theory that some motorist tried to drive through here and committed suicide in despair. We made it, however—thirty long miles of it and when we got back to civilization I asked several people I met if that was the main road from Livingston to Billings. They all expressed surprise that we made it through 'Dead Man's Canyon' at this time of year.

"We got into snow again soon after leaving Lame Deer and that night camped in several inches of it near the top of an unnamed divide in the Crow Indian reservation. Next day about noon we reached Kirby, another trading post, where we purchased gasoline that had been hauled in by freight wagons from Sheridan.

"Between the oil fields and Caspar, Wyo., we bucked a gale that made us use low gear on all the high, exposed points. It was bitter cold and although the sun shone brightly, this was the most disagreeable and coldest day we had on the whole trip.

"Between Denver and Colorado Springs we encountered more snow. At Palmers Lake we bucked snow, new and old, in drifts for 12 miles. Most of the motorists we encountered here were friendly, but a few with high-powered cars seemed to consider it a personal affront when the sturdy Saxon went unaided where they could not go without assistance.

Only $11 for Gasoline

"We used a gallon of gas for each 26 miles on the entire trip—a remarkably low gas consumption when you consider that the trip was made in mid-winter over mountains, through snow, and most of the way over roads not made for automobiles. We camped most of the nights by the roadside and the car stood out in the cold, often below zero. I never had any trouble to start the motor without priming. Often in the snow and bad hills the motor would run for hours on low gear, and never 'laid down' on me a single time.

"My expense for gas was between $11 and $12 for the trip. I used so little oil that I did not keep tab on it. I never had one moment's trouble with the motor. Owing to the excessive weight we carried, we broke two of the shorter spring leaves and several wire spokes in the rear wheels, but these caused no serious difficulty or delay and we had no other troubles on the trip.

10,000 Miles in a Year

"My car is one of the first Saxons put out. I purchased it after it had seen several months of service as a demonstrator; perhaps 5,000 or 6,000 miles. I bought it in April, 1914. I used it constantly in my work with the Calumet & Hecla Mining Company, in the rough country of the upper peninsula of Michigan, for over five months, driving it nearly 4,000 miles.

"I then shipped it to Butte, Montana, and drove it 1,100 miles in and around Butte, from the middle of September to the day after Christmas, when I started on the 1,185-mile trip to Colorado Springs. This makes over 10,000 miles it had been driven in about the roughest sections of the United States. ***The motor and all other essential parts are as good as the day they left the factory.***"

Yours very truly,

W. P. Hensley

We also make a six-cylinder, five-passenger touring car of special value at $785. Saxon cars are giving good service to 20,000 owners these pleasant summer days. Saxon dealers are everywhere. See one and have a Saxon ride. Write for catalog. Address Dept. C.

SUPPOSE AMERICA DECLARED WAR ON GERMANY?

(Continued from Page 7)

said, it was the peculiar feature of the Germany that Napoleon overran, that her greatest men were either indifferent, like Goethe, or else gave a certain welcome to the ideas that the French invaders represented. Yet, with this unpromising material, the workmen of the German national *renaissance* labored to such good purpose that, within a little more than five years of the humiliation of the Peace of Tilsit, the last French army in Germany was destroyed, and it was thanks to the very condition imposed by Napoleon—with the object of limiting her forces*—that Prussia was able finally to take the major part in the destruction of the Napoleonic, and in the restoration of the German, Empire. It was from the crushing of Prussia after Jena that dates the revival of German national consciousness and the desire for German unity.

So with France in 1870. The German armies, drawn from states that within the memory of men then living had been mere appanages of Napoleon and had, as a matter of fact, furnished some of the soldiers of his armies, had crushed the armies of Louis Napoleon. Not merely was France prostrated, her territory in the occupation of German soldiers, the French Empire overthrown and replaced by an unstable republic, but frightful civil conflicts like the Commune had divided France against herself. So distraught, indeed, was she that Bismarck had almost to create a French government with which to treat at all. An indemnity—at the time immense—had been imposed upon her, and it was generally believed that not for generations could she again become a considerable military or political factor in Europe.

Her increase of population was feeble, tending to stagnation; her political institutions were unstable; she was torn by internal dissensions; and yet, as we know, within five years of the conclusion of peace France had already sufficiently recuperated to become a cause of anxiety to Bismarck, who believed that the work of "destruction" would have to be begun all over again. And if one goes back to earlier centuries, to the France of Louis XIV., and to her recovery after her defeat in the War of the Austrian Succession, to the incredible exhaustion of Prussia in wars like the Thirty Years' War, when her population was cut in half, or to the Seven Years' War, it is the same story—a virile people cannot be wiped from the map.

An Artificial Empire

There are one or two additional factors. The marvelous *renaissance* of France after 1871 has become a commonplace; and yet this France that is once more challenging her old enemy is a France of stationary population, not having, because not needing, the technical industrial capacity that marks certain other peoples, like ourselves and the Germans. The German population is not stationary; it is increasing at the rate of very nearly a million a year; and if the result of this war is to attenuate some of the luxury and materialism that have marked modern Germany, the rate of population increase will not be diminished but rather be accelerated, for it is the people of simple life that are the people of large families.

It is altogether likely that the highly artificial Austrian Empire—itself the work of the sword, not the product of natural growth—embracing so many different races and nationalities, will be politically rearranged. This will result in giving German Austria an identity of aim and aspiration with the other German States, so that—however the frontiers may be rectified and whatever shuffling may take place—this solid fact will remain, that there will be in Central Europe seventy-five or eighty millions speaking German and nursing, if their nationality is temporarily overpowered, the dream of reviving it when the opportunity shall occur.

I have said that the annihilation of Germany is a meaningless phrase. You cannot annihilate sixty-five or seventy-five million people. You cannot divide them up between France and Russia, save at the cost of making those two states highly militarized, undemocratic and oppressive Powers. If you break up those seventy-five millions into separate states, there is no reason why, if a Balkan league could be formed—as it was formed a year or two since—to fight successfully, a German league could not do likewise.

And that brings me to the second point: That the military and diplomatic combinations, by which the German states of the future are to be kept in subjugation, cannot be counted upon for permanence and stability. Such combinations never have been and, in their nature, cannot be permanent or immutable.

The Impermanence of Alliances

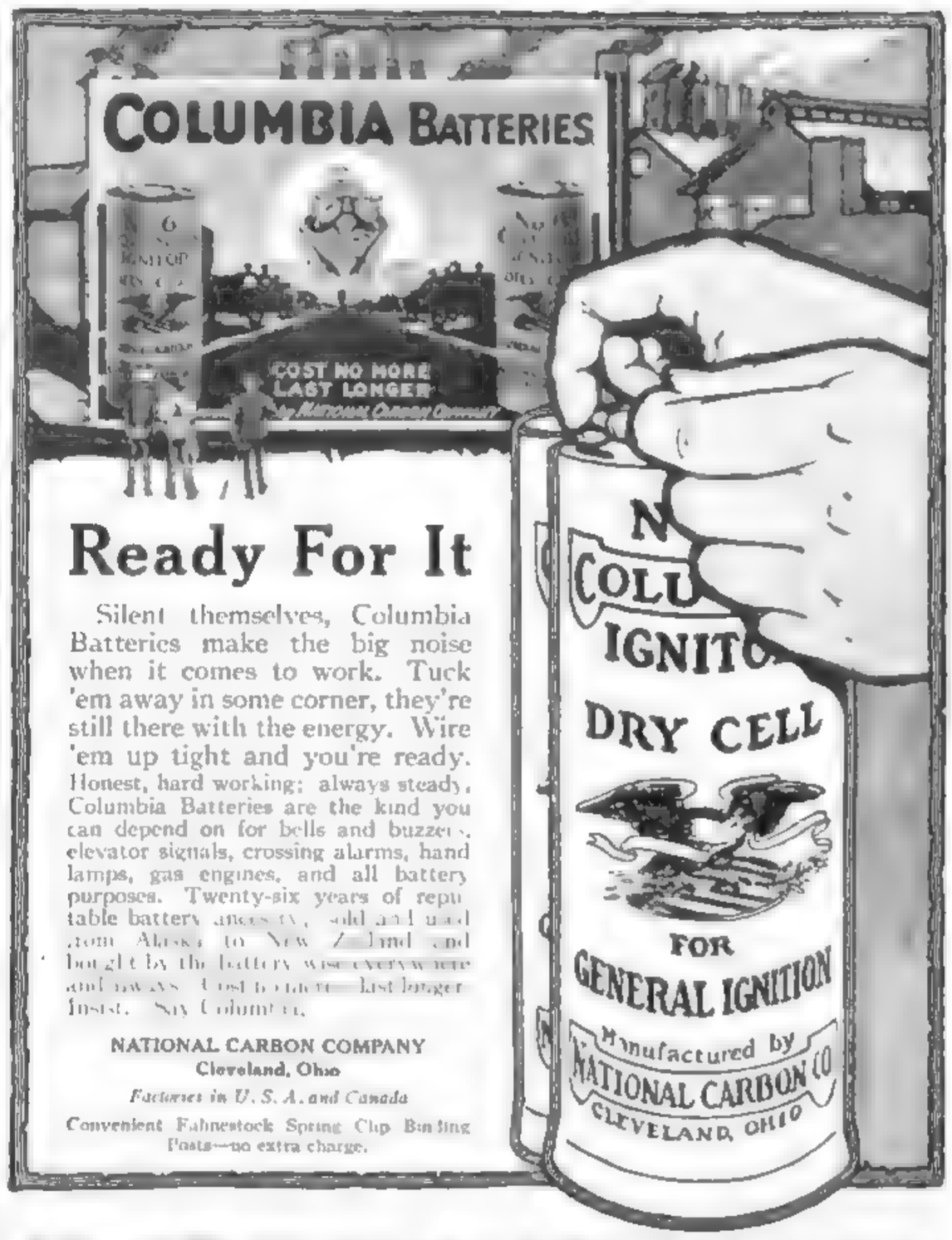
This impermanence and mutability is inherent in their nature and would inevitably be revealed if there was a distribution of conquered territory among the victors. They would then be attempting to cure the evils of conquest and military domination by themselves becoming conquerors, by expanding their military domination, by creating all the machinery to effect those purposes—including the moral or immoral qualities necessary thereto—and by fostering the kind of patriotism and national pride that go therewith. It would then be open for two countries to give satisfaction to the political passions so aroused by despoiling a third. For, as Talleyrand most wisely said, "There is nothing upon which two persons will so readily agree as the robbery of a third for their mutual satisfaction." Let us look at quite recent history, which happens to be particularly suggestive in this connection.

The first Balkan War was won by a group of separate states, not linked by any formal political bond but thrown together by one common fear, resentment, or ambition—the desire to wrest members of their race from Turkish tyranny. To the general astonishment this combination held together with extraordinary success for the purposes of war. But immediately the military success was achieved, dissensions arose among the allies over the division of the spoils. And the first Balkan War was succeeded by a second Balkan War in which the members of the league fought one another, and the final settlement is not yet.

Now just take the Allies in the present war. A year ago Italy was in formal alliance with the Powers that she is now fighting. Japan, a decade since, was fighting with a Power of which she is now the ally. The position of Russia shows never-ending changes. In the struggles of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries England was always on the side of Russia; then after two generations Englishmen were taught to believe that any increase in the power of Russia was absolutely fatal to the continued existence of the British Empire—that statement was made by a British publicist less than ten years ago. Britain is now fighting to increase, both relatively and absolutely, the power of a country which, in her last war upon the Continent, she fought to check. In the war before that one, also fought upon the Continent, England was in alliance with Germany against France. As to the Austrians, whom England is now fighting, they were for many years her faithful allies. So it is very nearly the truth to say of all the combatants respectively that they have no enemy to-day who was not, historically speaking, quite recently an ally, and not an ally to-day who was not in the recent past an enemy.

However, it may be said that Europe did at last deal successfully with the French military menace that arose at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and that the problem of France in 1815—successfully dealt with by Europe—resembles in its essentials the problem of Germany, with which Europe has now to deal a hundred years later. To which it is unhappily necessary to reply that the German problem of 1915 does not resemble the French problem of 1815, and that Europe did not successfully settle this latter problem a hundred years ago.

* Napoleon exacted that the Prussian Army should be limited to forty-two thousand men; but by making it a differential forty-two thousand each year there was initiated that system of national conscription which made Germany triumphant in 1870.



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Silent themselves, Columbia Batteries make the big noise when it comes to work. Tuck 'em away in some corner, they're still there with the energy. Wire 'em up tight and you're ready. Honest, hard working; always steady, Columbia Batteries are the kind you can depend on for bells and buzzers, elevator signals, crossing alarms, hand lamps, gas engines, and all battery purposes. Twenty-six years of reputable battery ancestry, sold and used from Alaska to New Zealand and bought by the battery wise everywhere and always. Cost no more—last longer. Insist. Say Columbia.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio
Factories in U. S. A. and Canada

Convenient Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts—no extra charge.

Unveiled—The Tire Classic
For Motorcycles

Few ever questioned Goodyear's lead in giving the utmost in a Motorcycle Tire. And now comes our motorcycle masterpiece—the Blue Streak.

It's the famous Goodyear racing tire that won all notable records. But we've added new features to make a perfect road tire.

It is big and luxurious, with a swagger blue circle 'round the center, and the same All-Weather Tread of deep-cut blocks that has helped win top place for Goodyear Automobile Tires.

No rival tire has this tread. No rival has a tread so thick, or wide, or deep. So it grips the road securely when you take sharp turns; it protects against punctures and multiplies mileage.

Blue Streaks are built with [illegible] fabric [illegible] all motorcycle tires [illegible] Each cord is [illegible] to form a [illegible] valve spreader that clutches the rim like a vise and so ends creeping. And the inner tube of new live rubber is *30 per cent heavier*.

This tube is the same Laminated construction now so popular with Goodyear Automobile Tire users.

In these and other ways we are giving $50,000 more value in Goodyear Motorcycle Tires this year. Yet we've cut our prices 15 per cent below last year's. This is due to a multiplied output that reduces factory cost per tire. We pass on that saving in lower prices to Goodyear riders.

Any dealer can supply you Blue Streaks. Go at once and see this Goodyear tire de luxe that's winning thousands.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
Makers of Goodyear Fortified Automobile Tires (1503)

All cigarettes are pure, but—

purity alone doesn't make a cigarette SENSIBLE.

We don't know of a single one of our competitors who doesn't make his cigarettes of pure tobacco.

But a pure cigarette that didn't *taste* just right wouldn't do for *you*, would it?

And to be really *sensible* a cigarette must give you *more* than purity and a good taste.

It must be *cool* and friendly to your throat and tongue. And it must leave you feeling fine after smoking all you want.

Fatimas are not the only cigarettes that measure up to all these requirements. There are other sensible ones.

But Fatimas seem to have a big margin in their favor on their *good taste*. Otherwise they could not outsell any other cigarettes costing over 5c.

You can't tell whether they will just suit *your* taste until you try them.

And while you're trying Fatima's taste, just notice also how cool and comfortable—how *sensible*—they are.

Most men who try Fatimas say "*Good Bye!*" to all other cigarettes right away. That's why Fatimas sell so fast.

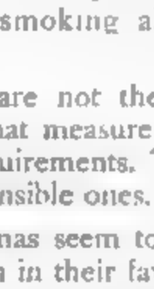
Why don't *you* try Fatimas today?

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

20 Distinctively Individual FATIMAS 15¢

FATIMA
THE TURKISH BLEND
Cigarette

I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL



I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship [illegible] Favorite Pens [illegible]

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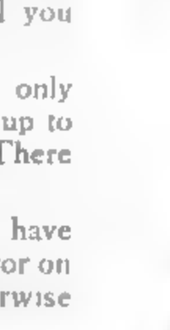

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in each town to ride and show a new 1915 model "RANGER" bicycle. Write for our *liberal terms* on a sample to introduce.

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AUTO TOP $6.50, $7.70 Without Frame $12.75 up

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KILLS FLIES, COCKROACHES, MOTHS, BED BUGS

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First, as to the difference between the two cases. What the Allies were trying to do in 1815 and did—very temporarily—was to restore to France the old government that had been usurped by a non-French soldier—for Napoleon was not a Frenchman. The Allies of that day were, in fact, in alliance with the legitimate ruler of France, and were supported by a powerful French party and by entire French provinces.

The Allies of our day, should they come to their Vienna Congress, will not be dealing with a ruler that is alien to the German people, nor one that is opposed by Germans, as Napoleon was opposed by certain of the French. There are no powerful and influential German classes in exile and at home, ready to restore a government desired by the Allies. The historic government of Germany does not happen to represent the political and dynastic preferences of the Europe that may have the task of reconstructing the German Empire.

So much for the resemblance. Now as to the success of Europe, in 1815, in exorcising the Napoleonic danger. The victory of the European Allies of 1815 was presumed to have restored permanently the old French dynasty and to have destroyed permanently the Napoleonic usurpation. Yet, within three decades of the Congress of Vienna, it was the old French dynasty that had disappeared and the Napoleonic dynasty that was once more installed. And so little did the victories of the Allies exorcise the danger of Napoleonic military ambitions that, within a generation after the death of the first Napoleon, another Napoleon had entered into alliance with England—the jailer of the first—and with England was busy fighting wars the result of which England and Europe are now attempting to undo—fighting, that is, to keep Russia from the Dardanelles and to "secure the permanent integrity of the Turkish Empire"! For the Crimean War was fought for the purpose of preventing Russia from reaching Constantinople and of fortifying Turkish power. The present war is being fought, of course, among other things, for the purpose of achieving exactly the contrary purpose. The grim humor of the thing is complete when we remember that the very object accomplished by the last war in which France and England fought together is in no small part the cause of the present war. For the result of the Crimean War was to make large Balkan populations subservient to Turkish rule, and the present war began in an incident to which the intrigues and struggles of that situation gave rise; it was a part of the unrest which the Crimean War made inevitable.

America's Opportunity

It was not, therefore, the Allies of 1815 who got rid either of the Napoleonic dynasty or of the tradition and evil fermentation that it represented. What finally liberated France and Europe from the particular menace of French imperialism was the German victory of 1870.

The lesson of 1815, of 1870, and of all like situations that have preceded it in Europe, is that the menace that both the Napoleons represented was not in a person, or even in a dynasty or in a government, but in an evil tradition and in a wrong ideal. For modern Germany has produced no Napoleon but it has produced Napoleonism.

In all the facts that I have attempted to recall to the reader's memory there emerges this truth: That the ideas and instincts, the traditions and temper that underlie war grow out of the remedy that is designed to cure it, and if history has any meaning at all, and like causes produce like results, the possible victory of the Allies will not of itself bring about a settlement in Europe any more effective or permanent than the settlements that have preceded it. Indeed, pathetic as the truth is, it is to be feared that a very complete victory of nations with great military traditions behind them—and such nations form part of the combinations now fighting against the Teutonic Powers—will set up just those moral and political forces that victory has always set up in history. And if America should add five hundred thousand to the men already fighting in this war she will not materially alter that fact.

Nothing will alter it, except to give to war a new method that on the one hand shall render it more effective for purposes representing the common interest, and on the other, less fertile of danger and mischief.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Norman Angell. The second will appear in an early issue.

Why the Porcelain Doesn't Break
Where the porcelain insulator in your spark plugs must endure the terrific force of the explosions in your cylinders, Champions have an asbestos cushioned copper gasket (X-A in illustration).
This is just one reason why Champions are sold under such a sweeping guarantee
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Complete satisfaction to the user—free repair, replacement or money back.

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"X" for Ford Cars

Special ½-inch 75c

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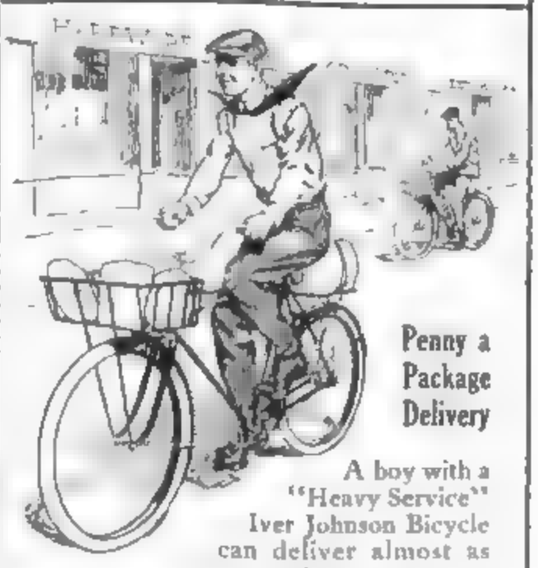

Penny a Package Delivery

A boy with a "Heavy Service" Iver Johnson Bicycle can deliver almost as many packages as a man-driven wagon.

Helps out the teams on special or long-distance trips. Three boys can organize a regular delivery service for a number of stores and make a lot of money. Try it this summer. We will tell you how and furnish signs, etc.

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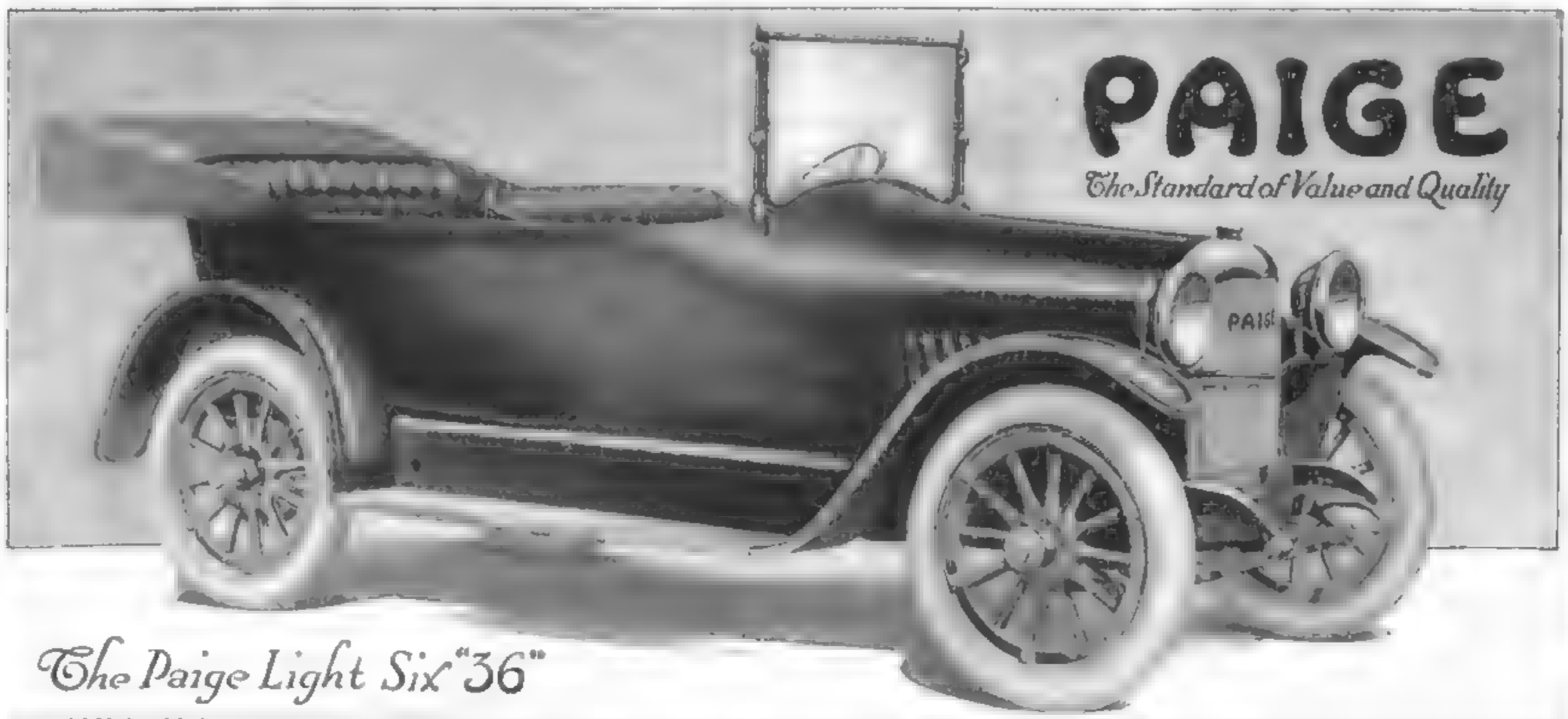

The Paige Light Six "36"

We Ask You to Judge This Car by Its Quality Alone

The Paige "Six-36" sells for the astonishingly low figure of $1095. That, in itself, is impressive.

But, quite irrespective of price, we want you to see this six cylinder car—examine it—ride in it—and *judge* it from a standpoint of Quality only.

It is by no means difficult to manufacture a car for a *price*.

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In building the Paige "Six-36"—as in building all Paige cars past and present—we have been governed only by the unfaltering Paige standards of Value and Quality.

So, we urge you to see this car because it is a *good* car.

We urge you to buy it with absolute confidence because it bears the Paige name plate—an enduring guarantee of fair dealing and honest manufacturing.

$1095
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The Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company
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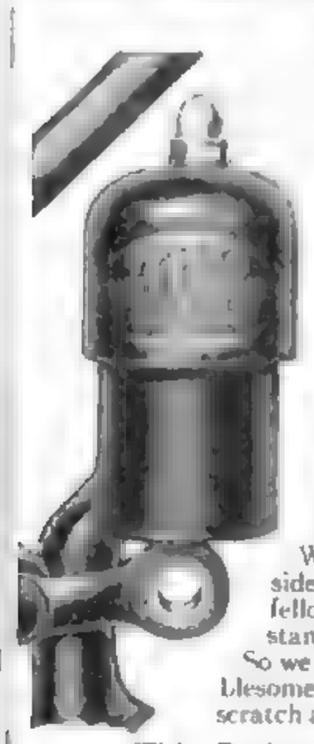
No Other Shock Absorber For Cars Combines These



Why Fender Rods *Can't* Strike Them

Temcos are so tall that the fender rods on Ford Cars would ordinarily strike them.

We *could* make them shorter, but then they couldn't absorb the bumps so perfectly.

We *could* make them lean to one side, but Temcos are tall, handsome fellows and look and work better standing up straight.

So we make them *telescope*, and that troublesome fender rod *can't* strike them and scratch and mar them—*can't* knock the cap off.

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Length, strength and flexibility of the springs determine the quality of work a shock absorber will do.

Even when telescoped, Temcos are as tall as others. When normal, they are the *tallest*.

So Temco springs are the *longest* possible.

And to get the utmost strength and flexibility we use *two* genuine crucible *Vanadium* helical steel springs in *each* shock absorber.

Exhaustive tests showed us that nothing else combines such strength and flexibility.

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A shock absorber has done only part of its work when it stops the up-and-down jouncing

Side-sway is even more tiring.

So we equip Temcos with *Radius Links*, to catch and stop the sway from side to side.

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TEMCO

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Temco Shock Absorbers must fully, thoroughly and completely satisfy you in every way, or you may return them and get your money back.

$15 Complete Set

See your dealer at once

He has Temcos or can quickly get them for you. Most dealers gladly install Temcos and let you try them.

Write today for descriptive matter. If you have trouble getting Temcos write us promptly. We'll see that you are supplied

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Cranberries! Cranberries!

RICH, RIPE, RED CRANBERRIES

Evaporated and ground to powder. Quickly expand by adding water. Use all the year round [illegible] Most delicious when [illegible] many delicious [illegible] Nature's [illegible] preservatives. Pure cranberries and nothing else. Send 10 cents for sample package and 10 recipes for cooking. Makes enough for one pie or five servings of sauce. 25c and 35 packages by mail. Hotels, Grocers, Caterers supplied.

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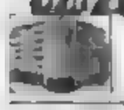
If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?



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Is sometimes pretty dull if he is without spending money. No boy's summer need be a dull one for that reason. Thousands make all the money they need by devoting a half day each week to selling *The Saturday Evening Post*. Let us tell you about it.

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Try My **Rapid** Fireless Cooker 30 Days—FREE

Cook every meal on it. If you are not satisfied and delighted I will refund every cent. Get my Special Low Factory Price

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(The famous "Rouge Mercedes" Spark Plug of Europe)

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Why?

PLUG

HERZ & CO., 245 W. [illegible] St., New York

SOMETHING NEW

(Continued from Page 21)

a cigar—Ashe could not stop his smoking after dinner—that it suddenly flashed on him that he had ready at hand a solution of all his troubles. A brief minute's resolute action and the scarab would be his again, and the menace of Ashe a thing of the past. He glanced about him. Yes; he was alone.

Not once since the removal of the scarab had begun to exercise his mind had Mr. Peters contemplated for an instant the possibility of recovering it himself. The prospect of the unpleasantness that would ensue had been enough to make him regard such an action as out of the question. The risk was too great to be considered for a moment; but here he was, in a position where the risk was negligible!

Like Ashe, he had always visualized the recovery of his scarab as a thing of the small hours, a daring act to be performed when sleep held the castle in its grip. That an opportunity would be presented to him of walking in quite calmly and walking out again with the Cheops in his pocket had never occurred to him as a possibility.

Yet now this chance was presenting itself in all its simplicity, and all he had to do was to grasp it. The door of the museum was not even closed. He could see from where he stood that it was ajar.

He moved cautiously in its direction—not in a straight line as one going to a museum, but circuitously as one strolling without an aim. From time to time he glanced over his shoulder. He reached the door, hesitated, and passed it. He turned, reached the door again—and again passed it. He stood for a moment darting his eyes about the hall; then, in a burst of resolution, he dashed for the door and shot in like a rabbit.

At the same moment the Efficient Baxter, who, from the shelter of a pillar on the gallery that ran round two-thirds of the hall, had been eying the peculiar movements of the distinguished guest with considerable interest for some minutes, began to descend the stairs.

Rupert Baxter, the Earl of Emsworth's indefatigable private secretary, was one of those men whose chief characteristic is a vague suspicion of their fellow human beings. He did not suspect them of this or that definite crime; he simply suspected them. He prowled through life as we are told the hosts of Midian prowled.

His powers in this respect were well-known at Blandings Castle. The Earl of Emsworth said: "Baxter is invaluable—positively invaluable." The Honorable Freddie said: "A chappie can't take a step in this bally house without stumbling over that damn feller, Baxter!" The manservant and the maidservant within the gates, like Miss Willoughby, employing that crisp gift for characterization which is the property of the English lower orders, described him as a Nosey Parker.

Peering over the railing of the balcony and observing the curious movements of Mr. Peters, who, as a matter of fact, while making up his mind to approach the door, had been backing and filling about the hall in a quaint serpentine manner like a man trying to invent a new variety of the tango, the Efficient Baxter had found himself in some way—why, he did not know—of what, he could not say—but in some nebulous way, suspicious.

He had not definitely accused Mr. Peters in his mind of any specific tort or malfeasance. He had merely felt that something fishy was going on. He had a sixth sense in such matters.

But when Mr. Peters, making up his mind, leaped into the museum, Baxter's suspicions lost their vagueness and became crystallized. Certainty descended on him like a bolt from the skies. On oath, before a notary, the Efficient Baxter would have declared that J. Preston Peters was about to try to purloin the scarab.

Lest we should seem to be attributing too miraculous powers of intuition to Lord Emsworth's secretary, it should be explained that the mystery which hung about that curio had exercised his mind not a little since his employer had given it to him to place in the museum. He knew Lord Emsworth's power of forgetting and he did not believe his account of the transaction. Scarab maniacs like Mr. Peters did not give away specimens from their collections as presents. But he had not divined the truth of what had happened in London.

The conclusion at which he had arrived was that Lord Emsworth had bought the scarab and had forgotten all about it. To support this theory was the fact that the latter had taken his check book to London with him. Baxter's long acquaintance with the earl had left him with the conviction that there was no saying what he might not do if let loose in London with a check book.

As to Mr. Peters' motive for entering the museum, that, too, seemed completely clear to the secretary. Baxter was a curio enthusiast himself and he had served collectors in a secretarial capacity; and he knew, both from experience and observation, that strange madness which may at any moment afflict the collector, wiping out morality and the nice distinction between mine and thine as with a sponge. He knew that collectors who would not steal a loaf if they were starving might—and did—fall before the temptation of a coveted curio.

He descended the stairs three at a time, and entered the museum at the very instant when Mr. Peters' twitching fingers were about to close on his treasure. He handled the delicate situation with eminent tact. Mr. Peters, at the sound of his step, had executed a backward leap, which was as good as a confession of guilt, and his face was rigid with dismay; but the Efficient Baxter pretended not to notice these phenomena. His manner, when he spoke, was easy and unembarrassed:

"Ah! Taking a look at our little collection, Mr. Peters? You will see that we have given the place of honor to your Cheops. It is certainly a fine specimen—a wonderfully fine specimen."

Mr. Peters was recovering slowly. Baxter talked on, to give him time. He spoke of Mut and Bubastis, of Ammon and the Book of the Dead. He directed the other's attention to the Roman coins.

He was touching on some aspects of the Princess Gilukhipa of Mitanni, in whom his hearer could scarcely fail to be interested, when the door opened and Beach, the butler, came in, accompanied by Ashe. In the bustle of the interruption Mr. Peters escaped, glad to be elsewhere, and questioning for the first time in his life the dictum that if you want a thing well done you must do it yourself.

"I was not aware, sir," said Beach, the butler, "that you were in occupation of the museum. I would not have intruded; but this young man expressed a desire to examine the exhibits, and I took the liberty of conducting him."

"Come in, Beach—come in," said Baxter.

The light fell on Ashe's face, and he recognized him as the cheerful young man who had inquired the way to Mr. Peters' room before dinner and who, he had by this time discovered, was not the Hon. Freddie's friend, George Emerson—nor, indeed, any other of the guests of the house.

"Oh, Beach!"

"Sir?"

"Just a moment."

He drew the butler into the hall, out of earshot.

"Beach, who is that man?"

"Mr. Peters' valet, sir."

"Mr. Peters' valet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has he been in service long?" asked Baxter, remembering that a mere menial had addressed him as "old man."

Beach lowered his voice. He and the Efficient Baxter were old allies, and it seemed right to Beach to confide in him.

"He has only just joined Mr. Peters, sir; and he has never been in service before. He told me so himself, and I was unable to elicit from him any information as to his antecedents. His manner struck me, sir, as peculiar. It crossed my mind to wonder whether Mr. Peters happened to be aware of this. I should dislike to do any young man a injury; but, if you think Mr. Peters should be informed —— It might be anyone coming to a gentleman without a character, like this young man. Mr. Peters might have been deceived, sir."

The Efficient Baxter's manner became distraught. His mind was working rapidly.

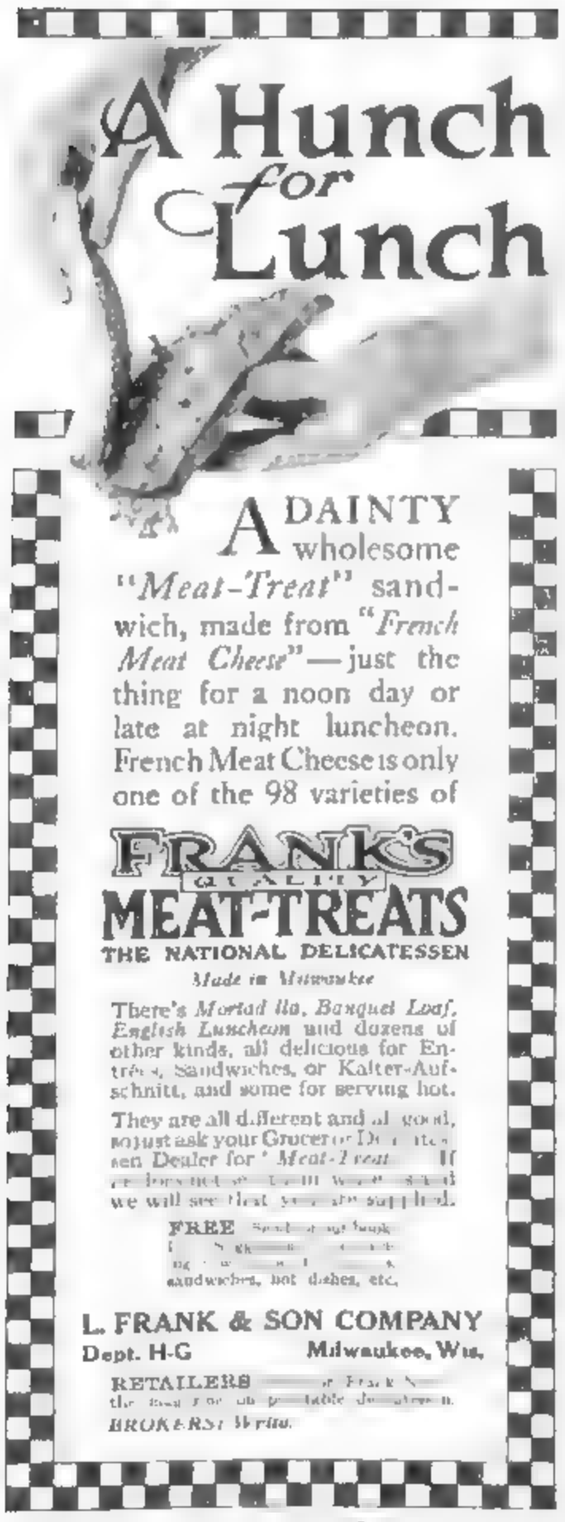
"Should he be informed, sir?"

"Eh? Who?"

"Mr. Peters, sir—in case he should have been deceived?"

"No, no; Mr. Peters knows his own business."

"Far from me be it to appear officious, sir; but ——"



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THE NATIONAL DELICATESSEN
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There's *Mortad lla, Banquet Loaf, English Luncheon* and dozens of other kinds, all delicious for Entrées, Sandwiches, or Kalter-Aufschnitt, and some for serving hot.

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FREE [illegible] sandwiches, hot dishes, etc.

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RETAILERS [illegible] the best for the profitable [illegible]
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give immediate relief to tired, aching feet, rest the body and aid Nature [illegible] arches. Relieve and prevent flat feet. Write for Booklet and FREE 10-day Trial Offer. Fits any shoe.

View of arch cut with knife

Nathan Anklet Support Co., 30-C Reade St., N.Y.

"Mr. Peters probably knows all about him. Tell me, Beach, who was it suggested this visit to the museum? Did you?"

"It was at the young man's express desire that I conducted him, sir."

The Efficient Baxter returned to the museum without a word. Ashe, standing in the middle of the room, was impressing the topography of the place on his memory. He was unaware of the piercing stare of suspicion that was being directed at him from behind.

He did not see Baxter. He was not even thinking of Baxter; but Baxter was on the alert. Baxter was on the warpath. Baxter knew!

VI

AMONG the compensations of advancing age is a wholesome pessimism, which, though it takes the fine edge off of whatever triumphs may come to us, has the admirable effect of preventing Fate from working off on us any of those gold bricks, coins with strings attached, and unhatched chickens, at which ardent youth snatches with such enthusiasm, to its subsequent disappointment. As we emerge from the twenties we grow into a habit of mind that looks askance at Fate bearing gifts. We miss, perhaps, the occasional prize, but we also avoid leaping light-heartedly into traps.

Ashe Marson had yet to reach the age of tranquil mistrust; and when Fate seemed to be treating him kindly he was still young enough to accept such kindnesses at their face value and rejoice in them.

As he sat on his bed at the end of his first evening in Castle Blandings, he was conscious to a remarkable degree that Fortune was treating him well. He had survived—not merely without discredit but with positive triumph—the initiatory plunge into the etiquette maelstrom of life below stairs. So far from doing the wrong thing and drawing down on himself the just scorn of the steward's room, he had been the life and soul of the party. Even if to-morrow, in an absent-minded fit, he should anticipate the groom of the chambers in the march to the table, he would be forgiven; for the humorist has his privileges.

So much for that. But that was only a part of Fortune's kindnesses. To have discovered on the first day of their association the correct method of handling and reducing to subjection his irascible employer was an even greater boon. A prolonged association with Mr. Peters on the lines in which their acquaintance had begun would have been extremely trying. Now, by virtue of a fortunate stand at the outset, he had spiked the millionaire's guns.

Thirdly, and most important of all, he had not only made himself familiar with the locality and surroundings of the scarab, but he had seen, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the removal of it and the earning of the five thousand dollars would be the simplest possible task. Already he was spending the money in his mind. And to such lengths had optimism led him that, as he sat on his bed reviewing the events of the day, his only doubt was whether to get the scarab at once or to let it remain where it was until he had the opportunity of doing Mr. Peters' interior good on the lines he had mapped out in their conversation; for, of course, directly he had restored the scarab to its rightful owner and pocketed the reward, his position as healer and trainer to the millionaire would cease automatically.

He was sorry for that, because it troubled him to think that a sick man would not be made well; but, on the whole, looking at it from every aspect, it would be best to get the scarab as soon as possible and leave Mr. Peters' digestion to look after itself. Being twenty-six and an optimist, he had no suspicion that Fate might be playing with him; that Fate might have unpleasant surprises in store; that Fate even now was preparing to smite him in his hour of joy with that powerful weapon, the Efficient Baxter.

He looked at his watch. It was five minutes to one. He had no idea whether they kept early hours at Blandings Castle or not, but he deemed it prudent to give the household another hour in which to settle down. After which he would just trot down and collect the scarab.

The novel he had brought down with him from London fortunately proved interesting. Two o'clock came before he was ready for it. He slipped the book into his pocket and opened the door.

All was still—still and uncommonly dark. Along the corridor on which his room was situated the snores of sleeping domestics exploded, growled and twittered in the

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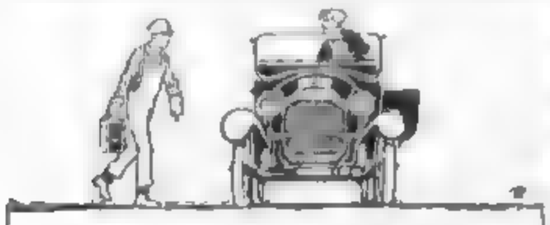

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air. Every menial on the list seemed to be snoring, some in one key, some in another, some defiantly, some plaintively; but the main fact was that they were all snoring somehow, thus intimating that, so far as this side of the house was concerned, the coast might be considered clear and interruption of his plans a negligible risk.

Researches made at an earlier hour had familiarized him with the geography of the place. He found his way to the green-baize door without difficulty and, stepping through, was in the hall, where the remains of the log fire still glowed a fitful red. This, however, was the only illumination, and it was fortunate that he did not require light to guide him to the museum.

He knew the direction and had measured the distance. It was precisely seventeen steps from where he stood. Cautiously, and with avoidance of noise, he began to make the seventeen steps.

He was beginning the eleventh when he bumped into somebody—somebody soft somebody whose hand, as it touched his, felt small and feminine.

The fragment of a log fell on the ashes and the fire gave a dying spurt. Darkness succeeded the sudden glow. The fire was out. That little flame had been its last effort before expiring, but it had been enough to enable him to recognize Joan Valentine.

"Good Lord!" he gasped.

His astonishment was short-lived. Next moment the only thing that surprised him was the fact that he was not more surprised. There was something about this girl that made the most bizarre happenings seem right and natural. Ever since he had met her his life had changed from an orderly succession of uninteresting days to a strange carnival of the unexpected, and use was accustoming him to it. Life had taken on the quality of a dream, in which anything might happen and in which everything that did happen was to be accepted with the calmness natural in dreams.

It was strange that she should be here in the pitch-dark hall in the middle of the night; but—after all—no stranger than that he should be. In this dream world in which he now moved it had to be taken for granted that people did all sorts of odd things from all sorts of odd motives.

"Hello!" he said.

"Don't be alarmed."

"No, no!"

"I think we are both here for the same reason."

"You don't mean to say ——"

"Yes; I have come here to earn the five thousand dollars, too, Mr. Marson. We are rivals."

In his present frame of mind it seemed so simple and intelligible to Ashe that he wondered whether he was really hearing it the first time. He had an odd feeling that he had known this all along.

"You are here to get the scarab?"

"Exactly."

Ashe was dimly conscious of some objection to this, but at first it eluded him. Then he pinned it down.

"But you aren't a young man of good appearance," he said.

"I don't know what you mean. But Aline Peters is an old friend of mine. She told me her father would give a large reward to whoever recovered the scarab; so I ——"

"Look out!" whispered Ashe. "Run! There's somebody coming!"

There was a soft footfall on the stairs, a click, and above Ashe's head a light flashed out. He looked round. He was alone, and the green-baize door was swaying gently to and fro.

"Who's that? Who's there?" said a voice. The Efficient Baxter was coming down the broad staircase.

A general suspicion of mankind and a definite and particular suspicion of one individual made a bad opiate. For over an hour sleep had avoided the Efficient Baxter with an unconquerable coyness. He had tried all the known ways of wooing slumber, but they had failed him, from the counting of sheep downward. The events of the night had whipped his mind to a restless activity. Try as he might to lose consciousness, the recollection of the plot he had discovered surged up and kept him wakeful.

It is the penalty of the suspicious type of mind that it suffers from its own activity. From the moment he detected Mr. Peters in the act of rifling the museum and marked down Ashe as an accomplice, Baxter's repose was doomed. Not poppy, nor

"Give Me a Pipeful of Your Tobacco, Will You?"

Was there ever a man who smoked, who did not at one time or another have to ask another smoker to give him a little tobacco?

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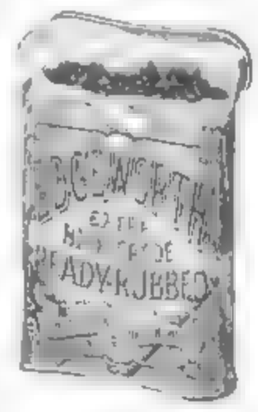

If you ever talked to a regular Edgeworth smoker, you must have observed how much he thought of the brand.

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Your name on a postcard and the name of the store where you buy most of your tobacco will bring a sample postpaid.

Edgeworth comes in two forms, Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed, and is on sale practically everywhere.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin and $1.00 in handsome humidor packages. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply, but except in a few isolated cases all dealers have it.

Write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton, of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed, by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber

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mandragora, nor all the drowsy sirups of the East, could ever medicine him to that sweet sleep which he owned yesterday.

But it was the recollection that on previous occasions of wakefulness hot whisky and water had done the trick, which had now brought him from his bed and downstairs. His objective was the decanter on the table of the smoking room, which was one of the rooms opening off the gallery that looked down on the hall. Hot water he could achieve in his bedroom by means of his alcohol lamp.

So out of bed he had climbed and downstairs he had come; and here he was, to all appearances just in time to foil the very plot on which he had been brooding. Mr. Peters might be in bed, but there in the hall below him stood the accomplice, not ten paces from the museum door. He arrived on the spot at racing speed and confronted Ashe.

"What are you doing here?"

And then, from the Baxter viewpoint, things began to go wrong. By all the rules of the game, Ashe, caught, as it were, red-handed, should have wilted, stammered and confessed all; but Ashe was fortified by that philosophic calm which comes to us in dreams, and, moreover, he had his story ready.

"Mr. Peters rang for me, sir."

He had never expected to feel grateful to the little firebrand who employed him, but he had to admit that the millionaire, in their late conversation, had shown forethought. The thought struck him that but for Mr. Peters' advice he might by now be in an extremely awkward position; for his was not a swiftly inventive mind.

"Rang for you? At half past two in the morning!"

"To read to him, sir."

"To read to him at this hour?"

"Mr. Peters suffers from insomnia, sir. He has a weak digestion and pain sometimes prevents him from sleeping. The lining of his stomach is not at all what it should be."

"I don't believe a word of it."

With that meekness which makes the good man wronged so impressive a spectacle, Ashe produced and exhibited his novel.

"Here is the book I am about to read to him. I think, sir, if you will excuse me, I had better be going to his room. Good-night, sir."

He proceeded to mount the stairs. He was sorry for Mr. Peters, so shortly about to be roused from a refreshing slumber; but these were life's tragedies and must be borne bravely.

The Efficient Baxter dogged him the whole way, sprinting silently in his wake and dodging into the shadows whenever the light of an occasional electric bulb made it inadvisable to keep to the open. Then abruptly he gave up the pursuit. For the first time his comparative impotence in this silent conflict on which he had embarked was made manifest to him, and he perceived that on mere suspicion, however strong, he could do nothing. To accuse Mr. Peters of theft or to accuse him of being accessory to a theft was out of the question.

Yet his whole being revolted at the thought of allowing the sanctity of the museum to be violated. Officially its contents belonged to Lord Emsworth, but ever since his connection with the castle he had been in charge of them, and he had come to look on them as his own property. If he was only a collector by proxy he had, nevertheless, the collector's devotion to his curios, beside which the lioness' attachment to her cubs is tepid; and he was prepared to do anything to retain in his possession a scarab toward which he already entertained the feelings of a life proprietor.

No—not quite anything! He stopped short at the idea of causing unpleasantness between the father of the Honorable Freddie and the father of the Honorable Freddie's fiancée. His secretarial position at the castle was a valuable one and he was loath to jeopardize it.

There was only one way in which this delicate affair could be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. It was obvious from what he had seen that night that Mr. Peters' connection with the attempt on the scarab was to be merely sympathetic, and that the actual theft was to be accomplished by Ashe. His only course, therefore, was to catch Ashe actually in the museum. Then Mr. Peters need not appear in the matter at all. Mr. Peters' position in those circumstances would be simply that of a man who had happened to employ, through no fault of his own, a valet who happened to be a thief.

He had made a mistake, he perceived, in locking the door of the museum. In future he must leave it open, as a trap is open; and he must stay up nights and keep watch. With these reflections, the Efficient Baxter returned to his room.

Meantime, Ashe had entered Mr. Peters' bedroom and switched on the light. Mr. Peters, who had just succeeded in dropping off to sleep, sat up with a start.

"I've come to read to you," said Ashe.

Mr. Peters emitted a stifled howl, in which wrath and self-pity were nicely blended.

"You fool, don't you know I have just managed to get to sleep?"

"And now you're awake again," said Ashe soothingly. "Such is life! A little rest, a little folding of the hands in sleep, and then bing!—off we go again. I hope you will like this novel. I dipped into it and it seems good."

"What do you mean by coming in here at this time of night? Are you crazy?"

"It was your suggestion; and, by the way, I must thank you for it. I apologize for calling it thin. It worked like a charm. I don't think he believed it—in fact, I know he didn't; but it held him. I couldn't have thought up anything half so good in an emergency."

Mr. Peters' wrath changed to excitement.

"Did you get it? Have you been after my Cheops?"

"I have been after your Cheops, but I didn't get it. Bad men were abroad. That fellow with the spectacles, who was in the museum when I met you there this evening, swooped down from nowhere, and I had to tell him that you had rung for me to read to you. Fortunately I had this novel on me. I think he followed me upstairs to see whether I really did come to your room."

Mr. Peters groaned miserably.

"Baxter," he said; "he's a man named Baxter—Lord Emsworth's private secretary; and he suspects us. He's the man we—I mean you—have got to look out for."

"Well, never mind. Let's be happy while we can. Make yourself comfortable and I'll start reading. After all, what could be pleasanter than a little literature in the small hours? Shall I begin?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sticking to the Track

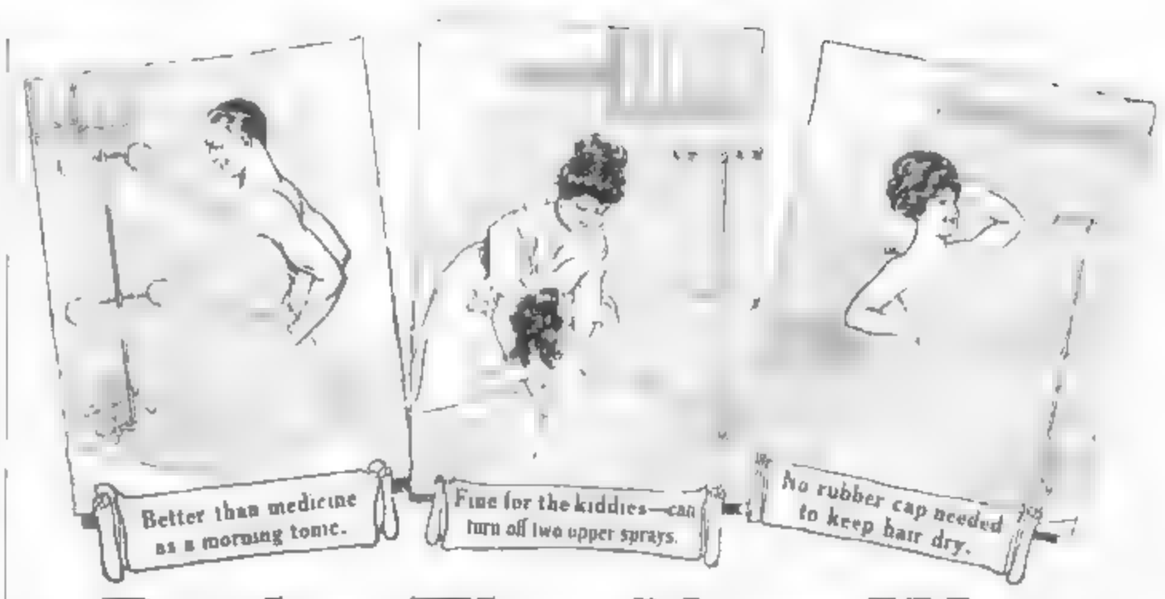
AS FORMER Congressman Martin Littleton tells the tale, a railroad was built through an obscure corner of the state of Texas where no railroads ever had the hardihood to venture before. On the day the first train ran over the line the engineer, pulling out from a small way station, discovered that a country boy was riding a horse between the rails a short distance ahead.

The engineer sounded his whistle again and again, but the rider only lashed his horse into a gallop and made no effort to turn off into the farm lands which flanked the right of way. At the end of a mile-long chase the locomotive was so close upon the laboring horse that the cowcatcher almost touched its hind hoofs. The pestered engineer leaned out of his cab window.

"You blamed idiot!" he yelled. "Why don't you get off the track?"

Over his shoulder the frightened yokel flung back a desperate retort:

"Naw, sir! Ef ever you got me out yonder on that there plowed ground you could ketch me in a minute."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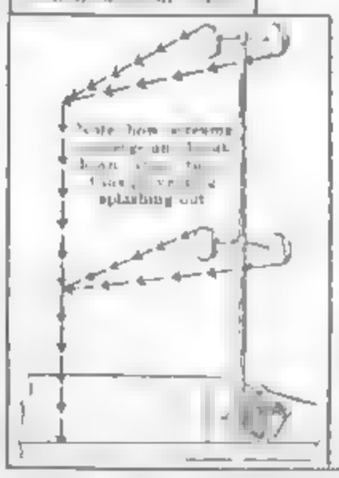

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Good To Look At and Strong

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And the stream of water you get from the four separate sprays beats any shower you ever stood under. No matter how weak or strong your water pressure, the Kenny adjusts itself to it.

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July Post

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TOBACCO COMPANY
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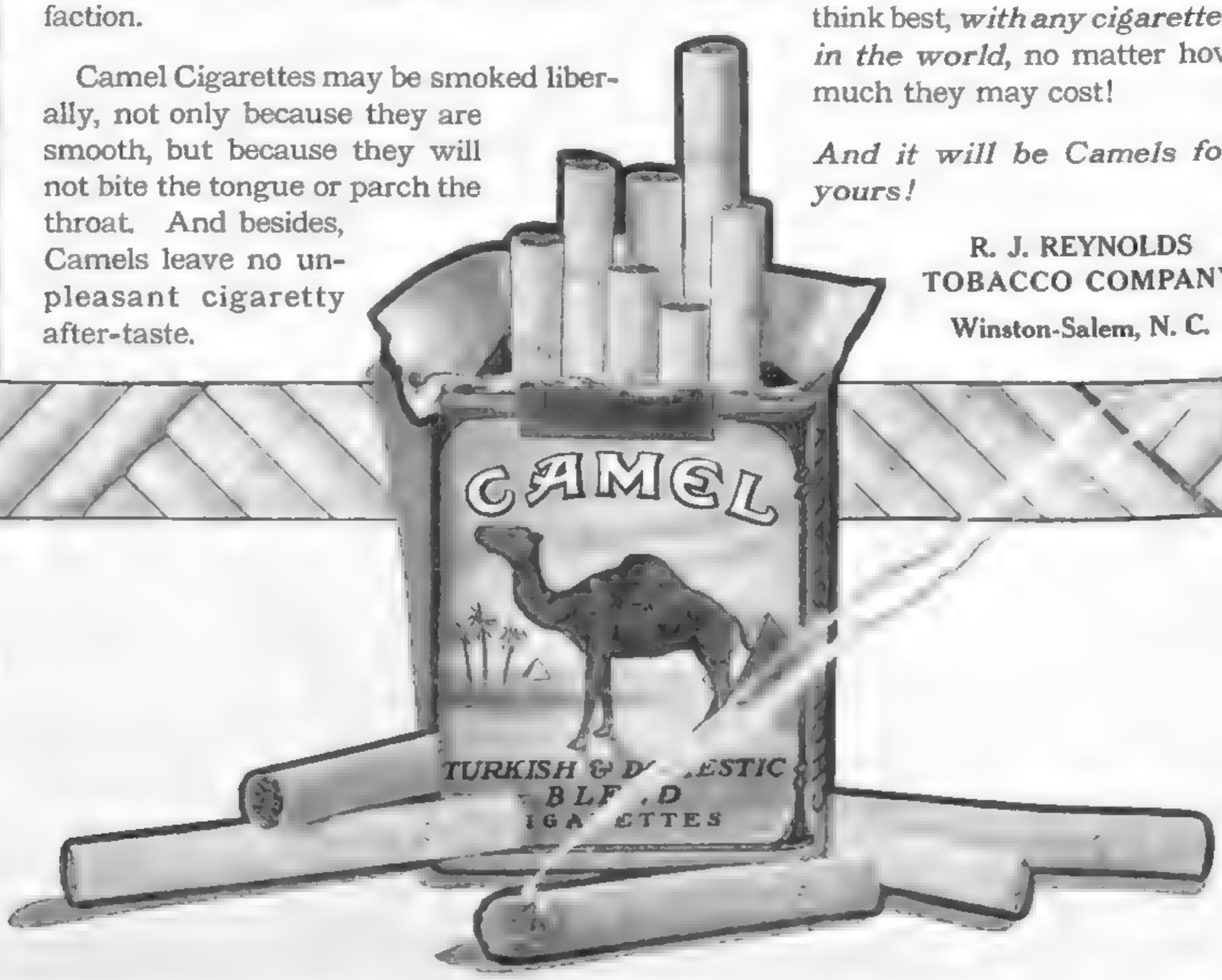

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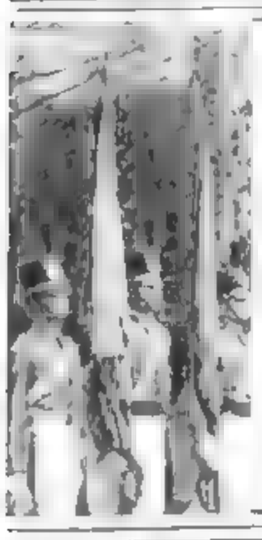

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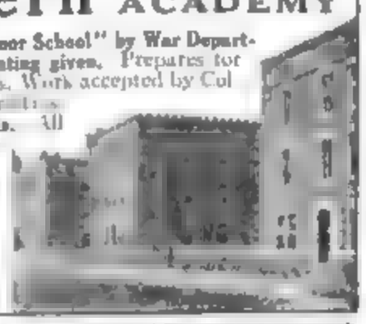

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KEEPING IT DARK

(Continued from Page 12)

Gilda's own sweet sake. Later on, when the Avonola was free and clear, he would pour every penny of its earnings into the purchase of another picture house, and after that another—and then still others; until, not many years hence, a stern, smallish man would be held in awe throughout the upper East Side—himself, the all-powerful Movie King!

As a dream it was highly satisfactory, and Henry smiled benignly and passed to a few of the more pleasing ramifications. As the site for a possible town house Gilda had always fancied Riverside Drive. Very likely, under another name, Henry would contrive a dwelling such as Gilda had never dared visualize. It would stand well back, of course, with a green velvet lawn running down to the low limestone wall beside the—— Henry sat up. The suite door had slammed!

No loud, coarse bang was this, but a sound so rich in dynamic petulance that a wave of gooseflesh swept over Henry Trindel. It was Gilda, of course.

Usually she hurried to find Henry Trindel and kiss him—yet, this time, entering with lagging steps, she had no kiss to proffer. Rather did Gilda Trindel glare at her devoted husband in the singular moment before her unwilling smile appeared!

"My darling!" cried Henry Trindel. "What is it? A smash-up?"

Gilda selected a chair fully ten feet distant and he found that her gaze was darkening once more.

"Not the kind you mean, Henry," she said morosely. "The car's all right."

"But ——" began Henry; and he bit off the word and drew back suddenly into the protecting shell of his new reticence, for a certain familiar, wistful yearning was welling into the soft blue eyes now.

"Dearest," said Gilda very gently, "somehow or other you must make more money!" Henry Trindel said nothing, but his blood seemed to grow strangely cooler. "Because other men must have ways of making something more than their mere salaries, and you're a great deal brighter than any other man I know."

Henry Trindel merely inclined his head.

"It may take a little figuring and a little extra work, Henry; but you must do it, because you owe it to yourself and to me!" she pursued with astonishing earnestness. "We are not getting the most out of our lives—nobody can do that shut up in a little flat like this! If you'd only come and look at Clythebourne you'd know exactly what I mean, because you'd know that you had to live there! And—oh, Henry dear, there's such a little love of a house for rent!—just the second house from Myra's all granite and tiles and ivy and things, with a garage out back. That Russian artist built it; you know the man I mean—he went back to fight."

Henry Trindel no more than folded his hands.

"Henry, I want that house!" pretty Mrs. Trindel stated.

Still did Henry Trindel cling to his policy of silence; through it, he fancied, force was piling up behind the torrent of damning lies at present so busily shaping themselves in his altered brain. Gilda looked at him, frankly puzzled; then, in a twinkling, Gilda's eyes sparkled and her dazzling smile flashed into being.

"Why, Henry, I believe Brackett would double your salary if you went to him and demanded it flatly!" she cried. "Well—no; he might not double it perhaps, but he would add another thousand at least; and I honestly think he'd add two thousand, Henry. And just think! That dear little house, even with the one or two extra servants we'd have to keep, wouldn't cost us any more than that! Myra and I figured it all out, Henry; it—it did add up to nearly twenty-five hundred more than we're spending now, but ——"

"Dear little girl," said Henry Trindel in a deep, impressive tone, "I'm afraid that the time has come for a very, very serious little talk!"

"What, dear?" asked Gilda.

"I had hoped to avoid it, but—perhaps it is better so." The cashier sighed heavily. "Gilda, it wrings my heart to disappoint you, but this Clythebourne idea must be forgotten! Shortly perhaps I may even be forced to ask you to—er—forget apartments of this expensive kind for a time."

"Henry!" breathed his wife.

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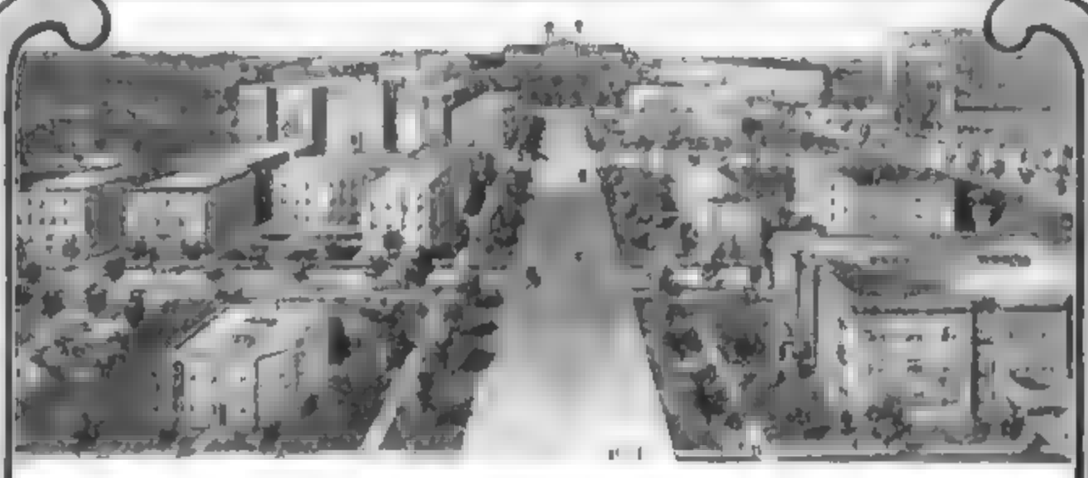

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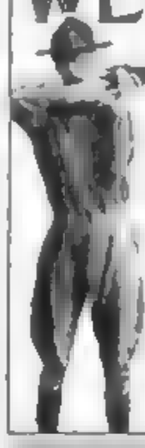

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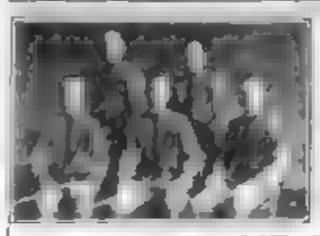

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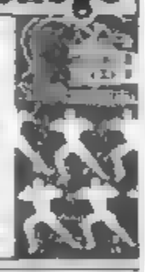

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"Yes!" Henry Trindel said heartbrokenly, and bowed his head for a moment. "Oh, nothing definite has happened as yet; but I may as well be honest with you, Gilda—I have every expectation of a considerable cut in salary!"

"Oh!" said Gilda. "Oh!"

"Business this year has broken all records for plain, bankrupting depression!" continued Henry Trindel, swimming out into the current with broad, powerful strokes. "Some firms have suffered a little: some have suffered greatly. Ours unfortunately has reached almost the limit of endurance in the latter class. Six months ago, far from making a penny's profit, we were barely breaking even. Since that time we have been running at a loss—such a loss that latterly I have wondered why Brackett did not shut down everything—offices, factories and all."

"I—didn't know that," Gilda Trindel said faintly.

"No, child; I never bother you with business details," her husband smiled, with a wealth of despair in his eyes that he could feel. "However, those are the conditions that we must face. Each week, as things have gone from bad to worse, we have laid off men. Yesterday Brackett sent for me and said—but I can spare you that!"

Unexpectedly, quite disconcertingly, Gilda had moved to his side and one soft arm rested along Henry Trindel's thin shoulders.

"Tell me, Henry dear!" she said quietly.

"Well, the—er—interview was brief," Henry explained, wabbling slightly. "He that is to say, he merely warned me, Gilda, that it might be necessary for me to draw less money."

"How much less?" Gilda asked, cheerfully enough.

"Why—half, I believe, was what Brackett suggested," Henry Trindel stammered. "You see ——"

"And is that why you've been sighing and glooming and sitting round all day like a baby who has lost his stick of candy?" Henry's astounding wife demanded with a soft little laugh; and the arm slipped round his mendacious neck and squeezed. "Have you been keeping all that to yourself, you poor old Henry—when there are thousands and thousands of families that have to live on ten or twelve dollars a week—and worrying about it?"

"Gilda!" gasped Henry Trindel.

"Listen, dear!" said Gilda very seriously, and took his small, thin countenance between her roseleaf palms and turned it upward. "I don't like poverty, Henry; I don't like anything but the pretty things, and spending lots of money, and getting all the happiness out of life that it holds. You know that, dear; and I've never tried to hide it, have I? But you never thought so meanly of me as to believe that I'd make a fuss because the wretched old business cut your income in two?

"Why, Henry Trindel!" laughed Gilda, and kissed him. "On half of what you earn now, with all the things we've got, I can make the prettiest flat in all New York—truly!—and I can get a little girl for half of what we pay Bernice and train her perfectly. And I don't even care a rap about the old car, Henry—I don't if we can't afford it, I mean. And pretty soon business will be better than ever—everybody says so; and we'll have all we want—all even I want! Only don't look so absolutely hopeless. And—oh, you poor, silly old Henry!" concluded Henry's wife as she held him close and slid caressing fingers through his thin black hair.

Henry Trindel's throat had closed; blood pounded deafeningly in his ears and red surged through his vision, with darting stars flecking through the red. Conscience, the motive power of his existence until yesterday, had returned from her brief vacation and was battering the very life out of him. He gulped and tried to speak, with no idea of what he meant to say; but there were no words. Soul and mind, awful remorse clutched him—yet, in a way, the incredible moment suggested Gilda's making, for she rarely stooped to the expected. Greatly as he loved her he had believed her selfish, even greedy in her ambitions; but here, as he understood throbbingly, she was showing herself as the most splendid little ——

"Beg pardon, madam," breathed the maid from the discreet shadows of the private hallway. "Mr. Brackett!"

Henry Trindel gripped the arms of his chair and set his teeth, blinking rapidly. Gilda, though, had glided from him smiling. As the atmosphere cleared a little he observed that she was shaking hands with Brackett just across the room, and that Brackett still wore his long motor coat.

"Truly, Mrs. Trindel!" he was saying. "I know I haven't been inside the house for two years, but I can't stop two minutes this time. I just popped in to see how Henry looked to-night. Yesterday I thought he was due for another little spell of illness."

"He's been worrying, I think," Gilda said sweetly, permitting her deep blue eyes to meet Brackett's for an instant and with some point.

"What on earth has Henry to worry about?" Brackett demanded jovially. "No; I don't think it's that. I think he doesn't get air enough, Mrs. Trindel. You folks ought to give up this flat life altogether and get out of town—somewhere within commuting distance, you know. That's the way to live!"

An ice-cold spear of sudden fright went straight through Henry Trindel.

"If we just could afford it!" Gilda sighed with genuine feeling.

"Well—good Lord! It isn't a millionaire proposition, you know," Brackett said. "You should be able to keep a dandy place and save money too. Henry has seven thousand a year to figure on now, you know; and ——"

"He has what?" escaped Gilda.

"Seven thousand, of course—I boosted him twenty-five hundred yesterday," said the flying visitor. Then, mildly startled, he stared at Mrs. Trindel and finally at Henry Trindel. "Eh? Hadn't you told the little lady yet?" grinned Brackett.

Henry Trindel favored his employer with a small, ghastly smile.

"I was—er—ah—keeping it dark!" said a strange, throaty voice rather like his own.

"Well, I never meant to suggest your keeping it a secret at home!" Brackett laughed suddenly. "Yes, indeed! He should have had it sooner, Mrs. Trindel, but we've never really begun to expand before this year—the business, I mean. This year we've grown so fast and taken in so much real money and been forced to put on so many hundred new hands, and all that sort of thing, that Henry came into his own. However, he has plenty now to take you out of town; and ——"

Brackett was talking, of course; but Henry Trindel could hear no more than a snatch here and there. Dreadful, incontestable facts were pounding at his consciousness too violently for any babble of Brackett's to register an impression. Henry Trindel's private surplus was gone—gone to the very last penny; beyond earthly question, they would move to Clythebourne now and next year spend just twenty-five hundred dollars more. He knew it!

"Yes; those hills round Clythebourne are beautiful, and I ——" Brackett was saying.

The loss of his surplus was not the worst, however. The hideous thing to Henry's reeling mind was that Merriweather would own the Avonola now; and the income of the Avonola would go into luxuries in that house two doors along—up there. Losing the carbolized Avonola was bad enough, but that it must be lost to Merriweather passed belief!

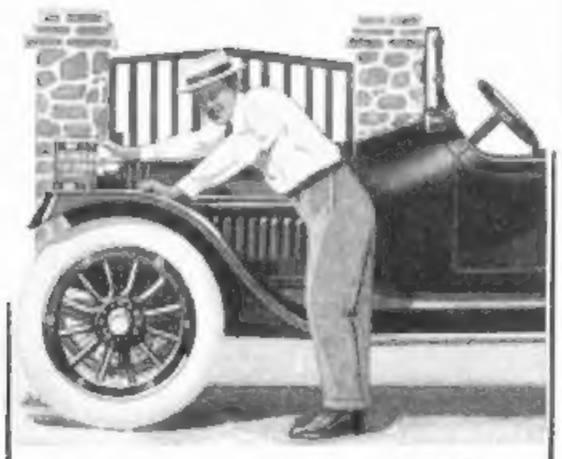
"And if it has a sleeping porch I'd make him bunk out there!" Brackett was saying earnestly.

Yet, even the matter of the departed Avonola was not the worst. If full lips tightly compressed meant anything; if a usually placid bosom that had taken to deep, slow heaving meant anything; if eyes, so lately soft and mothering, that now shot blue-white fire at Henry Trindel across the drawing room meant anything at all—the worst was coming about thirty seconds after the door had closed on Mr. Brackett, when in the privacy of their little home Gilda would be free to voice her sentiments on matters of mutual interest. A deep, hollow groan escaped Henry's lips.

"You speak, Henry?" asked Brackett, pausing a moment. Then he drew Gilda to the hallway; and in an undertone, that carried nicely, he said:

"I think it's air he needs more than anything else; but it's just possible he has been working too hard. I'll give him another clerk for a while, I think, Mrs. Trindel; but you hurry things up and get him out of the city. Really, I'm afraid Henry's teetering right on the edge of another nervous smash-up. He looks awful to me!"

Brackett was a man of astonishing insight. That was just how Henry Trindel felt.



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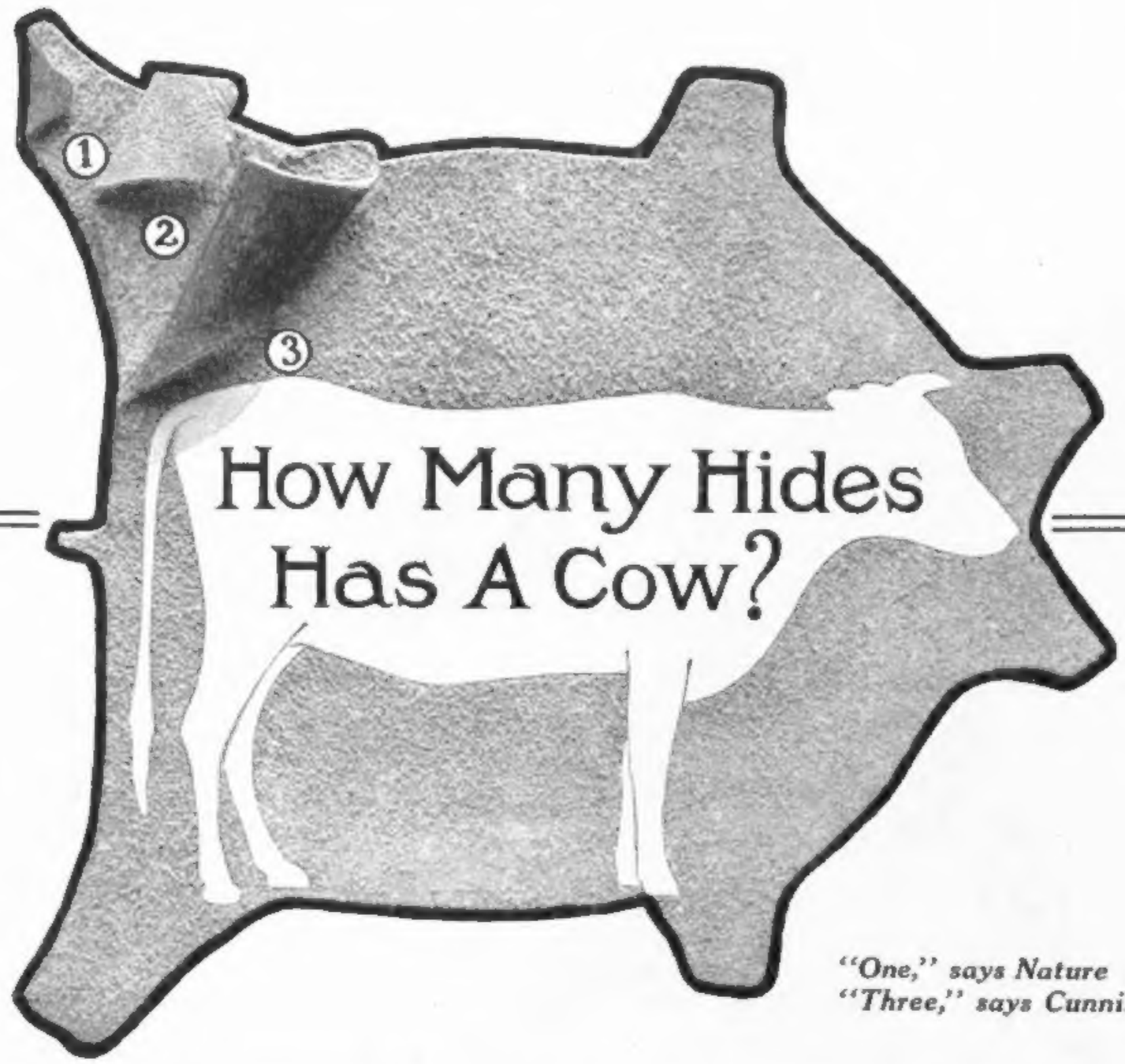

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They are the *one fruit* that can be eaten in quantities without any risk of digestive disturbance—

—The one fruit that is entirely beneficial—that will help you keep well in hot weather.

Eminent physicians advise a daily allowance of orange juice ever. for nursing babies. It comes in *Nature's Sealed Package*—no danger of disease bacteria in this pure orange juice.

Other fruits are welcome, each in its season—but Sunkist Oranges are *indispensable all the year 'round.* The ways of serving Sunkist Valencias are innumerable. Start with a glass of the refreshing juice at breakfast. Have a Sunkist salad for luncheon; at dinner a Sunkist dessert. With Sunkist Valencias as a basis you can prepare an endless number of novel dishes that never fail to tempt languid hot-weather appetites.

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California Sunkist Valencia Oranges

Cut out the memorandum to write for our beautiful new free book which is full of novel, appetizing recipes.

Sunkist Lemons

Use Sunkist Lemons when you mix your salad dressing—either mayonnaise or French. You will like it better than vinegar.

Remember that as yet no beverage has been invented that equals Sunkist lemonade in refreshing qualities.

A long, tall glass will always be the most welcome and most popular of all summer drinks. There is a splendid recipe in the Sunkist Recipe Book.

Sunkist Premiums

We are offering 46 beautiful Wm. Rogers & Son silver pieces as premiums in exchange for the tissue wrappers from Sunkist Oranges and Lemons, simply because this offer tends to induce dealers to leave these wrappers on the fruit in their stores, which makes it easy for you to identify and get the *genuine* Sunkist.

Send 12 wrappers and 12 cents for the teaspoon pictured—a beautiful sample of the complete table set.

Every Sunkist silver premium is stamped "Wm. Rogers & Son," which means that it is made and guaranteed by the International Silver Company of Meriden, Connecticut, the world's largest makers of sterling silver and plate.

Write for free book describing the set and our offer in detail.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE

Dept. A52, 139 North Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Insist on Sunkist—Save the Wrappers

All good dealers sell Sunkist Oranges

Cut Out This Memo.

to write to the California Fruit Growers Exchange, Dept. A52, 139 N. Clark Street, Chicago, for "Sunkist Salads and Desserts," a beautiful new FREE book, printed in colors and containing scores of delicious Sunkist Orange recipes.

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HE'S a live wire—your regular boy—with opinions of his own about things to eat. And wherever you go you find he leads the rooting for Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.

You can't fool him with imitations, or "something just as good." He's ready to prove his loyalty to Kellogg's any time of day—breakfast, supper, lunch, or between meals.

If there is a boy at your house, or any member of the family, who is missing the joy of these golden flakes with good milk or cream, just serve them with a bowl of Kellogg's right out of the Waxtite package, and see how naturally they take to that fresh-from-the-oven taste.

Remember, *please*, that you don't know Corn Flakes unless you know Kellogg's—the original Toasted Corn Flakes—their goodness insured by our responsibility to over a million homes.

Then too there is the *WAXTITE* package that keeps the fresh, good flavor in—and all other flavors out.

W. K. Kellogg